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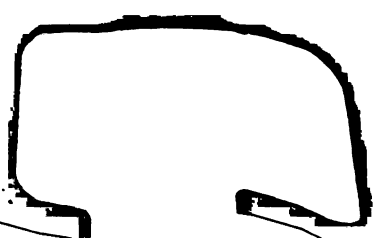

THE

COLTNESS COLLECTIONS.

PART FIRST.

MEMORIALS

OF THE

STEWARTS OF ALLANTON, COLTNESS, AND GOODTREES,

BY

SIR ARCHIBALD STEWART DENHAM,
OF COLTNESS AND WESTSHIELD, BART.

M.DC.VIII.—M.DC.XCVIII.

Sacred to the memory of his father Grand father
& her Fathers by — Archd Stewart Collness

THE

COLTNESS COLLECTIONS.

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Publ. no. 503
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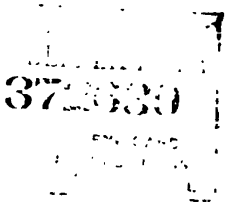

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

PREFACE, ... xv

PART FIRST.—THE DENHAM MEMOIR.

[PART I.]

CHAPTER I. Of Alan [*alias* Robert] Stewart, son of Bonkill, and first of Daldowie.

II. Of Sir Alan Stewart of Daldowie and Alertoun, son of Alan [*alias* Robert] Stewart.

III. Of James Stewart of Daldowie and Alertoun, called Paris James, son of Sir Alan.

IV. Of James Stewart, second of Daldowie and Alertoun, called the Antiquary, son of Paris James.

V. Of James Stewart, third of Daldowie and Alertoun, called the Ranter, son of the Antiquary.

VI. Of James Stewart, fourth of Daldowie and Alertoun, called of Langside, son of the Ranter.

VII. Of James Stewart, younger of Daldowie and Alertoun, called the Hopeful, son of James of Langside.

VIII. SECTION I.—Of Sir Walter Stewart of Alertoun, and of James Stewart of Kirkfield and Cultness his Brother, their minority, 1

II.—Of Sir Walter Stewart of Alertoun, ... 7

[PART II.]

PAGE

CHAPTER I. SECTION I.—Of Sir James Stewart of Kirkfield and Cultness, . 14
II.—Of Sir James Stewart's second son Walter, . . 46
III.—Of Hendry, fourth son of Sir James Stewart, . 50
II. Of Sir Thomas Stewart of Cultness and Kirkfield, . . . 52

PART SECOND.

MRS CALDERWOOD'S JOURNEY, ... 105

PART THIRD.

THE LIFE OF SIR JAMES STEUART DENHAM, BY DR KIPPIS, . . . 281

PART FOURTH.—FAMILY NOTICES.

SECTION I.—Of Sir James Stewart of Kirkfield and Coltness, Knight, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, ... 337
II.—Of Sir Thomas Stewart, first Baronet of Coltness, . . 342
III.—Of Sir James Steuart of Goodtrees, Knight, Lord Advocate of Scotland, ... 359
IV.—Of Sir James Steuart, first Baronet of Goodtrees, Solicitor-General for Scotland, and of his Sisters, ... 374
V.—Of Sir James Steuart Denham of Goodtrees, Coltness, and Westshield, Baronet, and of his Sisters, ... 376
VI.—Of General Sir James Steuart Denham of Coltness, Goodtrees, and Westshield, Baronet, ... 389
VII.—Of the Calderwoods of Polton, ... 391
VIII.—Of the Armorial Bearings of the Stewarts of Allanton, and their Cadets, 407

APPENDIX.

PAGE

No. I. Monumental Inscriptions on the Coltness Burying-ground in the Greyfriars' Churchyard of Edinburgh, ... 415
II. III. Sir James Steuart of Goodtrees, Lord Advocate, ... 420
IV. The Coltness Baronetcy, ... 421
V. Archibald Steuart, Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1745, . . *ib.*
VI. Two Epitaphs on Mr David Calderwood, the Historian, . . *ib.*
VII. Monumental Inscriptions of the Calderwood Family, . . . 423

INDEX.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX, ... 427

ERRATA.

Page 29, line 16, *for* 1630, *read* 1650.

... 41, ... *ult.*, *read* " Nunquam.

... 43, ... 22, *for* interesting, *read* incresing.

... — ... *penult*, *for* 1671, *read* 1771. [See a note at p. 390 regarding Lady Catleseal, or, as it is now written, Kettleshields.]

... 63, ... 11, *for* Court, *read* Cant.

... 77, ... 5, *read* Anna Stewart.

... 78, ... 3 *from the bottom*, *for* 1712, *read* 1732.

... 390, ... 18, *for* STEUART, *read* STUART.

PREFACE.

It is now above twenty years since the Genealogical honours of the Steuarts of Allanton and Coltness became matter of public discussion, from an incidental notice of their common ancestor, by the gossiping Annalist of the Somervilles. To the injudicious and ill-informed zeal of their self-constituted champion, Mr George Robertson, these families owe an attack, the acerbity of which, though not unprovoked, a dispassionate judge of the circumstances may now regret. In the Salt-foot Controversy, which it is far from my intention here to revive, allusion was made to certain family MSS., as maintaining those pretensions to Baronial antiquity, which the lore of Mr Riddel so unscrupulously refuted. One of these documents, containing the most extended account as yet compiled of this branch of the Stewarts, has been partly printed in Part First of this Volume, under the title of the Denham Memoir.

It is a Genealogy drawn up by Sir Archibald Stewart Denham of Westshield, who was born in 1683, and died in 1773, and bears to have been composed by him, from a variety of ancient papers, but chiefly from a detailed narrative, by James Stewart, younger of Allanton, surnamed "The Hopeful," whose death in 1608 is mentioned in a note at p. 1 of this Volume. In the absence of these documents, and in the face of evidence adduced by the researches of Mr Riddel, I abstain from printing that portion of the pedigree which precedes the seventeenth century. The Denham MS. exhibits the earlier generations, with a suspicious minuteness of illustration, but in a simple style, which indicates credulity rather than imposture. I have, on the whole, no hesitation in believing that, if the Barons of Daldowie and Bannerets of Morningside are unreal personages, they belong to the creations of traditional fiction, and not, as concluded by Mr Riddel, to modern imposture. On neither supposition, however, does it seem necessary to swell the already redundant number of apocryphal pedigrees by supplying details, of which Mr Robertson has already given the outline in his Continuation of the History of Renfrewshire, p. 468, especially in a work destined to an entirely different object.

But, whilst I omit the unauthenticated generations of the Denham Memoir, I readily avail myself of its aid for the his-

tory, the habits, the public actions, and the private circumstances of individuals who lived within the memory of those among whom the author's childhood was passed, and to whose papers and journals he had full access. As to these, the MS. is of unquestionable authenticity, more especially as its style gives ample proof of the good faith of the compiler, who, in his concluding paragraph, refers distinctly to his authorities. The advantage of giving to the public "a garrulous compilation," so palpably crude, and so deficient in the graces of authorship, is a separate question. I might perhaps justify my doing so, by the fact that, in no other family MS. which I have met with, are the position, manners, and domestic economy of the Scotish Lairds and Burghers of the seventeenth century so graphically sketched; but I owe to the candour of their inexorable impugner, Mr Riddel, the still more cogent consideration, that "the knightly family of Coltness and their cadets were men, who, as Andrew Stewart has justly observed, would have reflected honour upon any line of ancestry; who have opened up and enlarged various spheres of useful knowledge, and proved, in many great and public situations, eminently serviceable to their king and country."

These words are applicable chiefly to that branch of this spreading tree, for the illustration of which the Memoir of Sir

Archibald was designed. It therefore seems right, while printing his MS. in a Volume of COLLECTIONS relating to the STEUARTS OF COLTNESS, to commence with the birth of Sir James, the first of that house. To diminish the inconvenience of so abrupt a beginning, and to render it less obscure, the previous generations, as set down by Sir Archibald, have been thrown into the Genealogical Table,—it is scarcely necessary to add, without any intention on my part, as Editor, of making myself responsible for their accuracy. In the Table of Contents are included the Titles of the antecedent unedited chapters, which occupy about one-fifth of the MS.

The notices relating to transactions in Church and State, in which the families of Coltness and Goodtrees were involved, have been taken by Sir Archibald from diaries and other creditable sources; and many curious anecdotes of public characters were derived either from the like authority, or from family tradition. These may, therefore, be generally received as authentic, under this caveat, that both the actors and the narrator were avowed partizans, victims of that strange delusion which adopted the treasonable bond of a few factious nobles as a national creed, and arrogated the name and authority of their Sovereign to overthrow the monarchy, and to establish the dominant rule of an inquisitorial and despotic clergy. With this

general caution, I have not deemed it necessary to point out various inaccurate or questionable statements, such as that at p. 30, regarding Montrose: that *he* humbled himself with tears before men whose secret villanies were known to him, is fully contradicted by the direct evidence of individuals present at the scene, as well as by the whole bearing of that nobleman from his capture to his execution, of which Mr Napier has lately collected most ample details. If these exhibit the Marquis as but a low Churchman in regard to the abstract question of Episcopacy, they fully acquit him of that sneaking reliance on presbyterian infallibility with which he is here loosely charged.

Sir Archibald was the last heir-male of the Kirkfield and Coltness branch, the representation of which devolved, at his death in 1773, upon the Goodtrees and Coltness line, then in the person of Sir James Steuart, the distinguished Political Economist, to whom likewise came the estate of Westshield, under the following circumstances. The table of descent of the Denhams, here printed from a family tree dated 1775, will show the succession of our author, and of his heir, Sir William Lockhart Denham, to that estate, under a destination by which Robert Denham of Westshield preferred the children of his daughter Susannah, by her second marriage with Sir Thomas Stewart of Kirkfield and Coltness, to her elder family by Wil-

liam Lockhart of Wicketshaw. Sir William Lockhart, (in whom this destination was exhausted, and who died in 1776,) "being determined to leave his estate in the hands of one he was sure would do honour to it," settled Westshield upon Sir James Steuart, who thereupon added the name of Denham to his own.

In reference to PART FIRST of this Volume, it is only necessary to add, that it has been printed from the original MS. of Sir Archibald's Memoir, in the possession of my brother-in-law, James Wolfe Murray of Cringletie. The older diaries and papers, from which it was compiled, have unfortunately been lost or destroyed, in the disasters that have of late overtaken the Coltness family.

PART SECOND of these COLLECTIONS consists of the Narrative of a Tour from Edinburgh to Spa, with a residence there and at Brussels, in 1756. It was written by Margaret Steuart of Goodtrees, wife of Thomas Calderwood of Polton. For a very brief notice of the authoress, and of the claims of her Journey upon his attention, the reader is referred to p. 395 of this Volume. The original MS. has been kindly placed at my disposal by Mr Durham of Largo, the great-grandson of the writer, and lineal representative of her family.

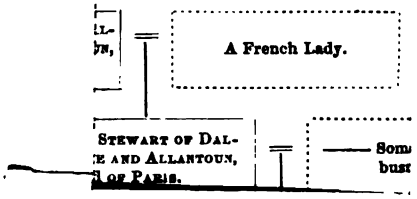
PART THIRD contains a Memoir of Sir James Steuart Denham of Goodtrees and Westshield, the Political Economist, from a MS. belonging to Mr Murray of Cringletie. It was drawn up soon after the death of Sir James, by desire of his surviving and sorrowing wife, Lady Frances, who devoted the leaden hours of her sad widowhood to the soothing task of embalming every memorial of HIM, whose character she best could appreciate, and of that mutual affection that had sustained "the exiles" through long years of singular vicissitude. This Memoir appears, from some correspondence preserved in the family, to have been executed by Dr Kippis, Editor of the Biographia Britannica, and author of various literary works. It had obviously been prepared for publication, which may perhaps have been suspended in consequence of the death of Lady Frances. Many years afterwards, it was communicated by her son to his friend, the late Mr Dunlop of Port-Glasgow, whilst he was arranging for the press the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague to Sir James and Lady Frances, of which a very few copies were printed for the friends of the family. To that collection Mr Dunlop appended a Sketch of Sir James, abridged from Dr Kippis' Memoir, but the original seems worthy of preservation here, on account both of its inherent interest, and its pleasing style. It is now given entire, omitting a critical examination of Sir James' writings, which has now in some degree lost its value.

PART FOURTH of this Volume is composed of various Notices regarding the more prominent individuals of the Denham Memoir, and of their descendants, and includes a Genealogical Sketch of the Calderwoods of Polton. It has been compiled from family papers and monumental inscriptions, and from selections out of the public Records. These Notices might have been extended, both as regards the persons alluded to, and the public transactions in which they bore a part; but the limits proposed for this Volume have been already exceeded, and the partiality of the Editor to his "labour of love" has perhaps miscalculated the interest attaching to so limited a subject.

JAMES DENNISTOUN.

JANUARY M.DCCC.XLII.

ND COLTNES



DENHAM MEMOIR.

CHAPTER VIII.—SECTION I.

OF SIR WALTER STEWART OF ALERTOWN, AND OF SIR JAMES STEWART OF KIRKFIELD AND CULTNESS HIS BROTHER, THEIR MINORITY.

THIS Chapter begins with the distress and dispertion of the Alertoun family upon the death of the grandfather and father, and now under a helpless minority.[a]

[a] The awkwardness of this abrupt commencement may be lessened, and the connection of this Chapter with the preceding ones made distinct, by reverting to the preface, to the general table of contents, and to the genealogical scheme of the family. James "of Langsyde" is stated in the MS. to have gained that appellation from having assisted at the defeat of the Hamilton party there, to have been a leading Protestant, and to have married, first, Helen, daughter of Somerville of Humbie, near Kirknewton, with issue,

1. James.

2. A daughter married to James Denham of Westshield, by whom she had Robert Denham of Westshield.

3. A daughter married to . . . Nisbet of Dalsell.

He married, secondly, a Mrs Spence of Edinburgh, and had

4. Marjory, married there.

James, the eldest, "applied to study the learned languages, and made great proficiency in the Greek and Latin, and had thoughts of becoming a gown-man; for he had a ready genious, a facility of persuading, and an insinuating address that might have accomplished him either for the pulpit or the bar. Near the beginning of his carrear, this hopefull scheme was crossed by death, for James was seased of

Upon the death of James "of Langsyde," as above noticed, his weedow and daughter went off for Edinburgh. And upon Marion Carmichell becoming a desolate weedow, her brother Carmichell, afterwards Lord Carmichell, visited his disconsolate sister in her distress at Cathburn; and it was concerted that she, with her son Walter, now about two years old, should go along with her brother, and take up house near her own relations; and it was agreed they should reside at a house of Carmichel's called the Boathouse upon Clyde River, three miles from Carmichell, and she then should go her happy houre, for she was within two or three months of her delivery; and that she should have so much grass and corn grounds as, with her own industry, might make her family live easy; and that all goods and cattell in Alcathmuir should be disposed of to the best advantage for her son, and Cathburn put in tennandry. The weedow was not long in her new retirement when, upon Midsummer day, or John Baptist's feast, 1608, she was safely delivered of a son; he was named James after his deceased father, and his unkell Carmichell was his living name-father. Her eldest son was James, after his father, grandfather, &c., but he died soon, about a year after his birth, and now she had two sons, Walter and James. Of this James, the sixth in the continued name from father to son, more will be said, he having made ane usefull and gracefull appearance both in publick and in private life. He had a numerous issue, whereof three sons became distinct and distinguished families, with the dignity of knight-barronett in each family: These are his eldest son Coltness, his third son Gutters,[a] and his seventh and youngest son Alanbank.

a high fever, and on the tenth day was snatched off. His old father called that day at Cathburne, and was told his son was dead: 'It is fitt for me to retire from this vain world,' said the old man, 'for now is the copestone put on all my misfortunes,'—and so went home to Alertoun, and immediately sickened, and died some days after."—This James is named in the Denham MS. "the hopefull," and with his childrea by Marion, eldest sister of James, the first Lord Carmichael, our volume begins.

[a] A corruption of Goodtrees, now called Moredun, an estate in the parish of Libertoun, which gave their original designation to the Steuarts of Coltness of the second race, until they acquired Coltness by purchase from the elder line.

The first thing to be reviewed is the minority of the two brothers, Walter and James. The mother no sooner recovered than she put her sones under tutory of Carmichell her brother, and Denham of Westshield, who was married to their father's sister. Carmichell was so much a courtier and statesman, (he was first Justice-Clerk, then Treasurour-depute of Scotland, &c.) that he could not so strictly attend this guardianshipe, but the burthen of it devolved upon James Denham of Westshield, their unkell-in-law, and upon exigeances, Carmichell was ready to give his interest and advice. Things had been left in great disorder since the oppressions by the powerfull family of the Hamiltons, and Westshield endevoured to retrive as much as possible, especially the paternall estate of Daldue, that had been much harrassed; but he dared not look towards Little Ernock, that had been sometime out of view, and in some manner ceded by that compromise Lockhart of Lea had made with the Hamiltons; so it was not thought prudent to raise any process of reduction against so powerfull a party, and a family so nearly related to the King. Only, by the by, the rights and titles of Ernock lands continued long in Alertoun's charter-chest, for the Hamiltons thought possession a sufficient title for them; and with these great folks it was all the twelve points of the law, though the ordinary saying calls possession but eleven such points.

About this time James Denham of Westshield became a weedower, his wife Janet Stewart, James "of Langsyde's" daughter, having died suddenly. He had married his eldest son James, when a stripling, with his niece-in-law, James Stewart younger of Alertoun's daughter, and contracted his estate to the son of this marriage, and if there were only daughters, they were provided to eight thousand merks. This marriage of cousin-germans did not long subsist, for she died of her first child, a daughter, and the husband did not long survive, and their daughter lived some years and died in infancy; so the second son Robert Denham came in room of his elder brother, as heir to the estate. James Denham of Westsheild being not only a weedower, but his daughter-in-

law and his eldest son being dead, he turned his thoughts to contract a stronger aliance with his pupils, by marrying their mother, and taking occasion by the family concernes of tutor to go frequently to the Boathouse of Carmichell, he, in the third year of her weedowhood, courted and married Marion Carmichell with consent of friends, and especially of Carmichell her brother. This marriage brought her from her setlement at Carmichell Boathouse to Westsheild: And now James Denham, being both father-in-law and unkell-in-law, as well as tutor, to the two brother Stewarts, this occasioned, as it were, a coalition of the families; and Walter and James went along with their mother, and had their education under the direction of James Denham of Westsheild at his house, and at Carnwath and Lanrick schools.

James Denham was guardian and tutor. He was a robust, austere, awfull man, and it is said his pupill Walter Stewart copied much of that authority in his behaviour; but his brother James had more of his father Alerton's delicate refined generosity, and was of an open, benevolent, free disposition. Walter grew up broad and corpulent, and was of the complexion red hair ordinarly inclines to: James was of the chasnut, or rather inclining to the fair complexion, tall, streight, and with lovely feattures; he measured six foot two inches, and was at least three inches taller than his brother. The two brothers being brought up in family with Robert Denham, their first cousin and their father-in-law's son, they contracted early friendships with him, and the three lived and loved like brothers to their life's end. Robert Denham had more of his cousin James his gentle disposition than either of his father's or of his cousin Walter's austerity. They were educate at scholes together, though Robert was some years elder, and they had the best education the place afforded, in English, Latin, figuring and writing.

Westsheild the tutor was in one thing of eminent sarvice, and did a reall benefit to the family of Alerton; for after he had got the lands of Daldue sett to rights, he, with advice of Carmichell their unkell, sold them off, cleared all incumbrances, and procured from Lord Yester, now

come in place of the Abbot, an easy feu of the lands of Alertoun and the farmes around, with a long adition of the south muir and pasture-grounds. All these were held more precariously before by rentalry, or kindly tennandry, though with beneficial clauses, but now Alertown became the property and inheritance of the Stewarts, by a feudall right. He transacted the whole as a loving unkell, or rather as an affectionate father and trustee, tutor and curator; and he may be justly named the restorer, if not the founder, of the Alertown estate and family in Aughtermoor.

Walter Stewart was considered as a landed gentleman, so was Robert Denham of Westsheild, but James Stewart was a posthumous child and unprovided for. I think it is among the Turks that distracted people are all accounted as prophets, and their dervises (a religious order) act as madmen; and I may say, from a story I have often heard, that a fatuous woman was so to these three lads. It was when they were at Lanrick high school, this woman rancountered the three boys coming home from their diversion at Cartland, and near Mowse water she saluted the first two, "You're Laird of Alerton, and you're to be of Westsheild:" and when she had stopped, James asked, "And what am I to be?" "You, (said she,) my bairn, are Laird of God's blessing, and your aune hand-win, and may help the Lairds a lift." This story made little impression for the time, though repeated for diversion, but came to remembrance when Sir James Stewart was a successful man, and actualy, by his money, credit, and interest, much strengthened and promoted the other two.

Marion Carmichell keept on in her roade of virtue, and good housewifery in her second husband's family, and was a mother to his and her own children. James Denham had three children with her; first, John, afterwards Bailie John Denham of Edinburgh, who purchased the lands of Muirhouse in Libertoun paroch, and who, by one son and seven daughters, had a numerous offspring and strong family. His eldest daughter, Marion, married Hamilton of Pressmenan, Lord of Session;

their eldest son by this marriage was the noted Lord Belhaven in our Union Parliament, and that family continues in his posterity; their second son was Hamilton of Pencaitland, a Lord of Session, who raised a family of welth and name; another of Baillie Denham's daughters was married to Sir James Elphingston of Logie; a third married Baillie Graham, and her son, Mr James Graham of Airth, Advocate, raised a landed family; a fourth daughter married . . . Welwod, and their son Henry has raised immense wealth from a coall-work and trafick. Lady Pressmenan's daughters were honourably matched, one to Lord President Dalrymple of North Berwick, and was mother of that family; a second married Lord Blantyre, and a third, Sir James Stewart of Tillycultry, Lord of Session, and their posterity have branched out in many cadets of respect. James, Baillie Denham's only son, had but two daughters, one married Lord Pencaitland, her cousin-german, the other to Dr Halibur ton. These daughters were known by the name of the Denham aunties, and this stood for two generations of these friendly aunties or sisterhoods. Grisel Denham, eldest daughter [of Marion Carmichael,] was married to Quintin Hamilton of Barncluith, and the youngest daughter came to an untimely uncouth end, by negligence of servants, being drowned in a tub of water when the family were most part at Carnwath Church on Sunday. These three were children of Marion Carmichell, and brothers and sisters uterine to Walter and James, her sones by Alertoun: And it was Sir James who after this raised his brother Bailie Denham to all his reputation; and most of what he gained by his bruerie, and by the tack of publick funds, was owing to that kind brother, for he gave him credit, employment, and introduced him to partnership in public concernes, which enabled him to purchase his little land estate in Liberton paroch named Muirhouse.

CHAPTER VIII.—SECTION II.

OF SIR WALTER STEWART OF ALERTOUN.

Sir Walter entered early into a marriage state, for before he was eighteen years he was contracted and married to Margaret Hamilton of the Broomhill family. Her eldest brother was Lord Belhaven, and she had a younger brother, Mr James Hamilton, who was Presbiterian Minister of Cambusnethan, and upon the Restoration of Charles II. accepted the Bishoprick of Galloway. So much was fitt to be said, to distinguish this Belhaven family from the Presmenan family that descended from Bailie Denham's eldest daughter, and is now Lord Belhaven. This marriage turned out prosperous, for Sir Walter was active, and by Westsheild his curator had been well disciplined in husbandry, and other country affairs: His Lady was frugal and virtuous, and his brother Sir James was in flourishing busines, and had the command of ready money. Sir Walter had arte to know the value of these muirish farmes, and he had a ready banker in his brother Sir James, so he elbowed about, and made large acquisitions to his paternal estate. The lands of Hungriehills were purchased from his friend Lockhart of Lea, and he set off a large farme he called Blackhall. His brother also advanced him four thousand merks, interest free for ten years, to purchase the lands of Leadloch and Badallan, which last lands I have seen his grandchild sell at nyne hundred merks per annum, and at twenty-eight years purchase, which was above six times the sum given for them. Sir James also purchased the

superiority of the lands of Staire in that muir, and made a present of it as convenient for his brother.

But his brother not only thus increased Sir Walter's wealth and estate: by his owne labour, when he represented the toun of Edinburgh in parliament, he procured for his brother Walter knightship, and both brothers were knighted in one day by the Lord High Commissioner. I cannot condescend upon all the acts of bounty and benevolence of this younger brother to Sir Walter, but shall conclude with two instances more; the first was, that a creditable match offering for Sir Walter's eldest daughter Marion, this kind brother gave, upon her marriage with John Boyle of Kelburne, the sum of nyne thousand merks portion, a round sum in these days, and all the portion given her: The second favour was, procuring for one of his brother's sons a captancy in the Scots army, which he held till the defeat of our forces at Dunbar or Downhill. And yet more to aggrandize this family he descended from, Sir James droped three thousand merks, to encourage Sir Walter to build a more splendid house, by making a large addition to the old tower and mansion-house of Alertown; but Sir Walter, in his own frugal narrow way, went on slowly, and money then being at eight per cent. interest, it was said he built a handsome addition with the interest of this money and a little more.

Sir Walter had a numerous family of children, and many of these were sons. His eldest married a daughter of Hamilton of Dalzell: She brought a good portion, but the marriage dissolved soon without children, and she liferented lands to the value of eighteen hundred merks yearly: She thereafter married Muir of Auchendrain, and possessed her joynter above forty years; they offered to give up the infeftment, upon Sir Walter returning the portion of twelve thousand merks, but Sir Walter said in his stuborn way, "What, shall I buy my own lands?" and for this his family groned forty years. His other son, the Captain Gavin, [escaped] by flight from Dunbar battel, under a weighty coat of maill. The stress and fatigue occasioned a distemper [that] ended in a formed

consumption, of which he died. I have seen this coat, and put it on; it was of canvas, twilted with many thin square plates of iron, somewhat larger than one inch, and three or four ply above other, and was fyre-lock-proof. The third son died too of a lingering decay, and William, the fourth son, came afterwards to succeed, of whom in his proper place.

There was a fifth son, James, who, in his younger years, was called "The Captain of Alertoun," from this incident:—Oliver Cromwell, Captain-General of the English sectarian army, after taking Edinburgh Castle, was making a progress through the west of Scotland, and came down towards the river Clyde near Lanrick, and was on his march back against King Charles II.'s army then with the King at Stirling; and, being informed of a near way through Aughtermuir, came with some general officers to reconaiter, and had a guide along. Sir Walter, being a royallist and covenanter, had absconded. As he passed, he called in at Alertoun for a further guide, but no men were to be found, save one valetudinary gentleman, Sir Walter's son. He found the road not practicable for carriages, and upon his returne he called in at Sir Walter's house. There was none to entertain them but the lady and children, and her sickly son. The good woman was as much for the King and Royall family as her husband, yet offered the Generall the civilities of her house, and a glace of canary was presented. The Generall observed the formes of these times, (I have it from good authority,) and he asked a blessing in a long pathetick grace before the cupe went round; he drunk his good wishes for the family, and asked for Sir Walter, and was pleased to say his mother was a Stewart's daughter, and he had a relation to the name. All passed easy, and our James, being a lad of ten years, came so near as to handle the hilt of one of the swords, upon which Oliver strocked his head, saying, "You are my little captain;" and this was all the commission our Captain of Alertoun ever had. The General called for some of his own wines for himself and other officers, and would have the lady try his wine, and was so humain, when he saw the young gentleman maiger and indisposed, he said, changing the climate might

do good, and the south of France, Montpellier, was the place. Amidst all this humanity and politeness, he omitted not in person to returne thanks to God, in a pointed grace after his repast, and after this hasted on his returne to joyn the army. The lady had been a strenuous royalist, and her son a captain in command at Dunbar; yet, upon this interview with the Generall, she abaited much of her zeall. She said she was sure Cromwell was one who feared God, and had that fear in him, and the true interest of religion at heart. A story of this kind is no idle digression; it has some small connection with the family concerns, and shows some little of the genious of these distracted times.

Our James the Captain grew up a sagatious, prudent, country gentleman, not of much acquired polishing; for it is said Lady Alertoun, having lost so many sons in hectick distempers, so indulged the two remaining, that they had no liberall literary education, or what is called humanity; and the youngest lad of all her sons, Robert, was frantick, and distempered both in body and mind, and of him more shall be said. But to proceed: His elder brother William having no child for seven years after marriage, the Captain married with a larger view to better the family, and got a lady with genteel portion, of great virtue, discretion and polite elocution. This was Elizabeth Mure, a daughter of Glanderston, now Mure of Caldwell. James, with his patrimony and his lady's portion, set up a family. He purchased the lands of Hartwood, a part of the estate of Murdeston, in the parish of Shotts, on the north syde of Calder-water, opposite to Alertoun's lands. These lands he improved, and his only surviving son William sold all but the milne, and they are now the greater part of the stipend of the new erected church at Whitburn, in Liveston paroch. William then settled [as] ane officer of customs, at the port of Greenock upon Clyde, and this branch of the Alertoun family will extinguish in him, for he is probable to have no children. His sister Elizabeth was married to Mr Alexander Dunlop, Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, and had children.

Sir Walter Stewart had also three daughters. The eldest, as is

already said, was married to [John] Boyll of Kelburn, in the shire of Air, and her eldest son was David Earle of Glasgow, nobilitate by King William, and raised to be ane Earle by Queen Anne, and this Earl is her great-grandchild. Margaret Stewart, Sir Walter's second daughter, married Caldwell of Caldwell, likewyse of the shire of Air, which family is extinct; she had two daughters, the eldest, Margaret, married when superannuate Sir John Maxwell of Polock, and is his third lady; the younger sister, Jean, married . . . Cumming, a Presbiterian minister in Airshire, and has children. The youngest of Sir Walter's daughters, Anna, married Claud Hamilton of Barns, in the shire of Dumbarton, and James Hamilton, now of Barns, is her son, and her grandchild is Claud.

There was a frantick son Robert, the youngest, who outlived all Sir Walter's children. He was of a strange mixture of mind, had frequently a diabolick amania, would for days curse and blaspheme, and have returns of deep remorse and prayer, and then seemed to incline to what was best. He had intelligence of all [that] passed in the country, and was naturally satirick to every one he stumbled on, saying bitter things, and was excessively pleased with his own sarcasms. He scarce spoke intelligibly but to such as were acquent with his dialect. He was a great frequenter of *Knowsyde preachings*, (so he called field conventicles,) and was much disgusted at his mother's brother for accepting a Bishoprick; and when the Bishop of Galloway was praying in Alerton's family, that God would heal the rents and divisions in the church, Robert called out thrise in the tyme of prayer audibly, "Wayt th'self, auntie's Bille, the Bish'p!" He meant all the Episcopall clargie by the Bishop, and it went into a proverb when any one did wrong, contrair to light and knowledge. He lived till after King William's death, and was a strong Revolution man, and upon Queen Anne's accession grumbled much. His coarse expression was—"Hussy King! no God's will a Hussy King!" and mocked extremely at it. He had a sagatious wise face and look, but had ane universall palsy. His sinows shrunk, and his body gradualy contracted; and when I first saw him, [when] he was about fifty, he

walked with staffs; in his older age he lost the use of his limbs, and carryed himself about by the strength of his armes. I give his character more fully, because it affected me much to see the various schemes pass in his mind, and there was somewhat more singular in the clouds, and the seren intervalls in his temper, than in any human creature ever I knew; and if ever there was in our time what we call a possession by devils, there was at times a legion in this man. He expressed himself sensible thereof at times, and said the devill was running away with his heart, when the fitt seased him, and in his penitancy charged all these blasphemies to the evil feind. At times he was in a high flow of spirits, and in his mirth had much the air of his cusin-german, the great and wise Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate, and David Earle of Glasgow, his nephew, had much of his look and likeness. He was a great smoker of tobacco, and in his frensies would promise to smoke a pipe at the devil's fyersyde, and seemed to converse with him under kind epithets: but of this more than enough.

Sir Walter lived some years after the Restoration of Charles II., and as he was expert in country transactions and affairs, and conducted his own well, he was employed by William Douglas Earl of Selkrig, that married the Duchess of Hamilton, in improving that estate in the modern way, by bringing it from ane easy rentall-tenandry to a rack-rent. Sir Walter was called to adjust the rentall by estimating the farmes; this brought him the dislicke of the populace, and he and his heires had but ungrateful returnes from that family, in after transactions about the teinds of the estate of Alertoun; but this family of Hamilton were never renouned for generosity.

It was thought Sir Walter's death was occasioned by a peice of vanity, in making a stretch of a journey, from his son-in-law's house at Kelburne to Alerton in one day, in sultry hot weather; the violent heat and motion affected his kidneys and reins, and brought on that disease of which he died. The vanity was to say he had not married his daughter above a day's journey from his own house. Perhaps it was

so, but not for a corpulant big-bellied man. He was buried with his ancestors, at the old and now ruinous church of Cambusnethan, though the new church was built, and some miles nearer; they were at this time too formall in buriels, and now there is too little ceremony; a good medium is best. He left from an estate of betwixt two and three thousand merks per annum which he entered to, (and that was encumbered,) an estate more than doubled, with two liferents, and some portions to his children. His brother, Sir James Stewart, said often that Sir Walter bought lands three times cheaper for himself then those he purchased for him, but this was owing to the low oppinion men had then of muirish grounds. It was a blemish in Sir Walter's character, that he had not all that gratefull sentiment of a loving brother's generosity; for after the Restoration, when Sir James fell into trouble and distress, from our violent outragious rulers of these times, he seemed to cool in his friendships and affections, and (as the proverbe gave it) all because the dropping goose was gone: but good Sir James had no bad reflections on it. Wealth and plenty keeps friends together, and distress and affliction make sometimes brothers stand at a distance.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

OF SIR JAMES STEWART OF KIRKFIELD AND CULTNESS.

THERE is some account in Chapter VIII. Section I., of the birth, minority and education of Sir James Stewart, but here we are to trate of him as the founder of a separate family. He was a posthumous child of James Stewart the fifth of Alertoun, and a cadet of that house, and had his infant education under his tutor and father-in-law, James Denham of Westshield. He was a promesing genious, and was soon put to apprenticeship with a merchant in Edinburgh. He early gained the esteem of his master, and all others he was versant with; and particularly his unkell Carmichell, Lord Treasurer-Depute of Scotland, distinguished him in his reguards. As soon as his time was out, he sett up for himself in the marchant-factor and banker way. As he was of a winning behaviour, and had the countenance of many friends, he at first succeeded beyond expectation; only the patronage of his unkel, the Lord Threasurer-Depute, pushed him rather too soon into publick management, and had he only minded the private affairs in his employment, and not by little and little been draged into high spheres of politicks in Church and State, in all probability he had been immensely rich. But his generous principles did not incline to graspe at welth, but rather to be usefull, benevolent and beneficent.

The patriarchal characteristick has alwise much of the benevolent patriot or hero in it, and Providence has for ordinary distinguished by

some eminence of genious such as are to be, as it were, the root of nations, or more eminent families, and even small families have this in proportion.

"*In otio et negotio probus.*"

Thus probity and benevolence were the shyning characteristicks of Sir James Steuart, the first of Kirkfield and Cultness; in these he excelled, and was a true Christian heroe. I have seen and heard so many instances of this under his own hand, and also from other good authority, that his name deserves to be embalmed or canonized, as an example to all posterity. While I write his life, I find myself unequall to furnish his morall and devotionall character. As to that part, He only who creates the clean heart, and renews the right spirit, can inspire to copy what alone is felt, and cannot be described or delineate in writing. But this benevolence and probity was so interwoven with all Sir James his actings and transactions, that unless the mind carries them along, one views the domestick and publick shows of this life, like one viewing a fine landscape not illuminate, or rather as one looking upon a beautiful lifeless image, for it was this probity, rectitude, and benevolence, properly denominate, that illustrate or beautified what he did. To confirm this, I shall mention the saying of ane eminent man, who had read books and studied men of these times much; it was the great Mr George Gillespie, minister. Some were talking of Sir James Stewart his character, others of his money and credit; said Mr Gillespie, "I know little of these last particulars, and vallew them less the more I know of them. But I aver, Sir James Stewart has more sterling religion in ready cash than any man ever I knew; he is always agreeably composed and recollected, in a permanent devote fraim of spirit, and such as I should wish to have in my last moment."

But to proceed. Entering into the marriage state was earely Sir James his cair. Wedlock is a more solemn concerning caise than most men imagine; the contexture of all economicall blessings arises out of a wise choise. Here our young banker did not sett himself to court what

is called a fortune, nor a distinguished beauty; a helpe-mate for him was his devout wish, a compainion he might be assured of, in good or bad condition. And such was Anna Hope, daughter of Hendry Hope, and Katherine Galbreath, a daughter of Galbreath of Kilcroich; and Katherine's mother was a daughter of Provost Little. The Hopes are of French extraction, from Picardy; it is said they were originally Houblon, and had their name from the plant, and not from *esperance*, the virtue in the mind.[a] The first that came over was a domestick of Magdelene of France, Queen to King James V., and of him are descended all the eminent families of Hopes. This John Hope sett up [as] marchant of Edinburgh, and his son, by Bessie or Elisabeth Cumming, is marked as a member of our first Protestant Generall Assemblie, *anno* 1560. This gentleman, in way of his business as a merchant, went to France to purchase velvets, silk, gold and silver laces, &c., and at Paris married one Jagish or Jacoline de Tot, and of this marriage was Hendry Hope, father to Anna Hope: He had two daughters more, Isobell, who was married to one Baillie Wyllie of Edinburgh, and Marion to Mr Hume, merchant in Edinburgh; both have posterity, but though this Hendry, the elder brother, had no sons, yet his younger brother, Lord Advocate Sir Thomas Hope's family spread in many beautifull male branches.[b] This is our family tradition of the Hopes, however fictitious genealogies may be invented to flatter a noble overgrown rich family, as is now Earl Hopton's.

Thus was Anna Hope descended from creditable, substantiall burgar

[a] If the house near Cowgeat-head, north syde that street, was built by Sir Thomas Hope, (as is supposed,) the inscription upon one of the lintall-stones supports this etymologie, for the anagram is, *At Hospes Humo*, and has all the letters [of] Thomas Houpe. The other lintall-stone has only the initials, T. H., and the inscription is of no further design [than] *Tecum Habita*. The date [is] 1616, when this house was built.

[b] Sir Thomas Hope's family is what we call a law family, that is, he, his sons and descendants raised themselves by being eminent in the profession of the law, and when Sir Thomas was Lord Advocate, he had two of his sons Lords of Session, and severall of his grandchildren have been Judges and Lord Advocates since. Lord Rankilor, Lord Newhall, Charles Erskin, Lord Advocate, &c., are his descendants.

families ; it was not her being niece to Thomas Hope was the motive induced the marriage, but her intrinsick virtue, with her prudence to conduct a family, and their loves were mutuall and reciprocall. A trifling story may illustrate this, and that plain downright ingenuity of these times. I have heard that James Stewart, when exercising his agility near where Heriot's Hospitle was then building, and in jumping across a draw-well, now the covert well in the middle of the square, (his mistress was by accident walking at some little distance,) in this youthfull frolick, his hat struck on the pully of the well, and dropt into the pitt ; he escaped, as was said, a great danger, and Anna hearing of this accident, in surprise fainted away. They made some innocent mirth after, and she was by this discovered to be James Stewart's sweet-heart ; by this name a mistress was then called.

At this time he was one-and-twenty, and she about a year younger. They were wedded in about a year after, and his mother's brother, James first Lord Carmichel, the Lord Treasurour-depute, on his part, and Sir Thomas Hope, Lord Advocate, for her, takes burthen on him for the conditions on his niece's parte, for Anna's father was now sometime dead. It were needless to narrate articles and conditions in this contract ;—it is not the largest provisions at first outsett that make the happiest marriages or the richest testaments. Both were in the merchant way, he in the merchant-factor and exchange business, and she following a branch of her father's traffick in the retealing shop trade, which she prosecute thereafter to good account, and had her distinct branch of business in accurate account and method, for she purchased these shops in Luckenbooths [that] had been in her father's, grandfather's and great-grandfather's possession as tennants, and a chamber over them ;* and she

* These shops are four, two high and two laigh, east from [the] Old Church stylle : at the same time she purchased these, Sir James purchased a convenient house and tenement in what was called Cant's Closs, opposite to the Old Church style. This closs afterwards from him was named Provost Stewart's Closs ; and after the Revolution, upon his son the Lord Advocate rebuilding and possessing this house, it was called the Advocate's Closs, or Stewart's Closs.

left at death to her husband and family thirty-six thousand merks, thus acquired by her industry, enduring the sixteen or eighteen years the marriage subsisted. She made few demands for family expenses, but answered most of these from her profites in her own way. "Many daughters have done virtuously, (as in the Hebrews,) and gott riches, but thou excellest all."

The offspring of such perfect love and industry must needs resemble their parents, and have a happy turne. She brought her husband seven sons and one daughter, youngest child of all. She was not of those that choose to lett out their infant children to hyrlings. Her children sucked genuine food from her tender breasts, and so may be said to have imbibed their virtues from a loving mother's heart. This she could undergoe among all her other toyls, and she neglected no duty of a most affectionate mother during their most tender years. When her husband from affection pressed her upon these points, she said alwise she should never think her child wholly her own, when another discharged the most part of the mother's duty, and by wrong nourishment to her tender babe, might induce wrong habits or noxious diseases, or words to this purpose; and she added, "I have often seen children take more a strain of their nurse than from either parent." Thus was Sir James happy in a nursing mother to a numerous family, for six children survived her, and came to man's estate.

If the wife had any fault, it was in being too anxious, either when she imagined her husband in any danger, or upon his necessary absences abroad. No occasion of writing was to be omitted, else it was next to death, and with her even writing in ordinary course was not sufficient to satisfy that affection, which could figure from love's diffidency a thousand disasters. Soon after their marriage, religious and politicall disputes ran so high, that there were frequent occasions for her first kind of disquiets. In such giddy times 'tis impossible one can stand neuter, without being obnoxious to both parties, and where all are imbroyled, men are surrounded with perils. It is easy to imagine what impressions dis-

tracted the mind of such an affectionate or over-fond wife; she was sometimes in the streets, then at the Privy-Councell door, and many times crying and in tears. To give one remarkable instance: Sir James was a staunch protestant of the Geneva forme, and thought our nation-all covenant a barrier or out-work of his religion, and some may think he was too much upon the punctilio in this. He gave remarkable offence to King Charles's Court thus. When that King in person held his Parliament in 1633 in Scotland, after his coronation,[a] our Mr Stewart was Town-commandant, or Moderator-captain, as it was then called, and the City of Edinburgh's melitia or train-bands were then the Parliament's guards. Commandant Stewart was upon duty; the King at this time had some English and Irish popish Peers in his retenew and train; Stewart gave strict orders, that none of his Majesty's popish Lords or gentry should enter the Parliament-house or Tolbooth, and when the dispute ran high, the commandant snatched a halbert, stood cross the entry, and checked their insolence. He was upon this called before the Privy-Councell, where the King was present, and with surprising firmness stood his ground, and was dismissed; but ane expedient was found, for the popish gentry gott battons of privilege, as the High Constable's and Chief Marischall's guards. However, this fixed Sir James high in the esteem of all or most citizens, and though it made him obnoxious to the Court frowns, yet many of our Scotish Lords underhand approved his conduct.

There was another incident brought him to be more noticed; there are some hints of it in his Day-book,[b] but the full account is this:—As

[a] Spotswood had crowned the King, by Bishop Laud's direction, with Church of England rites, and this had given offence.

[b] "*Feb.* 6.—Mr Frost and I came from London in ten days. What have I to doe in the quarel, Earl Strafford and Lord Savill? Savill dryves one way and looks ane other, yet Providence may bring good out ther jarrings to his own cause: I eye not these the humours of men. O Lord, I have sought thee, and aime at thy glory; in this vew accept my endeavours, and forward thy own work! What if Traquare is at the back of the halland?" [The Diary, of which this is a specimen, must have been in Sir Archibald's

Sir James had frequent calls abroad in way of his business, once at London he was surprised with a message from a noble Lord at Court. It was occasioned by one Ward, an eminent citizen, with whom Stewart had some dealings. Ward had lett Lord Saville (Comptroller of the King's house, and thereafter Earl of Sussex) into Stewart's character. Saville closeted him some houres, and after many questions, showed him the ferment was in England, by reason of the Earl of Strafford's favouring the Queen's Roman-catholick emissaries in England; that Ireland, in which he was Lord Deputy, was in Roman-catholick hands; [that] Scotland could not long be safe; and that, as he knew Mr Stewart had friends of interest and influence at home, he entreated for his country's sake he would put his friends on their guard. That he (Lord Saville) was underhand doing what he could to save ane uxorious King, and two protestant kingdoms, and had a message to transmitt to some eminent hands at Edinburgh to this effect, and hoped Mr Stewart would not refuse his assistance now he was on his returne home. Stewart was stunned with such discoveries, and answered, that he knew the wisest and best disposed in Scotland, and the sober party, were too much convinced there was a great deal of truth in what his Lordship said, and that humors ran high in their country, but that he caired not to interfere in such high matters as did not ly in his way, and might miscarry or be discovered, to the undoing him and his friends. He approved much of his Lordship's zeal, and he hoped he should find a far fitter person for his express and message. Much more passed in their conference, and Saville was so charmed with Stewart's answer and modest behaviour, that he sett him ane hour next day, and begged his attendance. When the appointment came on, Saville used his insinuating artes, and had a solemn oath of secrecy written, that both were to signe; and upon this Saville opened

hands, but seems now unfortunately to be lost. It would, if preserved, have made a most appropriate companion to that of Sir Thomas Hope, the writer's wife's uncle, which has been brought to light by Mr Napier in his Memoirs of Montrose, and which it is to be hoped will soon, by the liberal permission of his representative, be printed in full.—*Ed.*]

particulars, and showed Stewart the combination of many leaders in England, who would stand by the Scots in defence of their liberties, sacred and civil; and the instructions he was authorised to lay before Argyle, Rothes, and Mr Henderson, minister, were all read over. He added, that in a desperate defence extraordinary remedies were to be used, and that in gangrens sometimes to save the body amputations were to be used, and a hearty friend could never refuse to carry advice with medicaments, though from a foreign physitian. Stewart still declined. At length it was concerted, that, because of spies or strict search, all the packet should be conveyed in a hollowed wheep, and that Saville's messenger should go along in the character of Stewart's servant with a portmantle; but that Stewart should open the matter in a verball conference with the Reverend Mr Henderson, and deliver to him the concealed packet, which Mr Henderson, in the most prudent way, was to impart to the two Lords. Bishop Burnet hints at this story of Lord Saville, but is in somewhat wrong.[a] He says all the subscriptions were forged, but there were more than a dozen genuine, and most of them Parliament men. Vane, Strod, and Hampden, were in the concert, and so was Hollis, though he knew nothing of the forgeries, for severall such were adhibited. I shall never approve of such an officious meddling turne in any one: Sir James was thus brought in to be conected and concerned with intriguing men; but I dare say his intentions were just, and his inclinations upright, and he had no hand in the deceitfull part, for his soull abhorred every falshood. But the above occurrence shews whence Sir James Stewart's publick character grew in aftertimes, and by his wise conduct and probity, he came to be in universall esteem, and much employed in affairs of State, and much depended upon.

Incidents thrown together, though not all in a just chronologicall order, serve to illustrate a life or character; and we shall use this freedom here, and in what follows, to mention one incident more, and throw things together. It was in one of Sir James his calls to London,

[a] Burnet's History of his Own Times, Vol. I. p. 24, 26. Edit. 1818.

he came acquented with Mr Leighton, who suffered much in the puritan cause, and Mr Leighton put his son Robert under Sir James his patronage, for his education at Edinburgh. The father entreated (and the son was present) to train him up in the true presbiterian forme, and Robert was strictly enjoined, with his father's blessing, to be steady in that way. Young Leighton came to Edinburgh, attended the University, under Sir James Stewart's eye. He was of a sprightly, generous [temper,] and wanted not good understanding, but had no due proportion of firmness and stability. He wanted to find out somewhat new and surprizing, and plodded earely upon utopean expedients. In his bachelor year, attending the College, he was induced to lampoon the chief magistrate, who by office is Rector or Chancellor of the University, and who had disobliged some of the students. The stanza made was a piece of false witt then fashionable; it was a pun on the Lord Provost of Edinburgh's name, Aikenhead, and the many pimples on his face. It ran thus:

If what is said were justly said,
That's Head of Aiken timber's made,
His fyrie face had long agoe
Sett all his head in blazing glow.

For this Robert Leighton was called before the faculty of Masters, and to please the Provost, was solemnly extruded the University. Sir James his guardian was absent, but upon his returne had him reponed.

Mr Leighton, after finishing his accademick education, wandered through many mazes of life. He was presbyterian minister of Newbatle; then Principall of Edinburgh College. When Episcopacy became fashionable after the year 1660, he forgot his father's injunction, and was Bishop and Archbishop, amicable compositor of parties, and what not, in Scotland; and in the end disgusted with all, he threw himself free, and ended his days in a kind of monastick life in England.* "He was a man of

* Mr Leighton was a learned divine, and a man of vallue in many ways, but had a good deal of whime and some pedantry. If a cleg bitt him, "That small insect (said he) has made a breach in the mud

learning, elocution and eminent piety, and was a sanct traveling for heaven, sincerely but in dubious steps, (said Sir James Stewart,) as a ship loaded with rich cargoe sailing to harbour, but without ballest, which, though she attain to port and harbour, was in danger of shipwrack." To finish and support this character, take the following anecdote: After Mr Leighton came from London, consecrate Bishop of Dumblain, he went to dine at Gutters near Edinburgh, and, as he said, with his old friend, or his best friend, Sir James Stewart. The first salute from this best friend was—" Welcome, Robin!—you loved gauding abroad too much;—you have the fate of Dinah, Jacob's daughter, for now I may say the Schekamites have catched and defloured you." This passed easy, and Sir James turned to other subjects of discourse, and there was no more talk of his having deserted Zion's plea for presbytery at that time. Only because Burnett, in his History of his Own Times, says that Leighton had no angry passions, we shall add this: Though his Lordship of Dumblain took easy what Sir James Stewart said, he did not so easy digest what his eldest son Thomas put closer home in private with him. He said to one who saw him in some confusion, instantly upon his returne from Gutters,—" I have dined at Goodtress; I wish I had stayed at home, and chawed gravell! That young man, Sir James Stewart's son Thomas, is as hott as peper; he was never off this turff of Scotland, has gott a presbyterian crochet in his perecranium, and will never get it out again." When the Bishop went from Gutters, all Sir James said was,—" Mr Leighton is a man of many oddities or singularities, and it does not surprise me what he has done, still I shall think him a pious good man. The Court have called up three little better than Judas, and seduced one Nathaniell." This he expressed of those consecrate at London, namely, Mr James Sharp, Mr John

wall," and so wiped off the blood. As to his pulpit performance, Bishop Burnett runs him up too high, and, by aggrandising his pulpit gift, makes one esteme the published sermons really less then they truly deserve, and I judge the Bishop has overdone in the whole character.

Fairfowl, Mr James Hamilton, and Mr Robert Leighton. Thus Sir James gave his opinion, and I dare say it is as expressive, and no less emphatick and just, than all Bishop Burnet's eulogium on Leighton, his clergy-hero.[a]

But we proceed from this digression to things more interesting in Sir James' life, and to his family. While Sir James was employed in publick affairs, serving his country, the interests of the City of Edinburgh and those of his friends, he did not neglect to build up his own family in a landed estate, and chose to make his purchase in Clydesdale, and amongst his kindred. The Somervilles of Cambusnethan were at this time in their decline, and had sold a great part of their lands, and others were wrested from them by legall diligence. Sir James employed his brother Alertoun to transact matters for him, and his first purchase was Kirkfield or Wester Carbarens, called Kirkfield from lying round the church of Cambusnethan. This was a small purchase, but Sir James had at first his designation from this. The lands of Coltness had been sold off by the Somervilles to Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig, and came after to the Hamiltons of Udstoun. This Coltness is two miles west from Alertoun, and had a convenient little Tower-house, and it was thought proper Sir James should fix the seat of his family here; and this was the second purchase made, and is a free-hold of the crown, and gives a vote in elections.

Upon the famous rich Sir William Dick's bankruptcy, Sir James secured himself in a preference upon the lands of North Berwick, for a large sum Dick owed him, and it had been happy for the Coltness family, had Sir James payed off the other creditors, and settled his posterity in East Lothian, among a substantial tennantry; but a certain clanship, or fondness for his brother's neighbourhood, and a liking to the country

[a] "Robin Lighton much in Mr Forbes' way, who was the first Bishop of Edinburgh, and was of the same whimsicall stamp, a pray to novelties. A stamering sanctity's dangerous in a churchman."—*Sir James Stewart's Diary.*

he drew his first breath in, determined him, and his wealth enabled him to extend his views to other lands in Clydesdale, and he was induced by his brother, Sir Walter, to purchase from Lord Belhaven (Alertoun's brother-in-law) a right of apprysing or adjudication to a great part of the Cambusnethan estate, called Overtown of Cambusnethan, and lands of Pather. This was a fair inheritance upon Clyde, with a milne and salmond fishing cruve, and the purchase was to be confirmed by Somerville the superiour. In this transaction it was thought Sir Walter leaned more to the interest of his brother-in-law than to that of his own brother, for the coal was over-valued, and the woods too.

Lord Belhaven and Sir Walter schemed out for Sir James that, as the Somervilles were reduced to the mansion-house and mains, with the superiorities, and being loaded with debts, could not hold these long, it would be honourable as well as profitable if these were purchased; and that, in order to this, Sir James should excamb or exchange his lands of Kirkfield with those of Upper or Easter Carbarens, which were close to Cambusnethan house on the west of it: And having now purchased all the east syde lands, the buying in what remained would make a clear conected estate, and compleat all along the north side the river Clyde for three miles, and that the patronage and superiorities would give a splendour to the whole; and this plan Sir Walter was to execute, as more versant in country affairs. The excambion was made, and Sir James Somerville trated with for the remains of his estate. Sir James Stewart was for agreeing with the conditions offered; but Sir Walter said everywhere that he knew the Knight was straitened much, and would be under a necessity to sell a reasonable pennieworth; and that, as his brother had the body of the barrony, few would interfere with him for such a paphell or trifle of land. This so disgusted Cambusnethan, that he instantly went to Edinburgh, and privately compleated a sale with Sir John Harper, advocate, who was married to a cousin-german of Sir James Stewart's lady, Bethia Hope. Thus, by Sir Walter Stewart's imprudence and delays, [or as] some said, by ane ungratefull vani-

ty, not to have his younger brother a more honourable heritor in the paroch then himself, thus or thus was lost the most delightful sale on Clyde, and what would have added six years more vallue to all the estate, thus united together, with the superiorities and the patronage of the church.

After Sir James had made the above purchase, he lost the most loving wife and carefull provident mother any family was ever blessed with. He bewailed the death of Anna Hope sincerely, and as a Christian husband. This considerable turne in his family fell out in *anno* 1646. The marriage had subsisted sixteen or seventeen years, it may be said in a kind of primitive innocent state, for there were no broylls nor differences. She was laid in Sir James his burying-ground, in the higher parte of the Greyfriars' church-yard, Edinburgh, on the west side wall, near where the passage goes to Heriot's Hospitle; and on account of the publick passage being too near this grave, Sir James, by act of Town Councill, had the entrie removed, and it was carryed about fifty yards farther south, to the place where it now is: The vestige of the old entrie is yet to be seen, on the back parte of the wall, near by where she lyes interred.[a]

She left him six sons and one daughter; one son predeceased her. The eldest son was Thomas, named after Sir Thomas Hope, Lord Advocate, her father's brother, and Sir James's unkell-in-law, and benevolent friend; the second, James, died in infancy; the third, Walter, [called] after Sir James's brother, Alertoun; the fourth, James, his father's, his unkell Carmichel's, and his own name-son; the fifth, Hendry, for his wife's father, Henry Hope. There was one John, died young, named for his

[a] I have seen interred in this ground four brothers, Sir David, James, John, and Robert Stewarts; two aunts, Lord Pollock's Lady, and Mrs Lilias Stewart; my unkell, Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate, his first and second Ladies, Agnes Traill and Margaret Aird; my mother, Dame Susana Denham; and Dame Marion Lockhart, Sir David Stewart's wedow; and also my dear child, Grizie Stewart, and many more friends; my sister, Marion Stewart, and our two aunts, Anna and Catherine Stewarts, and aunt Lady Alenbank, Sir Robert Stewart's widdow, and many more freinds, all wrapt up in death's oblivion. [See Appendix, No. I.]

brother, Bailie Denham; and the seventh son was Robert, after his cousin and stept-brother, Westshield; and his daughter of this marriage was Margaret, married to her first cousin, William Stewart of Alertoun. The eldest was scarce sixteen, and the youngest about six years old when she died, so the cair of a numerous young family devolved doubly upon him, and what with family affairs, and with his publick character as a magistrate, his time was more than filled up or crouded.

Sir James was soon sensible what a loss it was to want a mother and a mistress to his numerous family, but where to find ane equall match was the difficulty. If a first marriage was a grand crisis in life, sure a second is to be more criticaly examined in all circumstances. Sir James, after many perplexing reflections, fixed his choise on a greave matron, a widdow of middle age, a woman of approved virtue and piety. This was Marion M'Culloch, daughter of Mr David M'Culloch, writer to the signet. He had been first clerk to Sir Thomas Hamilton, Lord President of the Session, Secretary of State, and Earl of Hadington, and M'Culloch was his sole manager; under this master, and by his own activity in business, he had acquired a fine estate, and Marion was his only daughter. She had been married to Mr John Eliot, advocate, a younger brother of Eliot of Stobes, and of this marriage she had ane only daughter, Margaret Eliot.

To this widdow lady Sir James was married, in the end of the year 1648. This contract of marriage was more voluminous than the first, had many clauses of provision, suiting the circumstances of the parties, and great welth appears on the parte of the parties contracting, but the event was not according to the prospect. 'Tis true, Mr M'Culloch's estate made a glaring show in the end; but, as Sir James expressed it, "The Gutters and others, Mr M'Culloch his estate and effects make a great noise, but it was gathering and improving when every distress and expence was cast on mine:" and in end, the troubles Sir James fell in, after the Restoration, reduced his estate much; for from that period, unprovocked disasters, and distresses from perverse men, persecute him

to the grave's mouth. The marriage, however, turned out happy in many circumstances. Sir James had a dexterity to manage the lady's temper, and gave way to her short sallies only by gently admonishing, and sometimes with ane—"Insist, Marion!" the good woman, after being recollected [by] her devotion, her family brawls were quashed, and she was soon all submission and acknowledgement. Thus they lived; he knew her virtue and piety, and vallued it accordingly. She brought him four daughters, all of them valuable children; only two made any figure in life, but all four were portioned by Mr M'Culloch their grandfather, for he lived above a hundred years, and died about 1670. The eldest daughter, Marion, was married to Sir John Maxwell of Pollock, who was Justice-Clerk and Lord of Session. The marriage was happy, but they had no issue; she died 1706. Lillias was the second, ane excellent friendly lady, never married; she died *anno* 1729, aged seventy-six. Catherin died young, and Anna lived till *anno* 1689, and died unmarried; and about 1690 died their mother, nine years after Sir James.

To follow out Sir James his actings in publick sphere, or to sett forth the history of his own times, would fill a volume more than is intended in this family piece: It might suffice to say, he filled, with honor and fidelity, every station Providence or his country intrusted him in. I shall take notice of some remarkable particulars, as a specimen of the good man's conduct. He was not one that pushed himself into high station, but had the courage to undertake the most difficult charge, in the hottest confusions of those giddy times, when it was put upon him. He might have been Provost of Edinburgh some years sooner, and it was by constrent he was put in the city chaire as chief magistrate, but he had done so many eminent services, and was so highly esteemed, that, in the most criticall period, the citycens would trust no other, and he accepted the provostship, the years 1649 and 1650.

Sir James had high principles of loyelty, but just principles of government, and had some *demelés* with Archibald Marquis of Argyle. If

ever he seemed to trime, it was the time of Duke Hamilton's Engagement. His loyalty inclined him the Duke's way, and he disliked the hypocriticall mock repentance and penance men were forced to undergo, for complying with Duke Hamilton's Engagement: but the body of his party draged him the other [way,] and the time of [the] Whigamuire Raid, he could not countenance such tumultuary doings, and retired with his family to Westsheild. The year the King was sacrificed to the sectarian army, he was chosen Provost of Edinburgh. He was of that party protested against the army's usurpation, and their areigning and bringing the Sovereign to the block. The States of Parliament of Scotland were unanimous in this thing, but Sir James differed with Argyle, as to the nomination of commissioners to be sent to protest at London, and he carried it for Sir John Cheisly, his first cousin, to be one, and that the Reverend Mr Robert Blair should goe along. This, and some other incidents, galled the Marquis so much, that in Stirling Castle, *anno* 1650, when he was speaking of calling home the King, and the blessings of a Restoration, a certain nobleman smiling, said, "My Lord, Kings are not alwise gratefull for high favours; I have in my eye a spot famous, and a flagrant memoriall of this." "Well," ansered Argyle, "I had rather have Duke Murdoch's fait, to be toren in pieces by a lyon, than to be eate up off Sir James Stewart, and his vermine these burrows." The Marquis knew the Provost was a stench royalist, and would concur heartily in calling home the King; and Earl Eglington, called Gray-steil, was sincere and forward in this, and all went smoth. A messenger was to be sent over seas, with the resolve of the Parliament, and Sir James proposed one was married to his cousin-german; Eglington was for one Dalrymple, who was afterwards Lord President of Session and Viscount Stair. Lord Argyle gave way to Sir James his friend being intrusted, as thinking Mr James Dalrymple a man of too much intrigue and address to goe on the first message, and Edward Gillespie was a man of no politicall turne, but one of dispatch, and thorowly honest, and fitt to be entrusted as a message-bearer. The Marquis and Sir James

again thwarted about naming the commissioners for recaling his Majesty, but in this he yielded to flater his Lordship's vanity, and not retard the royal cause.

Sir James had nothing of insolance or bloody cruelty in his disposition. The Marquis Argyle pursued or prosecute the unfortunate Montrose with too keen resentments. "What need," said Sir James, "of so much buchery and dismembering? Has not heading, and publickly affixing the head, been thought sufficient for the most attrotious state crimes hitherto? We are embroyled and have taken sydes, but to insult too much over the mislead is unmanly." Yet there was no remedy; Argyle pushed the vengence of Church and State against Montrose, but Sir James his conduct was upon the syde of humanity. The sentance, with cruell ingredients, must be execute by the Magistrates of Edinburgh, and Sir James was the first in office: but he treat the prisoner with civilities, and when Montrose desired a conference with some leading men of the Church, to have their sentance of the greater excommunication taken off, Sir James attended them with the prisoner, and much blamed their using common civilities to a man of his quality, for Montrose offered the friendly salute, but these would not so much as tutch his hand. "Strange," said Provost Stewart; "this is treating a man worse than ane heathen or publican!" The unfortunate Marquis sought absolution with tears, and Sir James could not refrain his own upon this melancholy occasion. The clargy were fanatically bigotted: No doubt, Montrose had been a sharpe scourge, and headed a party of cut-throt Irish, but he acted by the King's commission; this he would not disclaim, and the brethren would not relent.

After this the King came, and great was the joy on his arrivall, and, as he was ane arteful disembler, he so temporized as to please the most rigid and fanatical Scots Covenanters. The English army under Oliver Cromwell approached; it was not numerous, but they were veterens. Lesly commanded, for the King and Estates of Parliament, ane army above double numbers; there were good officers in it, but most of the pri-

vate men were raw and undisciplined. Sir James was Commissary-General and Paymaster to this army, and advanced money upon his credite to support the Royell cause. He had our Parliamentary security for his repayment, but our publick were never faithful to loans, and our Commissary was ane eminent instance (as will be made evident in the sequell) both of this and Royall ingratitude.

Our Scots Generals, knowing that their best security lay in their strong encampments and trinches, and in straitning the enemy for provision and forrage while the war was protracted, Sir James was of these who inclined that the King, by his presence, should animate the army; but so strong a party opposed this, he dared not openly declare, and the King, upon one pretence or other, was seldom allowed to come to camp or tary long in it. He was of party with the hot men the Protestars, but could not follow in all their indiscreet fyry zeal. The army fortified themselves by strong entrinchments, and lines drawen from Leith by Edinburgh, and all the passes were secured: Cromwell and the Sectarians lay about Musselburgh and Innereske. Oliver reconatered the outworks; he drew up in forme, and offered battell, but our Generalls keept their fastness. Cromwell made a faint to pass the Scots, at some distance towards Colington, and surprized the garison at Redhall. The Scots moved towards Cramond, Corstorphine, and Goger, and cast up new works; the English retrited to their old campe, to be nearer their fleet for forrage and provision, which was but scanty; and the Scots resumed their former ground near Leith.

At length Cromwell sends a trumpet to demand parly, or a conference; the place fixed upon was Brunsfield Links. On the Scots parte were Lord Marquis of Argyle, Earl of Eglington, and Sir James Stewart, then Provost of Edinburgh, and Commissar-Generall; on the Sectarian invaders' part were Generall Oliver Cromwell, Leutenant-Generall George Monk, with some other field officers. Both sydes were escorted by ane equall number of guards. Cromwell and his officers dismounted, and the conferance began. Argyll insisted strenuously on the infringement of the Solemn Legue, by the King's ignominious death, and the pre-

sent invasion: Cromwell, after hearing out the argument, said he had heard much of his Lordship's good understanding, and perspicuous reasoning, and from that expected some argument of weight. Cromwell endeavoured then to answer what the Marquis had offered, and added, "The spirit and intention of the Solemn Legue is for us, my Lord; we are all under solemn engagements, and have called God to witness we shall extirpate all malignancy, and this was the main intendment of the Legue; and pray, my Lord, who was the head of the Malignants? Was it not Charles Stewart, late King of England? and who is now the hope of the Malignants? is it not now Charles Stewart his son? Consider, my Lord Marquis! take cair you are not doing the worke of the Lord deceitfully, and rearing again the altars of Dan at Bethel!" Stewart answered, the Scots were a free people, and at liberty to follow the views they had of the Legue, and that was to support the Royalty with the true reformation; and added, that the English were the aggressors, and, contrair to solemn treatie, were come into the heart of this kingdom, and must be answerable to God for the bloodshed they may occasion. This is from Sir James his journall. Lord Marquis made a further reply, and Oliver, mounting on horseback, said, "Well, well, my Lords! if nothing will satisfy but bloodshed, we appeall the justice of our cause, and time will shew what happy thing you [my] Lord Marquis are promotting, for if ever there is a return or Restoration, you shall smart among the first; but, for my parte, so long as my blood is warme, I shall oppose it."[a] Most of this above I had from Major Bunting, who lived

[a] Generall Oliver had (I shall not call them prophetick) prognostick views of the consequences of a Restoration. I have in my hands a copy of letters, *anno* 1650, past betwixt the ministers of Edinburgh and Cromwell, and printed that year. He invites them to come and attend their ministry. They from the castell tell him of the covenanted King, and upbrade him with his Sectarian Independant gifted brethren. As the invitation was by his Secretary, this reply is by himself. As to his gifted brethren, he puts them in mind of Moses' answer to Joshua, when Eldad and Medad prophesied in the camp of Israel, least they be found to envy, for their own sake, and for their covenanted King, he certifies them, that, if ever he shall come to the throne, he was sure this King would confound and destroy them and their good cause. This Oliver published at Edinburgh and in print, ten years before the event, in *anno* 1650.

many years down, and on this conference attended Earl Eglinton; he said the conference was on that spot of Brunsfield Links, near the high-way leading to Edinburgh from Burrowmuirhead, and opposite to house of Wrightshouses.

The English army retired east, to be nearer their sea force, which lay off Dunbar. The Scots followed cautiously, and hemed them in by ane advantageous encampment on Doun Hill. Our history is full on the fatall battels of Dunbar and Worcester, the fatall third of September 1650, and that third of September 1651, days of dysaster for the blood of our countreymen spilt, but not so in their other consequences: for it was said by some, "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweet," and that the nine or ten years of the Independents, and the sectarian reign or Usurpation, Providence turned it to the happiest times, to all lovers of religion and virtue, though ungratefull we were [and] insensible, untill the riotous Restoration opened men's eyes: but of this more in the progress, as to Sir James his sufferings.

After the defeat at Dunbar, the Provost and other Magistrates left Edinburgh, and fled to the King at Stirling, and I see a writing wherein Sir James Stewart, Lord Provost, and the other Magistrates and Town-Councill of Edinburgh, being conveened in Stirling, petition the Estates of Parliament for advice, as also the Commission of the Kirk, if, or not, they, by the enemy being debarred from the legall place of meeting, may proceed in the election of their successors in office, and at Stirling. The committee of Estates are of opinion they, the present Magistrates, continou in office untill the King's affairs, by the mercy of God, shall take a more favourable turne; and so was the advice of the Commission of the Generall Assembly of the Church. Sir James's family, with Mr M'Culloch, his father-in-law, continoued at Westshield, near Carnwath,* the time of these commotions, and while he was at Stirling. But after the

* Robert Denham of Westshield was first cousin to Sir James, and his father had married Sir James's mother.—[*Edit.*]

King and the army merched south and penetrate into England, and Cromwell with the English followed them close, at this time, Sir James retired to his family at Westshield, for Edinburgh was awed by a garrison of English, the castle being in their hands, and the city in ane unsettled state.

After the defeat at Worchester, things came to a more peaceable composure, and the English established good order in Scotland, by citydales and a military force. Among the English enquiries into publick concerns, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, having been Commesary-Generall, was called, and obliged to exhibit his books and vouchers, and clearances with the Scots Estates of Parliament, and though they, as conquerors and masters, could have used Sir James with rigour, yet he had of them all the justice and equity he could [have] expected from friends. And when some spoke unfavourably of him, Cromwell's answer was, "I have seen the gentleman, and have had Sir James Stewart's character from severals, and no good man shall have disquiet, so long as I have power to prevent it."

Sir James was courted by the English, invitted by the Protector, and Ambassador Colonell Sir William Lockhart of Lea, his relation, pressed it with him, to joyn in measures for the advantage of his native country; but he esteemed the Covenant ("the oath of God," as he called it) and his oath to the King strong ties and firme bars against joyning ane usurper; and as things went on, he keept himself clear of all publick affairs, and of all plotings. He minded only his private affairs and concernes, and came not into the magistracy till he was chosen Provost *anno* 1659, the year after the Protector's death, and when things looked like a return; then was the Provostship again forced upon him.

Generall George Monke was a disengenious man, and proved after this a tool of much mischief. He stamered into riches and grandure, and it is mysterious how Providence makes great events turne upon instruments of no merite, and so unlikly. He, Monke, was preparing for his march to England, and before he sett out, he closeted some of our

leading men, to know more certainly the general bent of the nation, and had a secret conference with Lord Provost of Edinburgh. Sir James said before him, with freedom, his apprehentions of the times. He said, "That, after the inundation that had happened, there must be havings and shovings of tides, but things would soon come to a calme, and all subseid into the old channel; and his excellency might, by balanceing parties, and catching favourable opportunities, save much bloodsheid, and had it in his power to retrive the honor of his country; and [he] prayed God might direct all to a happy settlement on the old fundation, and begged him to have all regards for the Solemn Legue, and the King's interests." All this the Generall seemed to take in good parte, but, after his court promotions, not only forgot Joseph, but, by misrepresentations, prompted that speat run high against Sir James.

It was owing to what Monke sett forth was the bent of the Scots, and from Sir James Stewart's advice to him, that the Presbyterians gott the entire management of the turn in favours of the King, and after Monke left Scotland, the leaders of the Presbyterian interest corresponded with Sir James Stewart, and Mr Robert Douglas, minister. They were both zealous loyellists, and had observed Monke's disingenuity, in many instances, and they cautioned their friends at London not too much to trust so deceitful a man. The Generall had surmises of this correspondence, and it was thought Mr James Sharpe gave him the alarme, for this Sharpe was capable of sacrificing every truth to his ambitious views.[a] However, hence sprung in Scotland that overturning, and Monke's resentment and ill will to all the honest party in Scotland, and his favour to Mr Sharpe, after Archbishop of St Andrews; for Sharpe belyed and betrayed the Presbyterians to Clarendon, and to Monk, and all this to stirr more strife; for Sharpe and Monke were fowls of a feather: but the dregs of mankind came at this time to be employed

[a] Mr James Sharpe, minister, was the Church of Scotland's Commissioner, intrusted with their concernes, and had his appointments for his expences at Breda and at London, but treacherously betrayed his constituents.

and in fashion, and things went from one extreme to another, for now religion and probity were not the mode. But such remarks are here foreign, unless so far as they affected this good man's interests, and whose distresses of life did now commence.

Before we begin to reckon up the reverses of fortune befell Sir James, I shall shortly notice some few more instances of his disinterested and publick acts of beneficence. He had been active and vigilent in his station, and by his candid impartiality had raised some enemies, but gained more friends by this his integrity. When Duke James Hamilton was impeached, and had few friends stood by him, and had less credit to support him, Sir James was at London, and applyed to for advance of L.800 sterling for the Duke's exigences: he found the money, and frankely advanced it. This the Duke esteemed a high favour, and left a memoriall for his heirs never to forget Sir James Stewart's generosity. But how ungratefull are great folks! for his grandson, James Earl of Arran, obtained a gift of forfeiture of Cultness estate, in *anno* 1685, and used it with rigour. Again, during the tryells for Montrose his cruell inroads and invasions, Sir James scrined and protected some he thocht more innocent, and particularly interposed for young Primrose, who acted under his father, in the Lord Register's office, and had gone off with some of the records, and, in company with President Spotswood, had joined Montrose. Primrose was gratefull, and never forgot Sir James his saving his life at this crisis. To conclude, Earl Loudon's estate, by purchasing of some expired apprising, and so legally circumveening creditors, was to be saved from utter rouin, such fraudulent trust-rights were then used, and some estates dishonourably retrived, as at this time Earl Loudon Campbell's. Sir George Lockhart was advised with, as to the validity of this preferable right of apprising, and as to the trust-right to be taken, &c., and was told that Sir James Stewart was so friendly to advance and risque L.1000 sterling. "Use this credit," (said the lawyer,) "but take no trust-right in his name; for the Provost's conscience will not streech, and he will never

swear by evasions." These apprisings were purchased by the Laird of Dunlop, a neighbour gentleman, in trust, who went throw the durty jobb, and conveyed [them] to one Hugh Penango, a servant in the family; and upon this footing the rights of the estate yet stand, and the other creditors were bilked. The last 300 lib. was repayed, *anno* 1700, to Sir David Stewart, Sir James's grandchild; I received it in Airshire. This in rectitude and benevolence was the constitution of Sir James's mind, and in these it was vigorous; the few above and formerly given instances fully evince this.

Upon that wonderfull surprising turne of affairs, May 29, 1660, ane order came down from court, dismissing Sir James from his chief magistracy of the city of Edinburgh, and a warrant to Morgen to imprison him, Sir John Cheisly and Lord Waraston; and July 16th he was confined close prisoner in Edinburgh castle untill further tryell, and by the then roulers he was arbitrarly fined 500 lib. Great was the surprize of all good burgesses, and of the whole ministers of the city, at such beginings, but it was given out that Sir James had made himself most obnoxious to his Majesty at Stirling, and it was added, the King had all regarde to the good cause, though he singled out some stiff men, that Presbytery might be put off a pregmatic footing.

Primrose was in favour, and was the only man interposed with the King for Stewart. He said Sir James had been misrepresented, that he had been and was a heart friend to his Majesty, and that if ever he, Primrose, should be found capable of doing any service to his King and country, it was owing to Provost Stewart, who saved his life after the action at Philiphaugh, and thus on his knees begged his Majesty's grace and favour. He did not give over, though at this time rebuted, but wrought so with Northampton and Hyde, that he had assurances of Sir James his life and fortune, and procured a gift of his fine. Primrose came down Lord Register. As soon as he came to Edinburgh, he went to the Castle, to visit his friend in prison, and frankly told him he had a gift of his fine. Sir James calmly said, though he had been hardly used,

it was some favour he was put in a friend's hand. "And as such I procured it," said Lord Register, "and before you instantly discharge the debt: I'm sorry I could not doe more in requittal of what I can never repay:" and in a short time after, he procured Sir James's liberation.

By a second order, Sir James was committed prisoner in the castle of Edinburgh. The pretence was his intromission with publick money, for which he had not finally accounted as Collector, Recevar-Generall and Commissary for the army. The sum was larger than he desired to find baile or caution for, and he seemed so obnoxious to the then administration, none caired to be sureties for him to that extent.

The prosecution was before the Lords of Treasury and Exchequer: Stewart had fitted and furnished his accounts for [the] years 1648 and 49, and, by a ballance struck, there was 6000 lib. indebted to him, and for which sum he had Treasury precepts; but as for the years 1650 and 51, things were in such confusion by the war had been carried on, the cess and other taxes were not regularly payed in; nor possibly could be remitted and collected when the enemy was in the country. However, he had clear documents for all he had received, and the instructions and vouchers of his accounts were so distinct, and so duely stated by the assistance of his son Mr James Stewart, (now entered advocate,) who framed and gave in proper memorialls for his father, that nothing less than sharpers (to give those statesmen no worse name) could have demurred doing justice, admitting his ballance, and acquitting him, and repaying what was due upon the publick faith. But by their act rescissory, all Parliamentary actings during the troubles, and even the acts of such Parliaments wherein the King had been present, and under no restrent or compulsator, [were annulled;] this act rescissory was a spunge for all publick debts, and all other publick transactions.

When the then roulers saw Sir James was supported by his own accuracy, and by his son Mr James, (after the Revolution Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate,) beyond their expectations, and that his being upon the place, though a prisoner, was of good advantage, he being at hand to ap-

ply the vouchers in stating and forming his account, and to informe of facts, as objections were throwen out; the leading men in this prosecution procured a new warrant to have him transported prisoner to Dundee, that the distance of two firths to ferry over, and near twenty miles by land, might imbarrass matters and protract time; but Sir James had honour done him upon this transportation, by the better sort of inhabitants; they attended [him] to Leith, and sent their good wishes along and prayers for his speedy releasement.

The strugle in clearing accounts for some 40,000 lib. continowed, and then it was found nothing against him could arise out of all, without the most glaring injustice, the ballance being much in the Commissary-Generall's syde. After all the streaches could be made, a friend at length was ordered to tell him, in *anno* 1669, that the Government was intended to attack him on higher matters, and a prosecution for treason was intended, but that if he, Sir James, would pay in 1000 lib. he should have ane ample discharge for all, and full pardon under the Great Seall, the King's broad seall; if not, he must prepare for the greatest severities. His freind Lord Register with regreat pressed this proposall, and intreated his complyance; he said it was the best he could make for him to save his family. Though Sir James was absolutely convinced in his own minde, he had no complyances with the usurper, but had been steady in his loyalty, and had done nothing else criminall, yet by the importunity of friends, and after he had seen the tragicall fate of the Marquis of Argile, and others more innocent then the Marquis, he agreed to the hard condition, and accepted the indemnity and pardon. This was to pass from his just claimes, and purchase ane acquittance from those who had no vestige of justice or humanity remaining. These losses satt easy upon him, and he was liberate from his prison at Dundee, January 14, 1670.

He had three sons, the staff of his old age, and the supports of his declining fortune under these tryals: first, Thomas, his eldest son; he in *anno* 1659 had been married to Margaret Eliot, his mother-in-law's daughter of her first marriage, and thus by contract and infeftment he

was in possession of a separate estate, and he supported his aged father with money and his credite: next James, his third son, who had entered advocate *anno* 1660, and became the most eminent and renowned lawer and statesman of his time, after these Restoration violent flames and stormes were past, and his first appearances were to support his aged and oppressed father, and that with ready councell and strenuous memorials.[a] Henry, his fourth son, was a man full of ready cash, and the most successful wine-merchant in Scotland at this time; and this helped Sir James with money, the sinnows of business when one seems destined to destruction by arbitrary statesmen and sicophantish judges, and this being realy the caise, that ready money is absolutely needfull.

In these times of oppression and danger, he had the comfort of some intimate familiar freinds of vallue he corresponded with, and sometimes was with such in fellowship meetings of devotion. I name three he highly vallued among many; these were Lord Brodie, Lord Arniston and Mr Robert Douglass, minister; the first two had been suppreme judges, Lords of Session, and the last was a pious, prudent and modest clergyman. These were no enthusiasts nor biggotted narrow-thinkers, but could not comply with the now fashonable modes and methods: Mr Douglas had the best bishoprick in his offer, but he saw the consequence and refused. These, with some others, had meetings for christian and friendly conference, which begun and ended with sincere devotion and prayer: they dared not entertain these so often as they wished, for fear those who had no such sensations should take umbrage, and graft a plott upon it, for the bear's skin was much then put upon the innocent.

It was some advantage [to] Sir James his being in confinement, and at some distance, when that truly provoked insurrection called Pentland Hills happened. For as his chaplain, Mr Hugh M'Kell a preacher, fell into his enemies' hands, for having joyned that oppressed party at Lanark, though he left them before they came to action, and was never in

[a] He became Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees.—[*Edit.*]—See Appendix, No. II.

armes, but had gone a friendly message to some with them, and was upon his returne when taken ;—so, had Sir James been in Edinburgh, this would have been imputed to him, and he saddled with it as corresponding with rebells ; and the gentlest treatment on such supposition had been forfature of all his goods and effects.

This pious youth suffered heroically. His last words are yet extant, and Bishop Burnet, in the History of his Own Times, has recorded his expiring pathetick fairwell. He fell a sacrifice to the rage and choller of a furious incenced government, and ane apostatised outrageous churchman. It was said M'Kell used some freedom in a sermon he delivered, and lamented the hardships the church of Christ would alwise labour under, when such as a Pharoah or ane Achab was on the throne, or such as Haman ane Amalekite in the court, and most of all, when a Judas Iscariot was in the kirk ; for perils among false brethren holy Paul reckoned of highest danger to Christ's interests in his church. And truely, it was that Judas Iscariot, Archbishop Sharp, hunted him to the scaffold, for though the preacher did not closly apply the doctrine, Sharp was the man took this note most to himself. M'Kell suffered both the torture and gibbet with patience and resignation, and died in ane extasy of assurance and heavenly joy. His two pupiles, David and James Stewarts, two of Sir James' grandchildren, attended him to the place of execution, at the Cross of Edinburgh, December 22, 1666. M'Kell, before he bid fairwell to this life, and embreaced eternity, and these mantions of glory his faith had apprehended, he with his last words blessed the lads, and with his blessing gave his Bible to the eldest, who after was Sir David Stewart, Barronet. I have seen this Bible, and it shows that the owner had been much and earnestly exercised in studying the Holy Scriptures, from his marking paralell places on the margent ; and had any one understood his marks and short-hand writing, no doubt these notes had been edefeing and interteaning. It was not thought improper to say so much of this excellent youth, son of Mr Mathew M'Kell,

* N„nquam magis periclitatur ecclesia quam inter reverendissimos," said Athanasius.

minister of Bothwell, but trained up in divinity and good principles in Sir James Stewart's family, and as it were under his eye, and charged with the education of his grandchildren. His untimely violent death, among many losses, was important to his puppils, and Sir James lamented much the loss of so eminent a christian friend; and truly abstracting from christian sympathy, (which in this caise cannot well admitt,) every generous mind suffers in his friend's caise, and feels with him, especially where it was thought he underwent harder things, for his having conections with Sir James his family.

Some fancifull people observe that men have certain periods of prosperous or adverse fortune in life, and that no man but has the first in some stage of his time, and if he know how to improve it, he may procure an easy subsistence for all his days. Others more justly remark, that good men have many tryels and afflictions interspersed in their lott, and that these come from a heavenly Father's hand, to incress and enliven their faith and patience, and frequently more in their last stage of life, in order to wain their affections from sublunary enjoyments. Sir James had this salutary cup in great measure in his declining years, but he had peace at home, and peace in his own minde, and spent his last therteen years in a devotionall retreit, most of which it is not proper to propale from his inward feelings, expressed under his hand in his Dieries.

To speak of his wrestlings, and prevalency in prayer, of sensible returnes, and evidences of assurances from Heaven, were unfathomable; and to mention some particulars would be decryed as enthusiasm by generality of professors; but the blind can have no idea of collour, and the things of the Spirit are only to be discerned by the Spirit. I am far from thinking Sir James pretended to have the spirit of prediction or prophesy; only amidst his persecutions and sufferings, as he was full of good works, faith and charity, he expressed in his Diery the many consolations afforded him by the Spirit of all grace and comfort, both as to his own, and the future happiness of some of his nearest descendants: As this,—"May 1672, Acts, chapter xxvii. verses 6, 23, 24, last clause

of the verse—My son Thoma and his six children." But of this anough, and yet less by far than my mind is impressed with upon perusing his Day-book, and the marginall notes on his familiar closet Bible, for his prayers are before God for his children, and his children's children then unboren.

To conclude: His long confinement, want of free air and exercise, impaired his health; and his trouble by unjust prosecution, add to this the indifference of relations, particularly of his brothers, Bailie John Denham, and even his own brother, Sir Walter Stewart: all these brought a rupture upon him, but by trusses, bandages and steel-springs he much used, it was reduced, and he gott quite free, about five years after his enlargement; and though his constitution had been much impaired, by his having been thus shutt up and harassed, yet for some years before his death, by the equall balance of his minde, he came to a more serene state of health; and amidst his devotions, lived quietly and resigned to the divine will, and so died March 31, 1681, in his own house at Edinburgh, in the 73d year of his age.*

He had come from Cultness the October before he died, and at parting said, "I know my change is at hand; God hath been with me more in my afflictions, and I value these last years of my life as preferable to my most prosperous, and my worldly losses are all more than made up to myself; but when I consider your numerous and interesting family, (looking at his son and daughter-in-law with complacency,) if it had not been for the iniquity of the times, and the ingratitude of friends, I had been in a condition to have provyded plentifully for all your children; but the Lord gives and takes, and blessed be his name. I have seen both sydes of this world, and I have a well-grounded assurance God will provyde for you and your young ones, and though you shall meet with distresses, he will not forsake my family even in outward respects, but my children's children shall prosper, and I have prayed for them. I

* Lady Catleseal, among meditations printed in London, 1671, has ane anecdote of our grandfather taken from this MSS. I lent her, and I had it from Lady Coltness, who was present, and heard his farewell, &c.

now parte from Cultness and my native country, but am persweded my prayers shall have a returne when I am gone." He prayed with them, and solemnly blessed them all. It was a melancholy scene, but he cheered up his countenance, and endevoured to comfort them; and his concluding advice was—"Fear not! remember HIS last words before his passion, 'Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world.'"—John xvi. 33. He stayed a day or two at Alertoun in his passing for Edinburgh, and spoke comfortably to his son-in-law and to his daughter; his eldest son Cultness, and Alertoun his nephew and son-in-law, attended him to town. At Muiryet, about two miles easte from Alertoun, (it is a rysing ground, and draws a large prospect,) there he turned his horse, and looked around, and said, "Westsheild, Carnewath church, and Lanrick, my early home and haunts, farewell! Alertoun, Cultness, and Cambusnethan church, my later aboads! farewell, ye witnesses of my best spent time and of my devotions! 'Tis long since I bid to the vanities of the world adieu."

He died, as is aforsaid, with absolute assurance and resignation. The body of the burgars and inhabitants of Edinburgh did him honour at his death and buriell, and said he had been the father of the city, and a most worthy magistrate. So he had a numerous and honourable funerall, and was laid in his own burying-ground, in Greyfreirs Churchyeard, and in his loving wife, Anna Hope's grave, and many sincere tears were dropped upon his turf at his buriell. He was taken from the evils to come, and to his eternall rest and joy:—"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!" I know not by what direction, but his grave was made more than ordinary deep; perhaps some had remembered what his grand-unkell, the great Lord Advocate Sir Thomas Hope, had ordered, "That he should be so inhumate as not to be exhumate." And it may be said, Sir James was not exhumate till 1713, that his son, Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate, was laid in that grave: I stood with Mr Walter Stewart, his grandson by his second son Walter, when they were digging up this grave, and when the grave-digger

judged it ordinary deepth, Mr Walter desired he should go deeper, and a foot and ane half or two foot brought up the bones, and scull with fresh gray hairs upon it; Mr Walter remembered his grandfather's buriell, and said it was his remains, and we caused make a hole in the bottom of this grave, and decently depositate the skull and bones, and covered all up, that they might not be loosly scatered about the grave's mouth; and this last duty I judge due to the relicts of so venerable a sanct.

I shall here add some account of Sir James his sons, who had no name by succession, before proceeding farther to speak of his lineall heir-mail's family, and such of his sons as established new families with land estate.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.—SECTION II.

OF SIR JAMES' SECOND SON WALTER.

WALTER STEWART was a portioner or small heritor in Westbarns, in East Lothian near North Berwick. His heirs-male failed, and his small inheritance was sold to Sir Hugh Dalrymple of North Berwick, Presedent of the Session, by Mr James Spence of Kirktoun, writer in Edinburgh, who married his grandchild, Anna Robeson. Walter was born *anno* 1634, or in the end of 1633; was a man of middle stature, of grave deportment; had a turn for satyre, and was ready at repartee; he was merchant in the shope retealing trade in Edinburgh. He married a widow, a daughter of the Reverend Mr Adamson, Principall of Edinburgh College. She had one daughter of her first marriage, heiress of a portion of lands in Westbarns, mentioned above, who resided in family with her mother, after her marriage with Mr Stewart. This heiress was for most part valetudinary and hectick, but lived till past years of majority, and at her death disponed her lands to her father-in-law and her mother, in liferent and conjunct fee, and after this Walter was designed of Westbarens. The shope tread did not succeed, and the Restoration coming, so that all Sir James Stewart's family falling in trouble after this, Walter had his share; and particularly, he was called before the Privy Councell, upon some notes in Mr Heugh M'Kell's sermon, and being interrogate, he returned this general answer, that the sermon was openly delivered in the publick meeting, before a numerous audience, of

which he wes one; others might not refuse, but to witness words uttered in a sermon he should alwise decline it, because a small misapprehention, even a variation in a particle, might give occasion to the highest injustice, as it did in our Saviour's tryell, about destroying *the* temple and *this* temple. He was asked, if in this discourse he heard any mention of Haman, Achab, and Judas? He answered, these were Scripture names and might occur, but that the text, from Song of Solomon,[a] did not natively lead the preacher to mention such names. He was questioned, if Mr M'Kell was intertained in his father's house after this sermon? He replyed, he was not to wittness in what might turne out to the prejudice of his parent. Upon the whole, they drew such second-hand conclusions of prevarication from what he said, and they imagined the answer to the second question was as pointing them out little better than Annas, Caiphas and the malitious Jews' Sanhedrim, seeking occasion against the innocent; so he was ordered to Edinburgh geole, and confyned and fyned, but no further prosecution followed, and he was upon paying his fyne liberate. He died some years after this, February 19, 1672, and left a young family, two sons and two daughters, and his wife had predeceased him.

His eldest son was James of Westbarns, and married . . . Colvin, and by her had two sons, James and Walter; James was of ane extraordinary promesing genious, and died a lad of nynteen years; Walter the other son went to sea, and was never more heard of. Walter's second son was Walter, bred to merchandise in the Holland trade, in which he made no gains. [He] lived poor and retired, had a retentive minde, and

[a] Song of Solomon, Chap. i. verse 7. The note in the sermon was ane elegant apostrophe, where the preacher makes ane appeall to persecutors as to God's faithfulness, and [his] at the last giving respight and deliverance to his Church and people: "Let Pharoah, (said he,) let Haman, let Judas, let Herod, let each of them speak their experience of God's faithfullness! Let all that have ears to hear, and hearing acknowledge, that these that made themselves remarkable for persecution God stigmatized by his judgements." The malitious gloss was, that here the precher had publickly marked out, and threatened or stigmatized the King, Commissioner Middleton, Sharp the Archbishop, and the Duke of York, the King's brother, under the character of Pharoah, Haman, Judas, &c.

spent most of his time in a devote way, and in the amusements of fishing or angling: he died *anno* 1735, aged seventy-two, and was never married. He wrote the German character superior to any thing done by printer's types; he had most of the Psalms upon memory; I have heard him repeat the 119 Psalm distinctly, and backward from last to first verse, in meatter.

Walter's eldest daughter Anna was married to John Robeson, Dean of Gild of Edinburgh and brewer; [she] lived in great felicity, and had many children, but after her death, their family was rouened by that remarkable fyer and burning in the Parliament Closs, *anno* 1700. There all Baillie Thomas Robison's welth had been laid out in sumptuous houses, and from these buildings he is designed, in his vain-glorious monument yet standing in Grayfreirs church, *urbis Edinæ ornator, si non conditor;* yet in one night and a day all was consumed, and his family rouened, and this John Robeson, among his other children, brought to poverty. This burning was by the populace called a remarkable judgement, because Baillie Robeson, in his office as youngest magistrate, it fell to his share to attend the execution of the sentence of the Restoration Parliament, in ignominiously burning the nationall Covenants, at the publick cross of Edinburgh, by the hand of the common executioner; and it was remarked that this man's high sumptuous tenements were burnt, and none else, and the fyer stoped at the place of execution. Men are ready from events to read judgements as they affect, and find out judgements for their neighbours' faults, but never remark judicial strokes for their own or their friends' sins and transgressions, yet some judicious folks thought there was something singular in this stroke upon his family; and upon this his son Hendry, who was ane advocate, and lost his patrimoney of 3000 lib., studied divinity, and was minister of the gospel at Oldhamstocks, in East Lothian. To conclude the digression, this was perhaps the greatest conflagration could have happened in any city, by the vast hight of houses, for the highest pinicle was called Babylon, being backward fiften storeys high from the foundation, and all was

ane immense heap of combustable matter upon a small foundation, and made a prodigious blaze. The Dean of Guild by his losses was much impoverished, and was made one of the captains of the city guard, and at last was put a pensioner upon the city's charity; his family scattered, and his maile issue had no succession. Anna, his eldest daughter, married to Mr James Spence of Kirktown, writer in Edinburgh, has two sons ministers, and two daughters married to ministers of the gospell.

Walter's youngest daughter, Marion Stewart, married meanly one Liddell, a gardener, threw away herself and 300 or 400 lib. her portion she had by her father, came to poverty and had no chidren.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.—SECTION III.

OF HENDRY, FOURTH SON OF SIR JAMES STEWART.

I SHALL subjoin some things of this Hendry, who, though a diligent prosperous man, and married, yet had no children to succeed or transmitt his memory. Harry was a full-bodied, genteel man,—of complexion black, of ane open countenance, his eyes full and lively, of ane easy benign gayety in his address, which showed he was formed for active life. He sett out early in business, and settled soon in a marriage state, and had two sons by Elizabeth, a daughter of Bennet of Grubet. He used in railery to call her his popinjay: trifling incidents sometimes show the humor of the man. The occasion was this:—Miss Bennet had deceived the world in her complexion, and, by shades of borrowed hair and black lead combs, concealed her red locks. Some weeks after marriage, the husband catched her at her toillet, and with surprise said, "Effie, good heavens, are you so?" "Ho, Harry! have you never seen the hook till now? you're as dead as a fish." He had with his companions so often declared against red hair, they would have put the sneer upon him, but he joked them off, saying, he had got a papingo green. She proved a good, prudent, affectionate wife, and she was contented and happy in a married life.

He had a prodigious run of business in the wine trade, built and enlarged vaults in Leith, and had many cellars there. He fraughted ships, and had some of his own, and dealt both in the Spanish and Bordeaux trade, and to the Canaries;—in short, he was of established credit, and

the most extensive dealer in his time, for he had alwise large stock and well sorted upon hand. His youngest brother Robert had run out his stock by youthful extravagance, but Hendry retrived all by settling [him with] his correspondent at Bordeaux, where he acted as factor, under a kind friend, and by his brother's credit. In this flow of commerce, Harry was snatched off in a high fever. 'Twas said he left 7000 lib. sterling free stock, and only two sons, James and Harry, infants, which did not long survive. And his brother Robert, thereafter Sir Robert Stewart of Alenbank, with the assistance of Baillie Graham, Harry's partener, after their death so smugled and manufactured [it,] there was little appeared but what the widdow gott. I see in his father Sir James his Diery, "Harry has too much turmoyll, almost inconsistant with minding the better parte." This the old man bewaled in his fervent prayers and agonizings for his son's happyness. When he was on his death-bed, his father had this note,—"Alas, poor man! his ravings in this fever were much upon his merchandise, but God gave a calm forty-eight houres before death, and ane answer of prayer; he had deep serious conviction, and died in a heavenly frame, October 10, 1671: I am persuaded of his eternal happiness in our Lord."

PART II.—CHAPTER II.

OF SIR THOMAS STEWART OF CULTNESS AND KIRKFIELD.

After having given some account of two of the extinct cadets of Sir James Stewart's family, and who both predeceased him, I come now to relate somewhat of three sones that outlived him, and transmited land estate and honours to their posterity. These were first, Thomas his eldest, who was knighted by Earle of Melvill, Lord High Commissioner, in *anno* 1690, and created Barronet by King William in 1698. The second was Sir James Stewart of Gutters, who was knighted by King William at St James's, London, 1695; his eldest son was knighted by Marquess of Twedell, High Commissioner, *anno* 1704, and had Queen Anne's patent for Barronet in 1706 or 7. And the third is Sir Robert Stewart of Alenbank, in the Merse county, whose honour of Knight-barronet was procured for him by his brother Sir James Stewart [in] 1687, the time of our popish King James, or James the VII. of Scotland.

It is remarked that Sir James Stewart was of those who have early the divine stamp and impression, and they who knew it best said of his eldest son and heire, Sir Thomas Stewart of Cultness and Kirkfield, that he was sanctified of a child, as from the wombe. More generally children take their temper and disposition after their parents, and interposing Divine grace corrects and improves our natural faculties and genious, and distinguishes the good from the bad. Partly in this view, it may be said of Sir James his three sones mentioned, that some part of his

characteristick, or some one good quality of their father, was more eminently impressed on this one, on that one, or on the third. Thus, Sir Thomas had benevolence and devotion more predominant; Sir James of Gutters showed to have more of his politicall genious and of his eloquence, for he came into the world with most happy dispositions, a great fund of genious and easy conception, and a lively penetration nothing could escape; all which, by his education to the bar, were so improved as made him ane able statesman and fluent orator; and Sir Robert Stewart had a greater share of his father's commerciall genious and turne for trade. But, as is said, his brother Hendry (under whom he was disciplined, and whose goods he engrossed after his children's death) had more of this cast, with his father's integrity, and all the four were good and religious men: but I proceed more particularly to Sir Thomas, the principall stem of the family.

Sir James Stewart was married to Anna Hope in the year 1630, and November 16, 1631, their eldest son was born, and named Thomas for Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall, Lord Advocate, his maternall unkell, [who] with Bailie Denham, his father's brother-uterine, and other friends, witnessed the baptizem. Thomas grew up in stature and proportion, with qualities might have exempted him from hard study and ploding on books. He was of gracefull appearance, endued with the virtues of both his parents; he had more of his mother's aspect, and truly all the children were more tinged with the black complexion of the Hopes than with that of the Stewarts, which had been fair. However, any that looked on Sir Thomas Stewart must seen much of the free generous air and deportment, and of the strong vigorous constitution, [with] a good symetry and proper stature, for, at his full, he measured six foot, two inches lower in stature than his father. He had the best education parents could instill, or the schools afford, and improved in piety and literature.

A remarkable incident happened him in his youth, when the pestilence brock out in Edinburgh, *anno* 1645, and he with a son of Westsheild, James Denham, a merchant apprentice, had gone to a public-house, and

received change of some money, and next day that house was shut up, as infected with the plague. This gave a strong alarm at home; James Denham was sent for, and both were strictly examined as to every circumstance. Thomas had received the money in change, and so frighted were all, that none would touch the pocket in which that money was, but at a distance; and after the pocket was cut out, it was with tonges cast in the fyer, and both lads were shut up in a bed-chamber, sequestrate from all company, and had victuals at proper times handed into them. While they thus stood their quarantine, by strength of imagination or power of fancy, some fyrie spots struck out on their armes and theighs, and they immagined no less then unavoydable death. They mutualy lamented; Thomas had more courage and christian resignation than his companion: "James, (said he,) let us trust in God, and in the family prayers for Jesus' sake, who, as he cures the plague of the heart, can, if we are infected, cure the most noysome disease of the body." They went both to their knees, and joyned in most solemn prayer, had much spirituall comfort, and in a fourtnight were set at liberty, and the family retired to the country.

After his father's second marriage, being in family with Miss Eliot, his mother-in-law's only daughter, this made them grow up in a mutuall esteem for one-an-other; and as soon as their education was finished, that esteem, from a likeness in virtue and religious principles, insensibly became sincere love; and the courtshipe was without ceremony or much complement, so that, with consent of their parents, and especially of Mr David M'Culloch of Gutters, his grandfather, they were contracted, and married in the year 1654. He was full twenty-three, and the young lady about nineteen years; her father was a second son of Eliot of Stobes, and her grandmother by her father a daughter of Scott of Harden. This marriage, as it more firmly united Sir James Stewart of Kirkfield and Mr David M'Culloch their families, so it was happy for the married cupple, and they lived in all the solaces and comfort of the conjugal love and affection, and the marriage was fruitfull of many sons.

It was agreed that, upon the marriage, the young folks should take up family in the country, and Cultness to be the place of their residence. Mr Stewart (who we shall call Cultness, for he was after this so designed untill 1690 he was knighted) applied himself to country affairs, and both husband and wife to their proper work in a retired life, and were full of beneficency and christian charity.

He sett himself to planting and inclosing, and so to embellish the place. But [as] the old mansion-house was straitening, and their family likely to incress, he thought of adding to the old toure (which consisted only of a vault, and two rooms, one above the other, with a small room on top of the turnpike stair, and a garret) a large addition on south side the staircase, of a good kitchen, celler, meat-room or low parlor, a large hall or dyning-room, with a small bed-chamber and closet over these, and above that, two bed-chambers with closets, and yet higher in a fourth story, two finished roof rooms. And thus he made ane addition of a kitchen, six fyer-rooms with closets, and the vault in the old tower, built by Hamilton of Udeston, was turned to a convenient usefull celler, with a partition for outer and inner repositaries. The office-houses of bake-house, brew-house, garner-room, and men-servant's bed-chamber, were on the north of a paved court; and a high front wall toward the east, with ane arched entry or porch, inclosed all. Without this arched gaite was another larger court, with stabells on the south syde for the family and strangers' horses, and a trained up thorn with a boure in it. Opposite to the stables north from the mansion-house, with ane entery from the small paved inner court, was a large coal-fold, and threw it a back entrie to a good spring draw-well, as also leading to the byer, sheep-house, barn and hen-house; all which made a court, to the north of the other court, and separate from it with a stone wall, and on the east parte of this court was a large space for a dunghill. The gardens were to the south of the house, much improven and inlarged, and the nursery-garden was a small square inclosure to the west of the house. The slope of the grounds to the west made the south garden, next the

house, fall into three cross tarresses. The tarras fronting the south of the house was a square parterre, or flour-garden, and the easter and wester, or the higher and lower plots of ground, were for cherry and nut gardens, and walnut and chesnut trees [were] planted upon the head of the upper bank, towards the parterre, and the slope bank on the east syde the parterre was a strawberry border.

These three tarrases had a high stone wall on the south, for ripening and improving finer fruits, and to the south of this wall was a good orchard and kitchen garden, with broad grass walks, all inclosed with a good thorn hedge; and without this a ditch and dry fence, inclosing severall rows of timber trees for shelter; to the west of the house, and beyond the square nursery garden, was a large square timber tree park, [with] birches, towards the house, and on the other three sydes, rowes of ash and plain, and in the middle a goodly thicket of firs. To the north of the barn court, and north from the house, was a grass inclosure of four akers, with a fish pond in the corner for pikes and perches. All was inclosed with a strong wall and hedge-rowes of trees: so the wholl of this policy might consist of ane oblong square, of seven or eight akers of ground, and the house near midle of the square, and the longer syde of the square fronted to the south; the ordinary enteries to the house were from east and west, but the main access from the easte.

It was found still a convenient nursery was wanted for ane interesting young family, and a lower addition was made to the east end of the new buildings, and to run paralell with the south syde of the high house toward the gardens. The low room was for a woman-house, and the upper room was the nursery, and both nursery and woman-house had passage to the great house, by proper doors, and a timber trap-stair made a communication betwixt the nursery and woman-house. In short, after all was finished, the fabric was wholly irregular as to the outsyde apperance, and both house and policy were more contrived for conveniency and hospitality, then for beauty or regular proportion; and so was the humour of these times, that, if there was lodging, warmeness,

and plenty within doors, a regular front or uniform roof were little thought off. All above was execute the years 1657, 1658, as appears from the dates on the upper lintel ornaments of the window.

There were about thirty or forty akers of ground, in proper divisions and inclosures for accommodating the family in necessaries of pasturage and corns, such as the Shirflet and Burflat divisions, to the south of the house and gardens, and in the middle of that division stood a hansome large pidgeon-house built 1675; to the west were two divisions, the new Milne-geat and the green Milne-geat parks, and an avenue betwixt, leading to the corn-milne and the river Calder, and terminating in ane agreeable bank of wood. This natural wood runs a mile along the bank of the river to the east, and at the west end of it, and terminating the avenue, was the milne-dame, a beautifull cascade, and about half a furlong from the house; it at times sends an agreeable distant noise. Below Cultness milne was a sheep park of ten akers inclosed with a stone wall—it was fine carpet-grass, and inclosed some hanging grounds full of broom and good herbage. A little rill runs all along the Shirflett, Burflatt, and this sheep park, and a hollow glen or gill, called the Temple-gill, full of low underwood, and this toward the south of all the inclosures; and in this glen, and the strath of the river, every where was to be found the best coal for fewell, not from coal pitts, but by directly diging [it] out of the ground or face of the bank.

The tradition runs that at the ness, or point where this rill in the glen joyns Calder watter, stood the old toun of Coltness, and had its name from the coal jutting out every where in points, and from the situation; thus it was a 'ness or point, where coall was every where in plenty, or a coal-ness or promontory. There is a further tradition that this old village of Coltness was burnt the time of the English invasions, before King Robert Bruce his reign, or, as they terme it, in "William Wallace's

* Not far from Coltness is Gartness, a point or promontory for corn, and there are many other places thus named, as Stromness, Borrowstouness, Blackness, Inverness, &c., all named from promontories or points of land, and express the [same] etymology; and in England are many places of such denomination, as Sheerness, Alderness, &c. Ness, *quasi nasus*, or a promontory of land, a snout.

days," and that the English sett in a flame all the coal which was prominent in this point; and yet to this time there appear vestiges of a conflagration in these spongy breas, to confirme the tradition, where the rockes seem as vitrified and spongy, like smithie-ashes or pumish-stone, and that beautifull and plentifull spring, Sponge-well, sends out a reddish brunt-like oaker, as it were in clouds, after a little while [if] it is gorged up, or stopped from running, which I have often seen in my childish amusements. There is in Coltness wood, below the house, a well of some virtue, dedicate to St Winifred, and called by the corruption Wincie well; in superstitious times oblations were tyed to the bushes with scarlet threed, in memory of St Winifred.

"Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit, nec immemorem quem sinit esse sui."[a]

I have insisted more largely upon a place where every tree, thicket or bush were my familiars, and where I spent the greener and gayer years of life, when I sat easy and sweet, voyd of caires and anxiety, under these lovely shades, and on the bankes, and in the clefts of the rocks by the murmuring streams. There is a charme in one's early haunts, and home is paradise even to a Hottentot!

Coltness did not confine himself to domestick or home improvements solely, such as of policy and buildings. His wood and coall was a considerable casuall rent, at that time betwixt L.70 and L.80 sterling a-year at a medium; this required his closer attention. At this time a common pasturage, belonging to the heritors of the lower parte of the paroch, and called Cambusnathan Muir, came to be divided and shared, according to the severall valuations and extent of the heretors; and thus a large share came to his proportion, after this was ascertained. Here was a good field for improvements; he plowed up the heath ground; built tenants' steadings or farme houses, where he established some of the richest farmes, all from virgin-pasture-grounds. One part

[a] The author has not given an exact quotation. The lines are from Ovid:
"Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui."

was called Coltness Muir-room, another Long-house, and brought 40 or 50 libs. rent yearly. It is now called Newmains, from later plantings and improvements, and a handsome gentlemany house built upon it, and is possessed by Sir James Stewart Lord Advocate's youngest son Robert.

The next thing employed his thought was the paroch church, which was going to rouin, and stood in a moste incommodious place for the parochiners, at the outmost south-west point of the paroch. Cambusnethan paroch is full nine miles long, from south-west to north-east, and not three miles broad any where, and in most places not two, and, as is said, the old church stood at the furthest south-west point, upon the river Clyde. Coltness bent his thoughts to remedy this inconvenience, and used his arguments with other heretors to bring it about. The irregular situation of churches in Scotland was occasioned by the many muirish pasture-grounds, in the inland country, which in former times had no fixed inhabitants: of old they had sheelings for summer pasture, and in winter returned to the more improved places. Afterwards in these sheelings or pasture-grounds were established chapels, and hence arrose small tythes to these chapels, now called vicarage tythes; lambs, wool, eggs, and everything was tythed by [the] avaritious clargy. The clargy chose the warmer fertile places, and better accommodation for their church and residence, and each church had a large tract of these muirish grounds throwen into the paroch; and thus we see, in the present caise, that betwixt Cambusnethan church in Clydesdale, and Liveston church in West-Lothian, for more than twenty miles was no place for publick worshipe. There had been chapels of ease built, and small viccarage tenths imposed, but after the Reformation such became rouinous; and as these muirish grounds came to be improved and inhabited, and particularly Alcath-Muir, so in it many villages and families were five, six, and some eight miles from the old paroch church.

Coltness had visites in summer from Sir James Stewart his father, and as the town family spent the harvest months in the country, so such visits were returned, and Coltness and his family passed some winter weeks in town. At one such occasion in the country it was proposed,

as the old church of Cambusnethan was gone to decay, that, rather than repair it, a new convenient situation should be sought, and Greenhead, a village a short mile from Coltness to the eastward, was pitched upon, as more centricall, and not far from the populous places of the paroch. This was gone into by all the heretors, and Sir James gave a free donative to the work, and his son Coltness was desired to advise with men of skill about Edinburgh for a moddell, which he did; and as his high valuation burthened his lands with a larger share of the expence, and he had the good work much at heart, he looked more closely to the workmen, to forward the building. It went on *anno* 1655 and 1656, but was sometime more in finishing, and when finished, many were the disputes about a division. In such disputes none douted but Coltness must have the largest share; but Cambusnethan, Alertoun, and he disputed who was to have the front sate, or most honourable place; and Lamingtoun, as a considerable heretor, put in his claime too. At last, after an unchristian struggle, Coltness for peace sake yielded, and it was agreed Alertoun should have the high isle fronting the pulpet, keeping two feet within the walls, Coltness the lower fronting sate or isle, advancing five foot from under Alertoun; the west loft or galry was given to Coltness, and the east galery divided equaly betwixt Cambusnethan and Lamingtoun; and the smaller heretors, Wishaw, Green, and Muirhouse, had disputes needles to mention: but for ordinary such disputes arise in all paroches, as to division of churches, and are hottly prosecute, though upon occasion where there should be moderate contestes.

Mr James Hamilton, thereafter Bishop of Galloway, and brother to Lord Bellheaven, was paroch minister, and upon removing the church three miles, did not incline to change his agreeable situation, and rich glibe lands, to a poorer soyle, and so the minister's personage house is more than two miles from the church. It were out of my way to relate how the excambion was made by Mr Hamilton of the glebe-lands at Kirkhill, near the old church, for these now at Croftlat-head, but so it was done for Mr Hamilton's family interest; but still the manse is in a good soyll, and has ane agreeable charming prospect toward Hamilton,

and along the river Clyde, and not far from that village called Nethertoun of Cambusnethan.

Having given some account of Coltness his birthe, younger years of his marriage, of his fixing and accomodating his family, and of his promoting the concernes of his own estate, and the publick interests of the paroch he resided in, I come now to give a farther account of his family as to the children.

Mr Stewart of Coltness his marriage was in every respect happy; he had a virtuous and religious partener and yock-fellow, and it was a marriage fruitfull of many promising male children, though, alas! it has spread in few branches of name; for of nyne sons and three daughters of this marriage, (whereof seven sons and two daughters came to man's estate in life, and most of these married,) there is but two have posterity; and of seven sons survived him, there is now only two grandsons and two grand-daughters: after fifty years [are] past, how uncertain the fruits of the tree of the most flourishing family! Of the first marriage, the first birth was a miscarriage, a son. The next was a son named David, born May 28, 1656, name-son of his great-grandfather by his mother, Mr David M'Culloch of Gutters. He was baptized by Mr Robert Douglas, minister of Edinburgh, and of him more in the proper place, as his father's heir in the estate of Coltness.

Their second son was James, born October 21, 1657, christened by Mr David Dick, and named from Sir James Stewart, his grandfather by the father. He proved a man of good understanding, and accomplished himself in learning, followed the study of law in France, and after the Revolution [was] admitted advocate; was one of the principal clerks of the city of Edinburgh, and *anno* 1701, married Margaret Cunningham, daughter of Sir Hugh Cunningham, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and had a son named Thomas, who, by the sluttishness and inadvertency of his nurse, was overlaid and smothered. James did not push for business, nor was his unkell, Sir James Stewart, helpfull to introduce him, though

he himself had then a mighty flow of affairs, and might have easily prompted his nephew; but his being obliged to lie out some time before the Revolution, had given James a habit of indolency, and by a bad regimen of diet he contracted a jaundice, and died January 4, 1704, and was buried in Grayfriars' burying-ground. His widdow had all or most of their joynt stock, and after this married with Mr William Mitchell, then minister in Cannongate, and next of Edinburgh, who was a celebrated clergyman, and knew how to improve his talents, and left or procured a good clear estate to their son Andrew, who entered advocate here, and counciller at law in England; then was under-secretary of state to the Marques of Tweedale, member of Parliament, and ane of the commissioners for adjusting our commerce with the Austrian Netherlands, &c.; and has been for some years envoy to the valliant Frederick the Great, King of Prussia; and James' money he left his widdow was a foundation of all this.

John was their third son, born Nov. 25, 1658, baptized by Mr Robert Douglas, minister of Edinburgh, and named for his mother's father, Mr John Eliot, advocate. He was of a remarkable pious genious, and made a surprising happy end. Being but a boy of ten, he gave solid convincing marks of the life and work of the Spirit of all grace on his soull, and ministers and other pious christians that attended his dying hours, thought his last words worthy of recording, and they came for great edification into many hands, and copies went abroad everywhere. I have seen, in the family Bible, the originall as taken at the time, and attested by two ministers were present; and there is a letter wrote by his father to Sir James his grandfather, then prisoner at Dundee, in a strain of joy mixed with reall concern. He was really John the divine child, and answered the etymology of his name, for he was a gratious experienced christian, by the distinguishing grace of Heaven. He died at Coltness, Dec. 28, 1668, and was so distinct as to forspeak the hour of his death so near, as there could not be said by a watch there were minutes in or over. He was buried in the family burying-ground at Cambusnethan old church.

The fourth child was Marion, after her grandmother, Marion M'Culloch; she was born July 14, 1660, baptized by Mr Robert Douglas. In the family Bible her father has this note, on recording her birth and christening:—"Her mother took her pains upon news of the King's order to imprison my father in the castle of Edinburgh, who was sett at liberty the same day twelvemonth after." Marion proved a good pious woman, died unmarried, July 1695, and was laid in our burying-ground in Greyfriars, with friends buried there.

Anna was the fifth child, so named in memory of Anna Hope her grandmother. She was born *anno* 1661, christened by Mr Andrew Court, minister at Liberton; there is a note or parenthesis in the record by her father, "before he complyed sinfully with Bishops," intimating his own firme attachment to the principells he had sworn too. Anna had much of the good woman her name-mother's spirit and virtues. She married with Sir Archibald Cockburne of Langton the year 1689, was the second lady, and brought him three sons, which all predecesed. The last of the boys playing with a dice in his mouth, it went down his windpype, and proved instant death. She just lived to see the catastrophe of Sir Archibald's affairs,* and of Langton's estate, and dying November 9, 1693, was buried in the family monument at Langton church, Merseshire. Sir Archibald, for the most parte after her death, was either in Edinburgh prison or in the Abbey sanctuary, and was buried from Holyrood-house in his own burriall place in Langton church, and in his second lady's grave; the rubbans had been about her corpse came out unconsumed, and I saw them about the grave when we buried Sir Archibald, August 1704.

Walter was their sixth child, born June 22, 1663, named for his father's brother, and his grand-unkell, Sir Walter of Alertoun. He

* Mr Gavin, who had acquired great welth in Midleburg in Zealand by head and marriage, but of low birth and obscure, purchased Langton, 1757, at 60,000 lib.; and Lord Elibank gave 12,000 lib. for Simprim barrony, another part of Sir Archibald's estate. The estate had been sixty and odd years in the creditors' hands. The heritable ushership Mr Coutts at London gave 6000 lib. for it.

was christened by Mr Andrew Cant, minister at Libberton—his father adds in his register, "before his sinfull defection to Episcopacy"—perhaps this was added because of the then persecuting spirit of Episcopacy. Walter was put apprentice to a merchant in Edinburgh, but prosecute his trade in London, in the factor and wine-merchant way. In 1692 he married ane English lady, Martha King, a dissenter of the presbyterian perswesion, ane excellent daughter of a worthy family, and had with her L.2500 portion. They lived happy, and of this marriage is one daughter, Mrs Martha Stewart, possessed of her mother's good qualities, piety and every other christian virtue. She had her portion by the liberality of her mother's kindred, for Sir William Prichard, her mother's unkell, and who had been Lord Mayor of London, left her L.1500, and her mother's brother, Mr Daniell King, bequeathed her as much, and what she had from other relations makes her live genteely and usefull to her relations. She had nothing by her father, who lost all before his death. She is yet unmarried, a lady of fine accomplishments, and my sympethesing friend and kind correspondent. Walter made a second marriage with one Hannah Quash, who had L.5000 fortune by her father's sister, a bruer's relict, and of this marriage was a numerous issue. I have seen of these children, Thomas, who was educate in Edinburgh, and bred a surgeon, a genteel, generous lad; [he] made severall voyages in the way of his business, and, alas! died in St Christopher's in the West Indies, 1737; Sarah, who married foolishly, and died of her first child; Walter, who went to sea, and died aboard a man-of-war in a Baltick expedition; James and Joseph died in infancy. The mother was not to be compared with Walter's first lady, for she was of no education, and as little conduct. Walter was a pragmatick man, full of projects, and unsuccessfull in all. He died bankrupt, and had it not been for the support his first lady's friends and his eldest daughter gave, had been still more miserable. The stock-jobing year 1720 finished his rouin, and he died August 1, 1724, and was buried in the dissenters' burying-ground in Bunhillfeilds by his first lady. His aunt, Mrs

Lilias Stewart, took cair of his second marriage family, and bequeathed in 1729 portions to Thomas, to Walter, and Sarah, but all three died as above, and now there is no posterity of Walter but this worthy lady, Mrs Martha Stewart.

Margaret was the seventh child, born March 4, 1666, baptised by Mr William Colvill, "who continowed honest, and refused a bishoprick."[a] At this time many were fined, imprisoned and banished for clandestine baptism. Margaret had [for] her name-mother her aunt, Lady Alertoun, and she died in infancy. Hendry was the eighth child, born June 24, 1667. He had his name after his father's brother, and was baptised by Mr William Colvill, (it is added in the family Bible register,) "Principall of Edinburgh College, yet honest;" this child died in infancy.

The ninth child was William, born January 14, 1670. His father remarks, "the same day William my son was born, my father was liberate from his prison at Dundee." William was baptized privately by Mr William Violent, Presbyterians being persecute and imprisoned, for not hearing and baptizing with the curates. William came to man's estate, was educate a merchant, but followed the gayeties of life, (as they are called,) and did not succeed in trade; I see his father in his Diary mourns over some of his extravagancies. He was of comely presence and person, and his father's favourite. He endeavoured to sett him up after his first failing, but it had not the desired effect. After his father's death he went abroad to push his fortune, but at London, in the Saracen's Head Inn, (when he was going to Harwich as supercargo in a voyage,) he was seased of a high inflamatory fever, and died in October 1699, and lies in the burying-ground in Bunhillfields. His brother Walter had the cair and expence of his sickness and funerall.

Thomas, so named for his father, was the tenth child; was born September 8, 1671, and baptized by Mr William Colvill, (says the family register,) "yet honest, and to his death:" he died soon after he was born, and was buried in Greyfriars churchyeard.

[a] Family Register.

A second John was the eleventh child, so named in memory of his pious brother John deceased, and baptized by Mr William Violent, then indulged presbyterian minister at Cambusnethan; and John was bred a merchant. He plyed the Dutch or Holland traffick, but with no reall success; Edinburgh clubb tipeling was his undoing. At last he fell into the good graces of one Alexander Wright, a welthy Bow-head merchant, who had gained in the wool trade, and by merchandise of skins to Rouen in Normandy. Mr Wright bestowed his daughter on him, with a hansome portion, and designed to make him his heire. John was married in October 1703, and to please the old man his father-in-law, he and Martha Wright his spouse took a shop in Lawnmarket way, of course stuffs and worsted goods. John was suddenly taken of a violent fever in the end of Aprill, and died May 4, 1704, and was burried in his grandfather's burying-ground in Greyfriars churchyeard. His wife brought a posthumous child John; Mr Wright took the engagements upon him at baptism; the child scarce outlived the year, and was buried with his father. Old Mr Wright upon this disappointment lost all heart, for had John or his son lived, they had heired 6000 or 7000 lib. Mr Wright died soon after, and the weddow had 2500 lib., and became airy and frolicksome, and one Ensine Kinloch, of Strathnaver's regiment, made up to her, and they were suddenly married upon short courtship. The ensign laid asyde the sword, and with her money redeemed a bitt of land he had a title to by succession, upon the Lomonds of Fife, and she became Lady Conling, and they sett up upon the footing of fine gentry, had a numerous young family, and run soon aground. Kinloch purchased a lieutenancy in the garrison of Edinburgh castle, and to retrive his circumstances borrowed money, and threw it away in a project of a lead-myne. He found lead, but had neither money nor credit to bring it to any bearing, and his creditors pushed him to his rouin; his children scattered and were lost, and his lady died in 1749, and was buried with her father, after a variety of turnes in misfortunes, occasioned by their misconduct.

Robert was the youngest and twelfth child of Coltness his first mar-

riage. He was born May 27, 1675, baptized by Mr William Violent, then indulged minister of Cambusnethan; his unkell, Sir Robert Stewart, was at the christening, and he gott his name after him. The Lord Register, Sir Archibald Primrose, had given a broad hint, that if any son was named for him, he would portion him, and upon hearing from a relation of Coltness that his son's name was Robert, he said, "This saves me twelve thousand merks, for so I designed a bond." Sir Archibald had a humour to give all his name-sons legacies, but to a grandchild of Sir James Stewart he would give double, and such confidence had the Lord Register in Sir James, and in his son Coltness, that as he gave liberally underhand to distressed presbyterian ministers and others, so he put some hundred pounds to the discretionary distribution of these two his confidents; for he was charitable and liberall, and rather loved the presbyterian way, if it had been the court fashion. All here to be said of Robert is, that, about twelve days after his birth, on June 8, his mother died, having catched a fevour by distress in her labour or child-bearing. What concernes this son's marriage and character will come in its proper place, as the male line of the family continowed down in him and his son. Dr John, his only son, left all in his mother's power, and Mrs Stewart died December 1763, and made all over to her own neice, Mrs Cumming, and so the Rev. Dr Patrick is possessed of L.1500; so plot the gospellers for welth!

Such were Coltness his children of the first marriage, and all went prosperously untill that Restoration in 1660, when the affairs of the family came under a cloud, by these unjust prosecutions against Sir James Stewart, as mentioned fully above. And yet all the troubles fell to Coltness his share were but small, compared with these came upon him under Duke of Lauderdale's ministry, or rather during the Duke of York's administration. Till then he supported his oppressed father with pleasure, and had some trouble with episcopall ministers who were intruders, but as the indulgence fixed Mr William Violent minister, this gave him more quiet. He was a learned pious presbyterian divine; had

been turned out of his paroch at Ferry of Portencraigs, and was now indulged minister at Cambusnethan. He was, after the Revolution, called to be professor of divinity at St Andrews. While he resided at Cambusnethan, his ministry was a comfort to all, and the family had great satisfaction in his company and conversation. They had the Lord's supper frequently administrate, and sacraments were resorted to by people from all quarters or corners, and Anna Duchess of Hamilton came regularly over to Coltness, and attended such occasions.

Coltness himself was of inflexable stuborn zeale and sincerity, a Presbyterian of the strictest forme, and the particulars of that visite by Bishop Leighton at Gutters, hinted at in Sir James Stewart's Life, shall here be ane evidence of this, and is this. On that occasion, and when none but he and his brother James were taking the air with Mr Leighton, now Bishop of Dumblane, Coltness put him in mind of his formally and solemnly mentioning the obligation of the national covenant at sacrament times, when he was minister at Newbattle, where he and his brother had attended, for Mr Leighton in those days expressed all regarde for the national covenant, however little he had for the solemn league. But now the Bishop answered, "Mr Stewart, man is a mutable changing essence both in body and mind, and frequently is misinformed, yet acts according to his light at the time, and acts safe, but if years, and experience, and inquiry give further light, so he is still to act ane ingenious parte, as God, his word, and his confidence direct:" and the Bishop cited that text—"When I was a child, &c., but now have I put away childish things." Mr James Stewart, advocate, his brother, said he did not impune his Lordship's principle, that each man was to be fully perswaded in his own mind, and so to act: but then he thought christian charity, as to not giving offence, should incline one, had been a publick teacher in a different way, not to cast a stumbling-block before the weak of his former party, for things more indifferent; "and truly, my Lord, you must be convinced that all the odds of dignity and titles, or a parity among brethren ministers, is not to be ballanced with the disturbance it

will create, and the offence it gives many truly godly in the Church of Scotland." Coltness added, "There is a woe pronounced against him by whom offences come, and that Mr Leighton could not but be aware that his taking priest's and deakon's orders at London, as if he had none formerly, was a villifying his former ordination, declaring as it were null all his former administrations, as if formerly he had neither God's nor the Church her call to dispence sacraments, and he might be affrayed this wo might overtake him and his associates, for all that was done had a tincture of perjury." He next put the Bishop in minde of his grievous complent, when at Newbattle, of the load of so numerous a charge of souls,* but that now he thought a whole bishoprick an easy burthen. It was this free conference drew the angry reflection from the bishop of the presbyterian crochet, but as Mr James called [him] "my Lord," and spoke with more temper, he said Mr James was a mannerly well-beheaved gentleman, but Coltness was hott as pepper, and of confined civic education.

This specimen of disposition so early as 1662, and with one newly consecrate a Bishop, shows in what situation Coltness would be in those captious times, calculate against all the presbyterian stamp; and truely he was one could neither conceal nor disguise his sentiments or principles. All the abjuration oathes or contradictory testes, against the national covenant and presbyterian principles, he either shuned or refused, and keepit himself abstract in other things, such as the insurrections called Pentland Hills, and that at Bothwell Bridge; this last being within three miles of his country house, where his family resided. Upon that

* Mr Leighton, while minister at Newbattell, usually compleand of the heavy charge of so many souls; Mr Oliver Colt, then minister of Inveresk, told him that he in Musselburgh and Inveresk had more than double his number of examinable persons. Mr Leighton, in his punster dialect, says, "Oh brother, that is a load fitter for an ass than for a colt!" "They are light-headed asses (says Colt) that burthen themselves with souls." Both these punster divines complied and conformed to a tyranizing persecuting Episcopacy in Scotland. Colt had not Leighton's wheems, nor his piety and devotion; nor was Leighton latitudinarian as was Colt.

commotion, he went a visit to his father's family at Gutters, near Edinburgh, to be out of the way of suspicion; but laws in this period were enacted and calculate to ensnare and entrapp; for all heretors and masters of families were made lyable for their wives, tenants, and servants, and laws were made against rencountering or communing with rebells, or intercommouned persons; and what by proclamations and acts of parliament, they had all men under the lash, and as it were ropes about every one's neck; and the treatment Coltness mett with after this is a demonstration of the perverse determined iniquity of a tyranicall government, full of the spirit of Romish inquisition. But to returne to the family affairs.

Coltness his first lady died June 8, 1675, about a fortnight after she was delivered of her twelfth child. Never did any end their days with more distinguishing marks of a divine work of happy faith and assurance. She had been a sanct indeed all her life long, but she finished her course gloriously. And though (as St Paul writes) she died as it were under the curse for the first transgression, yet was she saved in child-bearing, because she believed in the immaculate seed of the woman. Her last words were taken by an accurate and faithful pen of a reverend minister, and her elogy was composed by that great and good divine Mr William Violent. What I write of her is from expressions in her husband's Diaries upon the mournfull occasion, and he has this note: "The dying words of my glorified dear are in many good christian hands, and her son John's dying words and hers, by God's blessing, have been edifying and confirming and comforting to many, and have had good effect upon the cairless and thoughtless in matters of religious concernes." There are near Coltness, in the woods and solitary places, Bethels, (as he calls them,) oratories, places for devotion, where I see the mourning husband has poured out in prayer, and remarks many such: but all is full of resignation to the divine determination, and melodious thanksgiving for her happy exite, and for this reason he mourned as one had a full assurance of hope concerning the departed.

After her death Coltness found his family not right conducted, and was soon sensible of the mismanagement of servants, especially with regard to the infant children; however, it was two years before he could determine himself to a second match, and this he went into after the most solemn and serious meditation. He notes that his full determination in this way, after hearing sermon by Mr Peter Kid, indulged presbyterian minister in Carluke church, where somewhat remarkable was impressed from the discourse answering his circumstances, and, as he afterward concluded, the proper person for his choise sat next to him, for he was in Carluke church, and in Waygetshaw pew, on the west hand close to the pulpet, and his cousin Waygetshaw's widdow next him. Thus in a month or six weeks he made proposalls to Susanna Denham, daughter of Westshield, and weedow of William Lockhart of Waygetshaw. She was his second cousin, and he knew her character to be good and virtuous, and their esteem for other was mutuall. She had married her cousin-german by her mother in the year 1664, at her age of twenty-four, for she was born the last of September 1640. She had her first son William Lockhart, born January 14, 1666. She had likewise to him two daughters, Margaret Lockhart, born 1668—lived and died disgracefully, a good for nothing woman; one Wiseman[a] (never deserved to be a minister) married her. She proved first and last a cross to her mother, and did not long survive her minister.[b] The other daughter was Marion Lockhart, born 1671, a good virtuous woman, married Sir David Stewart of Coltness, and was a comfort to her mother and support of her old age, and a credit to all friends. Neither daughter had any children, but the eldest adopted a bastard, and was deliriously fond, so as she left

[a] Mr John Wiseman, minister in East Monkland. To the disgrace of his character, and the scandel of all good christians, he disponed his lands of Coats (he had purchased by parsimony, and uncharitable practises in trafeck) to a bastard, born by his servant-maid, and so like him that none doubted the child as his own, and he obliged him to take his name John Wiseman:—the minister had his father the carrier's lascivious disposition.

[b] She connived and concurred with her husband's wickedness, and after his death was so fond as beggar herself for his bastard.

herself nothing of conveniences. The son had children, William, David, Susan, Margaret, and Jean, by Mrs Mary Fleming he had married clandestinely, and dilapidate their little estate; and it was sold to one Weire, [who] had been a padler in England, and he dying without children, it is in possession of Mr William Steil, minister of Dalserf, Mr Weire the purchaser's nephew. So much was fitt to be said of Susanna Denham's children of her first marriage, they being brother and sisters uterine to Coltness his children by his second marriage, and one of the daughters married to his eldest son and heir, Sir David Stewart of Coltness.

The widdow Lady Coltness made suite to had difficulties to think off in changing her state. She had three children of her own, but young ones, and she was to engage in managing a numerous family of his, and some of them young, and tender by misguidance. She had known what tryell of severest kind was in her former marriage state, for her husband fell under the persecution for Pentland Hill insurrection, about two years after their marriage; he had gone to these oppressed people when they were at Lanrick, and showed his zeale, but detained by sickness, he was in no action with them; yet upon this he was persecute, obliged to flee to Holland, and came home indisposed, sickened, and died concealed and lurking in his own house, 1661, and left a sorrowful widdow. Her circumstances, and reflecting on what had passed, made her demur upon the proposed marriage. Yet as she had conducted herself with prudence under these difficulties, and managed her young family and family concernes with cair and frugality, for seven years since her husband died, and she was thought the fittest for conducting and directing Coltness's young family, and recovering his sickly young ones, and so she was over persuaded to undertake it.

They were married March 14, 1677, and as all was promising, so it turned out a happy marriage in many respects; it was interspersed with troubles, but this arose from the iniquity of the times. The children might rise up and call this mother blessed, and her husband was knitt in

the firmest affection with her, and her father-in-law, Sir James Stewart, much approved of his son's choise. It was owing to her skill and cair that some of the infant children (which had been ill-looked after by servants and nurses) ever came to man's estate, particularly Robert (after whose birth his mother died) did all his life long attribute it to his step-mother's tender cair that ever he was usefull in life.

She brought Coltness five sons, and they all died in infancy save one. The first was Thomas, named after his father, and christened by Mr William Violent, indulged minister at Cambusnethan, a promising child, cut off at two years end; he was born May 3, 1678, and died May 5, 1680. Daniell their second son, so named for Sir Daniell Carmichel of Mauldslie, a younger son of the first Lord Carmichell, and cousin-german of Sir James Stewart of Kirkfield, was born June 25, 1679, baptized by Mr Violent, and died April 1, 1681: both he and his brother lye buried in the old church of Cambusnethan burying-ground. There was next a second Thomas, but he did not live many days. He was baptized by Mr Violent, and buried with his predecessors and infant brothers: He was born November 27, 1680, and died November 29, 1680. How short the hair-breadth or hairs-bread of life of these three brothers! and how short our span of life, at the longest stretch of three score and ten, or eighty or nynty at farthest, and at outermost perhaps a hundred years; and yet what long-lived schemes do men project!

Coltness was harrassed, vexed, fined, threatened with imprisonment, but the old Lord Register Primrose, and Sir George Lockhart, by recommendations from his brother Collonell Lockhart of Lea, the Ambassador, protected the family. These last were relations and kindsmen, and however Sir George concurred in councells to oppress others, he acted a friend's parte for Sir James Stewart his cousin's family, and without fee or reward; for many retaining fees he had as lawyer, but which truly were fees of protection, from families obnoxious to this oppressive government. Sir Archibald Primrose, Lord Register, entered in such friendship with Coltness, that, as he had protected as far as in his

power the father, so he scrined the son, and made him in some parte his almoner, to distribute his bounty to outed presbyterian ministers, in ten, twenty or thirty pounds at times. What by one means or other Coltness escaped the outermost rigor, till Sir George M'Kenzie's tyranizing Lord Advocateshipe, under Duke of York's sanguine administration.

Sir George was a man of great vivacity and humor, but of undigested accomplishments. He pretended to know every thing, and was superficiall and vain-glorious, in all a perfect Proteous, or a kind of camelion, changing figure, shape and color, upon every whime or turne; he had no penetration, and what first struck him was his best thought. His governing passion was to make a land estate, and establish it from generation to generation in his Highland name, but Sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, Lord of Session, a good judge of men, (and from whose character of Sir George most said here is taken,) observes he laid a bad foundation by defrauding his father's creditors, and truly Providence seems to have thwarted this plan of his entailed estate, contrair [to] his intendment.*

Sir George was a fitt tooll for arbitrary goverment, and when the west of Scotland was ransacked by the Highland Host, and the Angus military called gray coats, and traversed by committees of Privy-councell, and inquisition justiciary Circuit courts, before these he formed inditements upon captious insnaring laws. He had emmisaries to give in lists of criminals, called Porteus Rolls, and had spies to give informations upon oath; and truly such precognitions, and tryells, and tyranies under formes and figure of law is the wickedest of all, for by such the poor were to suffer in their persons, and the richer, and such as had land estate, were to be fugitate and forfaulted in absence.

* Sir George his estate of Rosehaugh descends to a second son of Earl of Bute, in exclusion of George M'Kenzie, Lord Royston's son. Sir George's grand-son and name-son, and his now heir, is a grand-child of the pious Earl of Argyll, whom Sir George prosecute to death upon the streach of ane obsolete act of Parliament, and he is married to his first cousin, a great-grand-child of that martyred Earl. He puts Stewart before his christian-name, and calls himself Stewart James M'Kenzie, in evasion of the entaile.

The time the Ryehouse plott (as it was called) was put upon all stanch protestants, or the years 1683 and 1684, when good and great Lord Russell and the learned Algernon Sidney were murdered under forme of justice, this was the time the persecution was hottest in Scotland, and at this time a secret notice, in Sir George his method, was sent by Coltness's brother Robert. He came west, and told that the Lord Advocate had called him privately, and asked him where his brother was? He answered, "at his house in the country with his family." Said Sir George, "I know as much against Coltness as will hange any man in Scotland, and there will be a warrant to apprehend him in less than eight-and-forty houres: but if you Robin propall this, I will manswear it, for it is contrair my office to put rebells on their guard." This had ane appearance of freindshipe, but was all villainous chicane, with designe to fugitate [him] and sease the estate. This alarme was given and taken as intended, and thus ane innocent gentleman was forced to abandon all, he knew not for what; only there were many recent bleeding instances that, if these tools of arbitrary power had a mind to destroy a man, they stuck at no means to accomplish it, and had many law pretexts to vindicate what they did: witness leesing-making charged against Earl of Argyll for explaining the test, an oath he was obliged to swear, and for this his condemnation under Sir George Mackenzie's Advocateshipe; his after execution was plain murder.

Coltness, upon the alarm,* instantly escaped to Newcastle, April 10, 1683, and next day, after he was gone, came one of the Lord Advocate's emissaries, Irvine of Bonshaw, with a party of dragouns heated with fury and with liquor. These were guilty of many outrageous disorders: they demanded the family horses, though their warrant bear no more than to apprehend the person of Thomas Stewart of Coltness; and [when Irvin] was told by Mr James Stewart, Coltness's second son, that he was act-

* Coltness had given his bond for L.500 sterling, to answer before the Privy-councell when called, and upon [his] concealing or flying, was a charge of horning execute at Coltness, and he denounced for that penalty.

ing beyond orders in offering to sease horses or goods, he swore and blasphemed against rebells and assasins, and that any tratement was warrentable against such. The child Robert made some childish noise, and he threw down the boy of eight years old from a high leaping on stone. The lady, seven months gone with child, came down to reason with him, but he was so much the more enraged; he offered to shoot the groom stood behind her, for denying the keys of the stable, and at length carried off the young gentlemen David's and James's horses. Such, worse then bears or tigers, were let loose upon innocent families, but such was the spirit of the times. There was complaint given in at Edinburgh, and the horses were returned, jaded and abused by ramblers. This Mr Irvine some months after, in a drucken quarrell at Lanrick, was stabbed to death on a dunghill by one of his own gange: a proper exit for such a blood-hound.

Good Sir James Stewart of Coltness and Kirkfield died March 2, 1681. He died in the Lord, and was taken out of the way of much evill now come: for now, in March 1683, his eldest son Thomas Stewart of Coltness and Kirkfield, the remaining head of the family, was chased away, and the only comfort his family had was to know he was out of reach, and in Utrecht safe. He made his escape by ship from Newcastle to Holland; and no sooner had his lady ane occasion, then she transmitted the melancholy account of the molestation by King's messengers, and parties of dragoons, and what not, and that whatever should be the event, or straits in banishment, that she would be his partner and take a share: and being thus resolved, she displenished the house, and put the furniture in the custody of her husband's sister, Lady Alertoun, and resolved for Utrecht where her husband had fixed.

Lady Alertoun would have disuaded, and bid her minde her big belly, and the dangers of a journey and voyage, but she was positive, and her step-son David was to attend her, and she carried along her brother-in-law Mr James Stewart's youngest daughter Anna, then a child of three years; Mr Stewart, advocate, being then a refugee, and at Utrecht with

his lady and other children. They sett out for Borrowstouness the end of May, and in the half way she had a fall from her horse, but catched no harme.

The child, Anna Stewart, had a keeper, and these four went off in a Borrowstouness shipe, Edward Hoge master. Though it was the beginning of June they had a storme, and were eight or ten days before they made up to Roterdam. The sea was so boisterous, the lady was in danger of being tossed from her bed, and her step-son was allarmed, and got up staggering in the hold and bewailing; but she composedly said, "David, go to your cabin-bed and be more quiet, for there is no back-door here to fly out by," and in some days after, they got safe to harbour. They took the tract-scout from Roterdam for Utrecht, and a surprizing accident happened by the way, and in the scout close by her, a Dutch minister's wife, a fallow-traveller and with child, miscarried in the publick scout, and died instantly. The husband was as one distracted, and would not be perswaded she was dead, but in a swound, he made lamentable outcries, but all to no effect. This was alarming to the lady, and made her reflect, and acknowledge the kind Providence had preserved her and the fruit of her wombe, when in danger both in the jurny and stormy voyage. Coltness has a remark of thanksgiving on this in his Diary, and concludes with this, "God makes our hymne sound both of mercy and judgment."

Her husband, with Mr Pringle of Torwoodlea, came half way, or to Leyden, and mett these recent fugitives, and conducted them to Utrecht, where trouble was in parte forgott, and sorrow in some measure fled, upon the first transports of being safe and together; and they had here many fellow-sufferers in the same good cause. Here was the ingenious upright Archibald Earl of Argyll, too virtuous for so licentious a court as was that of King Charles, and too good to have after this fallen into

* Afterwards married to James Maxwell, presumptive heir to Sir John Maxwell of Pollock, next to Mr William Muire of Caldwell, advocate.

bloody hands acted by popish councels. Here was Earl of Loudon-Campbell, who died *anno* 1684, and lies burried in the English church at Leyden. There was here the Lord Viscount Staire, and with him for education his son Sir David Dalrymple, in better times Lord Advocate, and his grandson John, that great General under Queen Anne, and the Ambassador of eminent figure in France, and a Feld-mareshell under King George. Here also was Lord Melvill, High Commissioner to the Restitution Parliament [of] 1690, under King William, and Secretary of State, and with him his son Earl of Leven, who went to the King of Prussia's service, and was after this Commander-in-chief in Scotland, and Governor of Edinburgh castle in Queen Anne's reign. A man of great name in better days was also here, Sir Patrick Hume of Polwart, Earl of Marchmont, Chancelor of Scotland, and High Commissioner to Parliament in King William's reign. But it were endless to name all the honest party of gentry and ministers, outlawed, banished and forfawlted for the cause of religion and civill liberty. I shall add, here was the good and great Mr William Carstaires, high favourite of King William, and of his cabinet-councell for Scots affairs; the Jacobites and ill affected Lords for this called him the Cardinall.[a] He surely was one of the greatest clergymen ever embellished any church, often moderator of General Assemblies, full of piety and christian charity.

Here the lady found her two brothers, William Denham of Westsheild,[b] and Captain James Denham, in the Prince of Orange his service, and her husband's brother, Mr James Stewart, and his lady and family. He was, in King William and Queen Anne's time, Lord Advocate, Privie-counselor, and Lord of Exchequer, and esteemed justly the

[a] In allusion to Cardinall Ximenes, favorite of the Emperor Charles V., King of Spain, of whom it was said, he played, as it were, at foot-ball with the heads of the grandees.

[b] Afterwards Sir William Denham, and Master of the Royall Mint all King William's reign; he died at Westaheild, January 1, 1712. He was obliged to fly, as being concerned in publishing a translation of Buchanan de Jure Regni apud Scotos: he was forfalt in absence, and Earl Balcarras possessed his estate till the Revolution.

ablest and wisest politician of his time, and of great moderation, and ane eminent barrister.[a] One must be astonished to think what kinde of government it was that fugitate and banished so many worthies and patriots, and how must a land groan under oppression, when such patriots were not allowed the common privileges of mankind; and what must the Statholder and States of Holland think of such brother kings, when they saw and knew the vallue of the Scots and English fugitives? History must always blush to report it.

In the city of Utrecht, Friday July 20, at ten in the morning, the year 1683, Coltness had his fourth son of his second marriage born, and named Archibald, after Archibald Earle of Argyll.[b] He was baptized by Mr Alexander Pitcairne, a refugee minister, who had been minister of the parish of Drone in Perthshire, and was a very learned and pious divine, and after the Revolution Professor of Divinity in St Andrews: witnesses to the baptiseme, Earle of Argyll, Mr James Stewart Coltness's brother, William Denham of Westsheild, Captain James Denham brother to Lady Coltness, and John Pringle of Torwoodlea. The occasion was joyfull to the parents, but the mother had not the blessing of the breasts, and there was hard procuring a nurse for a stranger. This gave a dampe, but a Dutch lady was so kind as to wean her daughter a little sooner, and so a cairfull and experienced nurse was procured. Coltness had his house in the Rutherscap-strate, by the Whitofrouport, and the nurse was hard by in the Mule-strate, so the mother had frequent occasion to superintend her, and the Dutch woman doubled her cair, because of the large drink money she gott from several hands, especially Argyll at times; and that of giving drink money was not then so customary in Holland. Marian Ke was enjoyned not to use a stove for the child, but Lambart her husband procured a marbell stone, and this was heated, and wraped in a blanket, and put at the foot of the

[a] He was the first of Goodtrees: see Appendix, No. III.—[*Ed.*]

[b] Afterwards Sir Archibald Stewart Denham of Westsheild, author of these Memoirs: see the Introductory Notice.—[*Ed.*]

cradle, for the frost was most rigorous and of long continuance. Winter 1683-1684 [was] the most intense ever remembered, the sea ports frozen up for months, &c.

The family continued in Utrecht till the end of the year 1684, when they moved to Roterdam. While at Utrecht, Coltness heard from time to time of the persecutions against him and friends, of his being denunced fugitive, his house turned to a garison. He heard how he, his son and his brother James (afterwards Lord Advocate) were forfalted, and the sneering insult of the Lord Advocate, in the open court, was writ over to him from Edinburgh: Upon sentence being pronunced, said Sir George M'Kenzie, "this family are not Stewarts; their father Provost Stewart was a pair-arsed M'Gregor, and changed his name when he came to town, because of the act of parliament, and these forfault Stewarts were all damned M'Gregors." This was arogant reproach, but might have been justly retorted; for though there is no act of parliament against the other Macs, Heighland clans, yet the body of them on the northwest cost of Scotland, such as M'Kenzies, M'Donalds, M'Leods and M'Phersons, are little better than Clan-Gregor. And judge what this Lord Advocate deserved, had he gott justice done him after the Revolution, for pushing on these rigorous bloody proceedings, and for fraiming laws to establish absolute government and arbitrary power, tending to make the then reigning family a sett of lawless M'Gregors, M'Kenzies and tyrants, and thus precipitating them to their ruin! Sir George lived to repent, but too late, for though he was for absolute despotick power, yet he was not for Popery, and was turned out, because he would not goe all the lengths in the affair of the penall statutes. After the Revolution he retired, and says Lord Fountainhall, died at London of a spitting up or vomiting blood, April 1691, and died as a banished man. His corpse came to be buried in his elegant musolium, he erected for himself on south wall Grayfriars church-yeard, and formerly in it he past some of his gloomy hours, before he retired to England. The entertainment it gives will appologise for the digression, and I have chosen

Sir John Lauder, Lord Fountainhall, to say most of his character, that in me prejudice might not embitter satyre: he also says he heard Sir George boast of it, that no Lord Advocate had screwed the prerogative higher, or maintained it more strenuously then he, and that for his merit he deserved to have his statue placed ryding behind King Charles II. in the Parliament closs.

The crime charged against Coltness was his aiding and abeting the rebells at Bothwell Bridge, summer 1679, though he had been all the while at Edinburgh, and the fray was five years over at this time. The proof came out that a party came to Coltness house, and carried off two cold rosted turkies and other provisions, and that James Alexander the gardener had joyned them, and was seen about the house after the skirmish. It is true Bothwell Bridge is but three miles from Coltness house, and the rebells came and took from this what they wanted, and from all places around, by their detached parties; and the gardener Alexander did indeed joyn them, and, having a family at Coltness, came home, and carried off the necessaries for his escape; he gott to Ireland, and was never more in Coltness his service, nor after this seen in Scotland. The forfalture proceeded in absence, and these were the grounds of a severe sentance, banishing ane innocent man, forfalting his estate, and rouining a numerous family of children, and excluding his creditors from all subject of payment; for at this time the creditor forfalted with his debitor.

Upon this Coltness fell in straits in a foreign country, for he soon spent the little he brought with him, and remittances were uncertain and but small. His friends at home were under a cloud. Alertoun his brother-in-law was imprisoned and fined; Sir John Maxwell, his other brother-in-law, was fined L.10,000 sterling and imprisoned; and his younger children had none to cair for them, but their grandmother, Sir James Stewart's widdow. She had a large joynter [that] was not affected, and acted the parte of a kind parent, and Providence preserved her usefully in life, till June 30, 1690, the day before the act of parliament rescind-

ing the unjust forfalture of Cultness; but in this present situation, the old widow lady at this time could give little relief to those banished. It was chargeable supporting the expenses of a family in Holland, and all visible resources were stopped or withdrawen; yet a kind Providence raised up freinds in a strainge land. Of these the most sympathizing with this family was Mr Andrew Russell, merchant-factor at Rotterdam; he generously proffered money, and genteely, as it were, forced it upon Coltness, (and so he did to Sir Patrick Hume of Polwart, Mr James Stewart, advocate, and others,) though he could have no probable prospect of recovering it; and yet all was thankfully repayed after the Revolution.

During the family's stay at Utrecht many alarmes were given, and the English envoy put in memorials against these traitors, as they were then called. In their lurkings they were obliged to assume borrowed names. Argyll was Mr Ker—Coltness was Mr Jameson, a patronimick, his father being James, Torwoodlee was Mr Dundas, and so of others. From a Diary, I see many scattered pious thoughts, upon such lurking wandering occasions, and by these one may justly conclude, "that, according to the number of the tryels, and the burthen and heat of the day, so was patience, strength and consolation afforded," (I use the words marked in the pocket-book,) and he must have no belief of revealed religion who cannot, upon perusing such notes as I have seen in this Diary, joyn with this gentleman and say, "strength, even a divine strength, is made perfect in weakness," and that Coltness had a good portion of that spirit rested upon St David when pursued, and under hiding-places from a persecuting king Saul. Most pathetick are many of the expressions of our Mr Stewart under his afflictions; and, after many remarks, he concludes in the words of psalm 107, last verse—"Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord."

One passage I may be indulged to transcribe, from a tender christian parent's Diary. It is interesting, and illustrates the character of him

whose transactions I am now upon, and perhaps recording it here, and in his own words, may be of use to his posterity: "Utrecht, April 29, 1684.—'Mong many anxieties, this day my dear child Archie, being in his mother's armes, sprightly and cheerfull, it pleased the Lord (there being none in the roume but she and I) in a moment [so] to threaten us with his present death, that he appeared lost never to return. We joyntly and most fervently looked up unto the Lord, and in the words of the good centurion, (Math. viii. 8,) judged ourselves unworthy, and with unfeigned resignation begged his mercy, though we were unworthy that he should come to us, only that he would say the word, and all should be well. God, of his free love, compassionate us and returned the babe, as he did the Shunnamite's son by the prophet. 'Blessed be his name who woundeth and healeth, who killeth and maketh alive, and bringeth back from the gates of death.' Lord keep on our hearts the sensible reflections we had upon this awful threatening! It brought in our remembrance that about this time twelve-month in our great perplexity, being absent from one another, and she with child of him, I called God to wittness that, if the Lord should preserve him and her, he should be looked upon as a monument and remembrance of the Lord's sure love, and great goodness to us in our distress. And what wonderful Providence did the Lord manifest to us, in bringing him to the world! it ought to be recorded, and never forgott. This Providence preserved him when in the belly, and when she was many ways perplexed upon my flight, and keept him when she was ryding in stormy wether and deep ways, receiving falls from horseback; what tossings by sea, and afrightments by tempest was upon them! And in coming up to Utrecht, ane honest minister's wife miscarried in the publick scout, and both she and the child died: Yet Providence gave her a safe delivery of a plesent child, and then when hopeless mercifully recovered her, and provided food for the child when he was almost lost. And now again has risqued and returned the pleadge of his great goodness and mercy to us." On this occasion, and in what follows, the overflowings of a grate-

full and pious soul are expressed, and he seems to have had in view the whole of his familiar favourite 107th psalm. For he sums up all with the cadance verse of this gratulatory hyme: "Oh! that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderfull works to the children of men!"

In the end of this year 1684, Coltness removed from Utrecht to Rotterdam, and there received many civilities and friendshipes from his countrymen, merchants and others, and had some remittances, and in part provisions transmitted in Scotish shipes. Here he had much society of fellow-sufferers, and they had select meetings for conference and intelligence. The badge of such select clubb was a seall in wax, upon a bitt of rounded carde, with a bleu ribband and knott, all in a small speall box. I have seen Coltness his ticket; the devise was handsome, the motto, *Omne tulit punctum*, the seal was upon a single spot of the heart-suite carde. At Rotterdam, February 20th, 1685, Coltness had a son born, the fifth and last of this marriage, and out of gratitude to his trusty freind Mr Russell, merchand and banker, he was named Andrew. The child did not outlive the half year; the death was afflicting, and many are the pious meditations marked down upon this melancholy occasion: he lies deposite in the vault of some church in Rotterdam.

King Charles the Second's death, and his brother Yorke's accession, gave more spirit to the refugees, and as the new King begane to affect milder measures, so these lived with fewer alarmes. Every one saw what this popish Prince aimed at, whatever disguises of moderation were put on: but our fugitives were outwearied with long oppression, heastened their cabalings, went into precipitant measures, and were premature in their deliberations and execution, and that before the first flashes of compliment and congratulation betwixt King and people were over, and there had been no time for the Government's giving any disgusts: but they imagined all at home as much heated in zeall, and as interested as they themselves, which fatall experience convinced them was not the caise.

Earl Argyll consulted with Sir Patrick Hume of Polwart, and with Mr James Stewart, advocate, and others; he was resolved and determined to make some attempt by a descent, and that among his own Highlanders, to gather his first strength. Stewart dissuaded attacking a Prince, when his indemnities and first acts of grace were like fresh laurels on his brows, and said he was for slower measures, and by no means for attacking King James, till, as it were, he had inflamed his brother's reakoning by new acts of arbitrary power and violence; and he was utterly averse from making the first impressions on the obscure skirts of the country, where the hardshipes of the late reign were not so well understood, nor had been so sensibly felt. Polwart was of this opinion too: but Sir John Cochran, Colonels Rumbold and Elife (these last two were English,) said all violences past were by this James, and they were for any measures rather than sitt still. Westsheild and Captain James Denham, Coltness' brothers-in law, joyned with the last, and had almost perswaded Coltness their freind; but his brother's judgment of the enterprise stuck with him, and so soon as it was known in his family, his lady strenuously opposed; however, his eldest son David rashly embarked, though most unfitt for any such expedition, except to make up numbers: and truly a good cannon is not to be cast off every mettell, nor is every man fit to make a souldier; and so it was with this handfull.

In the year 1683, this good man is under innumerable perplexities and fears. The King's envoy had given in to the States a flaming memoriall upon the double expedition and descent, that by Monmouth, and this by Argyll, and gott ane order against all lurking fugitives, and Thomas Stewart and James his brother were named. Upon this Coltness was obliged for some time to live as a vagrant, sometimes at Utrecht, then back to Leyden, next to Amsterdam, and so round, and most part in the night-scouts. Thus, in his banishment, was he fugitate from his refugee family, and nowhere safe in his retirements. Many are the pious thoughts his Diary expressed upon such dismal events and occasions. In July, I see him express his sorrow and lamentations on the defeat of Argyll's

attempt, and he marks June 20 as the Earl's martyrdom-day. "Many (says his memorial book) made a free-will offering to the Lord's cause, and though it seem rejected, and they throwen out as dunge and myre to be trode upon, yet God has accepted them, but he thinks this perfidious generation unworthy of the blessing of pure ordinances and civill liberty, at this season. Yet the time to favour Zion our land will come, and the sufferings of those who now glorifie God on the high places of the earth, and in prisons under torture, and on scaffolds, and in ignominy after death, the time will come they shall be recorded with honour, and as their service is a sweet savore to God, so their memory shall be yet savory to all in our dear native country." And Coltness lived to see this, and was a member of the Convention of Estates, and of the Parliament which rescinded all these forfalters, for the insurections of Pentland Hills and Bothwell Bridge, and this of Earl of Argyll, and all was restored them *ex justitia*. And did not John Duke of Argyll, the Earle's grandchild, June 20, 1705, that day twenty years, come up Queen's High Commissioner to Parliament; and that session sat down that very day of the month his grandfather was publickly beheaded at Edinburgh Cross, and he passed the place in highest honour.

July 22 came the melancholy account of his sone David being in cruell hands; what agonies of lamentation does he poure out upon this woefull occasion! "That David, contrair to all perswasion and intreaties, would embark!" I see him full of holy resignation, and breathing out prayer that the lad may be supported and be steady; with thanksgiving to God, that his son's piety gave ground not to doubt of his endless future well-being. He thus concludes, "When Isaac was to [have] been sacrificed, was there not a ram caught in the thicket, and did not the angel of the covenant mercyfully interpose? I hope for my Jehova Jairah! I will remember Jordan's land and the Hermonites, and the hill Mizer: God will command his loving kindness: by whom I live, I'll pray; He is my rock." In some months, after repeated reprives of Privy-councell bribed for, Coltness heard that his son had the King's

reprive during pleasure, and after this a remission; and upon this follows his congratulatory hymn to God.

In the year 1686, Coltness was advysed to try what might be gott done with Earl of Arran, eldest son to William Duke of Hamilton, who now had a gift of his forfalted estate from the crown, and ratified by act of parliament. It was thought perhaps his generosity might allow him a moderate subsistance in the interim, or make him take a moderate composition for the whole of the estate, and upon such allmost desperate views his lady was to negotiate the affair at London. She was a woman of temper and prudence, and was to act by advice and instructions from her husband, and his brother, Mr James Stewart, advocate, and thus she sett out for London. I have a sheaf of letters passed betwixt her and her husband upon this subject. There were diamond rings, medals and broad gold coyns given [to] Privy-councelors' ladies on this occasion, by his grandmother, his aunts and sisters. The point was delicate with a man of Arran's disposition. Rapacious to graspe, and on the other parte profuse and profligate to squander and throw away with both hands; insulent and haughty, without candour or ingenuity, and boisterous to his inferiours, especially to all in distress. All this she experienced eminently in this apparant peer. She came to negotiate her husband's pardon, and to transact for his forfaulture, but she was joked and insulted, and at last the door thrown in her face. A civill rebute, to a family in utmost distress, might been expected from a person of quality; but Earl Arran had no bowels of compassion, and when she returned she had only her toyle and expences, and abuses from the Earle to reflect on. I see on this occasion of his lady being so barbarously treated by that young raikish Lord, Coltness has on his closet Bible, marked upon the margin of Psalm xxxv. verses 7, 8, 9, 10, the abreviation "Ar:" thrice, with the year 1686: I shall not (whatever provocation is given) justify such mark of denuntiation upon Scripture expressions, however simular the caise may appear; sure the Gospel spirit is not for bringing down fyre from heaven upon our enemies, nor yet shall

I absolutly condemn what this good man did, because I know not from what extraordinary declaratory impulse he acted. It is the only such mark I find among many in his private Bible, and I could not pass it over, when it is so memorable what this Earle's exite was in the year 1712. He [was] then Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, Grand master of the ordinance, Knight of the Garter, Ambassador to the French court, loaded with honours, and fenced with sacred character, and ready to sett out for Paris. Destruction fell upon him, or overtook him at unawares, in that foolish duell in Hydepark with Lord Mohun, where both perished in the worst frame for dying, full of rancour and premeditate malice. And when this Duke's character of Ambassador to France is compared with the reason given in the printed act of parliament, session 1685, for bestowing Coltness' forfaulture upon him, it still makes this note more glaring. I have seen in 1733 the irregular monumentall heap of stones in Hydepark where the Duke fell, and where he expired. But of this enough; the Almighty's judgments are insearchable!

About the end of the year 1686, Pen, the King's high favourite and a quaker,* came to Holland to wait on the Prince of Orange, and perswead him of the King's great sanctity in religious matters, and of his unlimited charity for christians of all denominations, and Mr Pen, in his affected enthusiastic way, had his conversation much among the refugees of all kinds, to demonstrate to them the King's sincerity, and that he wanted Brittain should flurish by traffick, and that this could be attained by no means better than by giving a full comprehention to all, and no man to be troubled for matters of conscience. That the King was of a mercantile genious, and had observed that commerce could never thrive, nor men live easy, where the alarmes of inquisition and strict penall statutes were heard or on foot: Holland (he said) was a happy country, where all had liberty of conscience. This was plausible, and Mr James Stewart, Coltness' brother, seemed to approve this scheme: whether he

* Admirall Pen's son, who had served under the Duke of York at sea, in the inglorious Dutch war.

forsaw the consequence, and that this might be ane expedient to bring home all banished, to be at hand in caise a bigoted Prince should drive hard to Rome, or if Penn's large promises to him, and his low family circumstances influenced him, or if in order to get home to follow business, —which of these was his motive 'tis hard to judge, but certainly he lost many of his friends by his consultations and close connection with this quaker.

Coltness had some opportunities with Penn by his brother and his intimacy, and was very free in arguing against the quaker tenets; he brought proofs from the historical books of the New Testament, and some from the epistoles. Mr Penn liked his undisguised probity, and upon this ever after called him "Gospell Coltness;" and when he asked for him at Mr James Stewart, upon Mr Stewart's going to London, it was, "How does thy brother, Gospell Coltness, my friend?" Mr Penn on his return so wrought it with the King, that he perswaded his Majesty that James Stewart was a necessary man for quieting the spirits of his Scots fanatic subjects; and Abavill, the envoy in Holland, was ordered to give Mr Stewart full assurance of his being not only safe in his native country, but of having a large share of the King's favour; and so a remission or pardon was made out, and Mr Stewart went over, and made his submission and acknowledgment to the King.

Before he sett out, he went to kiss the Statholder's hands: he was closeted at the Hague, and promised all fidelity to the Prince of Orange's interests, consistent with his alledgence to his sovereign, and no ways to concur with measures to introduce Popery, but to be ane ingenuous correspondent with Pensionary Fagell, if he should know anything in ernest tending to introduce the Romish religion. I had it from ane eye-witness, that never any one appeared more dejected and perplexed then Mr Stewart, upon his returne from this interview and audience at the Hague. He said he had not only been with the Grand Pensionary, but with his Royal Highness the Statholder, and that he forsaw a breach, a rupture betwixt the King and his son-in-law was unavoidable. He hated the

parte of a trimmer, and knew not how he should extricate himself out of difficulties must be put upon him at London or elsewhere, and Lady Coltness said he added, he was affrayed the smiles of a court, with his own easy temper, might drive him too far. His brother advised him against all the smiles or frowns of court, to be steady to the true protestant principels and interest, and recommended his poor shatered affairs [to] his cair and activity, to essay what could be gott done on his behalf, in any measure to retrive matters. It was concerted Coltness should soon follow him to London, where his applications, with a brother's assistance and interest, might have good effect; and thus they parted.

Upon a generall indemnity or liberty granted by the King, Coltness and his Lady set out for London in the year 1687. They sent their son Archie, (the Hollander as they called him,) with his keeper directly for Scotland, and he was safely landed at Borrowstouness, full four years after his mother had gone off, with child of him, from the same port; and he had the same vessell, and the same master-skipper, Edward Hodge, to convey them home. And as he was recommended to the cair of old Mrs Dunlop, (mother to the worthy Mr William Dunlop, afterwards Principall of the University of Glasgow,) he was carryed to Noble-hill, about two miles from Coltness, where Mrs Dunlop then resided, and was taken shortly after from that by his father's sister, Lady Alertoun, and was under her good cair till his parent's return from London next year: and there was James his cousin, Mr James Stewart his unkell's son, [who] also had come from Holland the year 1686.

Coltness came to London the end of the year 1687, where he found many of his fellow-sufferers, Lord Cardross, Colonel John Erskine, Mr William Dunlop, &c. returned from their Carolina expedition or banishment in America; for the Stewarts' reigns were fruitful in planting colonies with persecute men. He found his brother Mr James Stewart in the good graces of the court, especially with Earl Melfort, the Scots favourite minister, and secretary of state; but none received him so

well, and with more open profession of friendshipe, then Mr Penn, the King's favourite, and a quaker; he said he would do all in his power (and his interest at court was not small) for his friend Gospell Coltness. He importuned Earle Arran, and brought it to a conference and treaty, where he himself was present; and when no more could be done for the time, he proposed the Earle should draw upon his chamberlain or steward for L.200 sterling. "James," said he, (so in his quaker way he called Arran,) "my friend Thomas is going for Scotland, and thou hast his estate: I desire he may have out of it L.200, to carry him down, and be a subsistance till somewhat more is done for him, and thou have ane equivalent for this estate thou sayest thou gott, for the expence thou was put to as King's envoy to the French court last year; and thou must presently give him bills upon thy steward in Scotland, payable upon sight." At this the Earl stormed, and seemed ready to run off in great passion; but Penn in his own way said, "James, I don't love many words, and swearing is a polluting God's air. Think deliberately what thou doest, for verily if thou goest off, and doest not this justice to my friend, I shall make it more than L.2000 out of thy way with the King, and I will advance the sum: assure thyself of this." Arran knew the power of the favourite, and was so tamed as to signe the draught upon the spott, and thus Coltness had a small fund of credite out of his own [estate].

He was at London untill the end of July 1686, and had assurances of having relief from oppression, and that from persons in high power at the time. When at London he was introduced, and waited upon the Duchess of Modena, and saw the new born Prince of Wales; [he] expressed some good wishes for the child, but said things not in so courtly forme, and too plain against superstition, and the Pope's having blessed some bawbles about the infant; he wished he might be for a blessing to the true religion, and interests of his country. And in one regard his birth was a blessing to the protestant interest, though in ane indirect way, for it heastened that happy turne, which was fraught with all

the blessings of civill and religious liberty, and sett the great Prince of Orange on the throne.

When Coltness arrived at Edinburgh, his relations and friends carressed him. He had Arran's draught readily honoured by James Paterson in Dalserf, the Earle's factor. He found his brother harried or loaded with business, and crouds attending him, as he was under Melfort the secretary. Mr Stewart had the giving out of pardons to all obnoxious persons or outlawries : he had a certain fee or premium for each, and had so much more payed in to himself, for the principal secretary's use. This occasioned a numerous and a promiscuous levee, but his wisest friends at this time disapproved his conduct. At length they thought him utterly abandoned to court measures, upon publishing his answer to Myneheer Fagel the Grand Pensionary of Holland's letter. In it he supported the despotick power, and arrogate all to high prerogative, by perverting (as some said) the meaning of the sacred text; such as this, that the christian religion stood in no need of protection from human laws and testes, because, said our Lord, "My kingdom is not of this world." They called this a burlesking the holy oracle. His eldest brother was one could not temporize, and was out of patience at all this. He said he was sure James knew the tendency of all that affected lenity, and had seen evidently as well as he what was under it, and what was intended by it; and added, "Have not we been lately at Whitehall and St James's, where we have seen popery in triumph over law and liberty, and shall we think the King's intention is to support the protestant religion? Is not this a trick of the Jesuits, to bring a meddly of all religion together, and expose it by giving way to the humors of the wildest fanaticks, and then take the King's weight and authority to their own interests, and is this the time to throw all louse?" Indeed, here was the failing and *faux pas*, or disjointing of a great and good man; but after the Revolution, Mr Stewart acted with so much integrity and wisdom, and with such moderation as a great and useful Lord Advocate, that he more than doubly attoned for all, both to his country

and to the church, and he held his station with dignity and high reputation for twenty years, till 1713, when he died, May 1.

In October 1688, upon certenty of the Prince of Orange's expedition, and the troupes marching all off for England, Coltness has a remark in his day-book, "Recall our bondage, O Lord, with such refreshing circumstances as streams of water in a dry parched desert: Let deliverance be the doing of the Lord, and wondrous in our eyes: we have sown in tears. Great are the commotions everywhere. Does a slave rejoice to be liberate? Do those closs confined rejoice when gott from under the hatches? Did Israell exult when delivered from bondage? so, O Lord, thy people rejoice with fear and trembling! The sound and sincere part rejoice to think of the dawnings of liberty, of a protestant wind, and a deliverer from the eastern shore, and that he who resigned his native country is now in armes to vindicate the British constitution: they offer prayers for the great deliverer." He wishes for himself, that, as he had been five years a refugee, under the Prince's wise and just administration as Statholder, so might he live and die under his protection and government in his native country. Such were his feelings upon this approaching turne. But in the happier November and December this year, he expresses his assurance of future happiness, to arise out of that mass of confusion Charles his profligate indolency and James his beggotry had plunged all [in.]

As Coltness his right of property (though forfalted) and his interest was considerable and strong in and about the royal burgh of North Berwick, so he was chosen member of the Convention of estates, and representative for this incorporation, and that notwithstanding his forfalture. This Convention was called by letters from the Prince of Orange. When it conveened, in March 1689, Coltness was one appeared most zealous for asserting the claime of right, for declaring the King's forfaulture, and for transferring the rights of the Crown to the Prince and Princess of Orange, then King and Queen of England.

This Convention was voted and declared a free and legall Parliament,

and how soon this was done, Coltness was the first proposed that Episcopacy should be abolished, and all usurpations on the presbyterian church, since the year 1660, should be annulled, and the kirk, in its doctrine, discipline and government, restored and established as formerly. He had many to second him in this motion; but the next session 1690 was the kirk restored, the forfaulture rescinded, and it may be called the restitution session of Parliament 1690.

In this session 1690 there were four overtours offered to Parliament in favours of Presbytery, one by Duke Hamilton, a second by William Marquis of Annandale, a third by Andrew Fletcher of Salton, and a fourth by Thomas Stewart of Coltness. This last was preferred, and became the law upon which Presbytery was established, and has been confirmed ever since. The draught of that overture was by his brother Mr James Stewart, advocate, with the advice and upon the consultations of the most wise and reverend fathers in the church; men eminent, and who had wethered out the stormes in church and state, for near therty years preceding. These agreed to have the old reformation plan of Presbytery established, as it stood [in] 1596. They were all for abolishing that servitude of patronage, but for giving the whole landed interest a voice in electing the minister, together with the kirk-session or eldership, and disapproved the limitation 1659, restraining the choise to the parochiall eldershipes; and Mr Hamilton of Whitlaw (afterwards Lord of Session and Justice-Clerk) added the giving the patrons a price and equivalent for their civill right, which was gone into. This was the concert, and this the amendment, and this was the overture framed [by] and under the name of Coltness. This overture was enacted and became a law, and is still the civill charter-right of Presbytery; though it was shaken and endeavoured to be overturned in the four last and unhappy years of Queen Anne's reign, and none more assiduous in it then Mr Lockhart of Carnwath.

Earl Melville, who had been banished and was a fellow sufferer, was King's High Commissioner to this session of Parliament, 1690. Mr

Stewart, advocate, had a secret management and influence with the presbyterian prevaling party in Parliament, and helped much to forward the good laws, but was in no publick character as yet. His premature coming over and his actings had brought him under a cloud as to King William; and so he had not the honour to be either a member of the Convention of Estates, or of the restitution session of Parliament; for he was not made King's Advocate till 1693, and then he sat with great dignity and destinction in Parliament, as one of the great officers of state. It was in the close of Earl Melville's session Coltness was knighted by the Lord High Commissioner, and was after designed by his father's title, Sir Thomas Stewart of Kirkfield. This designation was most apposite to both father and son, for both had stood in greatest jeopardy and in the highest field of conflict for the kirk, and rejoiced in it, that they were counted worthy to suffer in the glorious cause of religious and civill rights and privileges.

I have now traced this good man's life from authentick documents, both in his more prosperous times and those of his persecution, till he came to give laws to his persecutors and oppressors. The six last years of his life (excepting his attendance in Parliament) were spent in the country, and much taken up in acts of charity, and the devotions of the closet, and in the family, and at church: in all these was exercised a piety and humility worthy the recording, and had much the native sublime of the active experienced christian. But over this I shall draw a vaill, as, [from] what I see, his self-denyall would never have wished [it] to goe further then his devotionall Diary. In these his last years was that excessive famine for five years, and called the dear years. I cannot omitt his remark, "Here," says he, "this pinching famine perhaps is from the same cause was that in King David's days, because of Saul and his bloody house." (2 Sam. xxi. 1.) It is certain, in these five or six years the farmer was rouined, and troupes of poor perished for want of bread; multitudes deserted their native country, and thousands and tens of thousands went to Ireland, &c. Enduring this calamity, Sir Thomas

Stewart laid out himself, allmost beyond his ability, in distributing to the poor. He procured sums from his brother Lord Advocate, and other worthy friends, to distribute, and they gave him largely, and he added of his own aboundently. His house and outer courts were the common resort of the poor, and the blessing of many ready to perish came upon him; and a blessing seemed defused on his little farme [that] was managed for family use, for, when all around was almost blasted by inclement seasons and frosts, in the years 1695, 96 and 97, it was remarked here were full and ripened crops; and the goodman said the prayers of the poor were in it, and it went far. By hardships, harrassing and persecution, his health and fortune were much impaired. After the Revolution he had a patron, James Earl of Findlater and Seafield, who raised himself from the bar to be Secretary of State, and at length Lord Chancelor of Scotland, and he did all in his power for Sir Thomas; though he was a man of no popular character, but one who served the times, exerted himself to acquire welth, and retrive his father's rouined estate of Findlater, yet he endeavoured to promote Sir Thomas Stewart's interests much. He said, he liked the man for his native goodness, and a resemblance in his looks to Earl Findlater his father; and when he could doe no further for him, he, in the year 1696, procured [him] from the King a pension of L.200 yearly, out of the Archbishopry of Glasgow revenue, and said he thought it justly bestowed, since the Bishops had brought so much distress on the family. To this the Earl added another favour, without Sir Thomas his knowing of it, only he had once said he thought it was wrong the younger brother should be Knight-Baronet, and not the elder, so he procured [him] from King William a Knight-Barronet's honours, and, when he transmitted the warrant or signature, in 1698, he wrote ane obliging letter, in which he expressed it, that a family had suffered so much for liberty, he thought should have a mark of honour from the King, who was our deliverer, and the protector of our civill and religious rights.*

* See Appendix, No. IV.

Sir Thomas did not long survive his pension and patent, for he died at his house of Coltness, April 6, 1698, and was buried, ane honourable number of relations attending, with friends from Edinburgh, and all the gentry for many miles round came and assisted the funerall; the Magistrats of Lanrick and Glasgow did the same honour to his memory. He was buried in his first lady's grave, in the old church of Cambusnethan, [in] the monument of his grandfathers of the Alertoun family.

Sir Thomas had in his younger years been much distressed with the gravell or stone, but otherways was of a strong vigorous constitution, and rather robust. The disease that carried him off at last was ane ill-formed rumatism, which the physicians misaprehended, and did not duely assist nature to throw it off, as they ought to have done. Dr Alston from Hamilton (father to Dr Charles, Professor of Botany, Edinburgh) was ordinary family physician, and Dr Kennedy from Glasgow was called to assist, but too late. The truth was, his banishment and bad treatment in his declining years had brought ane ill habit of body, and made him realy sooner ane old man. He died in full hope and faith, and with a sincere resignation, and in distinct raptures resigned his spirit to his God and Redeemer, after he had admonished and blessed his family. Four of his sons were present, David, James, John and Robert; two were in England, Walter and William; and the youngest, Archibald, at Glasgow, attending the gramer school. This may be remarked, that he remembered his children that were absent, and so distinct was he till his exit, that of his youngest son, who was ten miles distant,* he said, "O Lord, may Archie live before thee! he was our fellow-sufferer, though he knew it not, and a pledge of thy mercy and great goodness to us in our affliction; and may he live to be a joy and support to his mother, who carried him through much distress to a foreign land, and brought him forth amidst our sorrows; may his days neither be few nor useless, and show him thy salvation!" He used to call this son "Benjamin or the Hollander."

* The author of these memoirs.—[*Ed.*]

At his buriall a melancholy accident happened. A gentleman, (unk of Sir John Maxwell of Pollock,*) Mr Zachery Maxwell [of Blawarthil father to the present Sir John Maxwell, had come out of friendship fr Glasgow to attend Sir Thomas his burying, and in coming down t turnpick stairs about 12 fornoon, fell headlong and fractured his sku he breathed till eleven at night, but neither spoke nor was sensible. H left a sorrowful widow and a numerous family; his second daught Margaret thereafter, in *anno* 1706, married Sir Thomas's son, Mr Rob Stewart, and his eldest son James married a daughter of Sir Jam Stewart, Lord Advocate, but died soon after without issue.

Thus have I compiled this economical or Family History, from traditi and from good vouchers. I had first one old manuscript account, sa to be my great-grandfather's, and I found it among his son Sir Jam Stewart of Kirkfield's papers. This tattered manuscript helped most the first seven chapters, and I have seen all of the monuments and plac mentioned in it, and perused some parchment deeds. What is in th subsequent chapters I had it in a great part from records, contracts an sure tradition; and much of it from diaries or pocket records, an memorandum books. Sir Thomas Stewart's widow, who lived dow from 1640 to the year 1723, had conversed with Sir James Stewart he father-in-law, and with Robert Denham of Westsheild her father, and ha accounts from Sir Thomas Stewart of Coltness, her husband, of famil occurrences, and was in part my instructor; and the last part of this his toricall account is of things recent with which I was intimate: So that wha is above [written] upon such documents may be the more firmly depende upon, and are facts and not fiction. If affections or aversions have mad me embellish or exagerate characters, I shall stand corrected if any shal

* His son John succeeded his cousin Sir John Maxwell Lord Pollock in his oppulent estate, and die 1753, and his son Sir John died September 1758, and was succeeded by Sir Walter, his half-bloo brother. Sir Walter and his infant son died 1762, and now Sir James is the only surviving son. D John Stewart died in country roumes at Drumshuch, Saturday, May 12, 1727, at 3 afternoon.

bring contradictory evidence; but I know the evidence above is good, and will justify the characters as given, either of relations and kinsfolk, or of strangers or extraneous persons; for we should hate detraction as much as flatery.

Thomas Denham Stewart, for whose perusall and information this was designed, died of a violent fever in Hesse d'Alsfelt, Sunday, March 22, 1762. He was ranked as captain in the 8th regiment of foot, or the King's own regiment, (collonel, formerly Lieutenant-General Wolfe, now General Barington,) and was quartermaster. I am desolate and childless, and [have] no occasion to mark my descent! My father's numerous family extinct in this dutyfull and pious son, my gray hairs, at almost seventy-eight, goe to the grave in sorrow!

Ar. Denham Stewart.

ΚΕΝΟΤΑΦΙΟΝ.

THE

COLTNESS COLLECTIONS.

PART SECOND.

A JOURNEY

IN

ENGLAND, HOLLAND, AND THE LOW COUNTRIES,

BY

MRS CALDERWOOD OF POLTON,

BORN MISS STEUART OF COLTNESS.

M.DCC.LVI.

Wish you all a Happy New Year

Bruxelles Dec: 28. 1756

MRS CALDERWOOD'S JOURNEY.

June 3d, at 4 afternoon, I set out from Poltoun; sleeped at Pilmure.

June 4th.—Dined at Beltounfoord, and lay at Auldcamus.

June 5th.—Met there next morning with Provost Alexander, and, as we had set out in haste, and had not got our credit on London setled, he gave us credit on his correspondent. Finding that journying was too litle exercise, we took post horses in our own chaise at Belfoord, being the 5th of June, and came at night to Morpeth, where we met with Lady Ann Erskine.

June 6th.—We dined at Durhame, and I went to see the cathedrall; it is a prodigious bulky building. It was on Sunday betwixt sermons, and in the piazzas there were several boys playing at ball. I asked the girl that attended me, if it was the custome for the boys to play at ball on Sunday: she said, "they play on other days as well as on Sundays." She called her mother to show me the church; and I suppose, by my questions, the woman took me for a heathen, as I found she did not know of any other mode of worship but her own; so, that she might not think the Bishop's chair defiled by my sitting doun in it, I told her I was a christian, though the way of worship in my country differed from hers.

In particular, she stared when I asked what the things were that they kneeled upon, as they appeared to me to be so many Cheshire cheeses. I asked the rents of the lands about Durham, and was told by the landlord they were so dear he had no farm, for they let at thirty or forty shillings per aiker near that toun; that a cow was from four to six pounds sterling, and they gave, the best, about eight Scots pints per day. That night we lay at Northallertoun.

Next day, the 7th, we dined none, but baited at different places; and betwixt Doncaster and Bautry a man rode about in an odd way, whom we suspected for a highwayman. Upon his coming near, John Rattry pretended to make a quarle with the post-boy, and let him know, so loud as to be heard by the other, that he keept good powder and ball to keep such folks as him in order; upon which the felow scampered off cross the common. Upon our coming to Bautry, we were told that a gentelman was robed there some days before, by a man whose description answered to the one we saw. I found in generall, before I came here, that all the grounds lett very low, and that, about all the towns, the aikers were about twenty-five shillings, and the farms not above fifteen. The first intelligent person I met with was Rachel, the chamber-maid. Rachel could answer almost every question I asked, and I suppose, by that time, I had learned to conform my enquirys to the knowledge of the people, being, before this, always answered with "I don't know," to the simplest question I could ask, and often stared at, as much as to say, "I wonder how such things comes in any body's head:" the post-boys, who drive the same road for years, hardly know a gentleman's house, or the name of any place less than a vilage. Rachel could tell who lived near her, what farm her master keeps, and what rent he payd, and what it produced: gave me a receipt for salting butter, which was, to wash it well from the milk with salt and water, and a little salt, then take it piece by piece like the bigness of half a pound, and put it in a can, spreading every piece above another with a sprinkling of salt betwixt each; but to keep it from touching the sides of the can, that the salt be-

twixt the layers throw a sort of pickle which keeps the air from it, and so to do till the can was full. She told me likewayes how they fed their calfs: those for killing they let suck; and those for rearing fed as we do; but in that house, as they had a great deal of broth in which their meat is boiled, and which they did not use as we do, they gave to their calfs the length of six Scots pints per day, upon which they throve very well.

June 8th.—From Bautry we went seventy-five miles, and lay at Stilton: there was a fine large inn, and every thing in great order, but the linen was as perfit rags as ever I saw, plain linen with fifty holes in each towell. The landlady gave me the receipt for making Stilton cheese, (which is famous,) as follows: two thirds cream, and one milk; the whey prest off, and the curd broke, and salted in the curd; great care in dressing them well, and keeping them clean from moulding.

June 9th.—From Stilton we dined at Hatfeild, where there was a great many coaches in the court-yard with company leaving London, and every family had a coach full of abigalls, who held a most prodigious chatering and scolding at not having proper attendance given them. From Hatfeild we came to Barnet, the last stage from London, where we stopped, and, whilst we changed horses, I asked some questions at the maid who stood at the door, which she answered, and went in, for we did not come out of the chaise. In a little, out comes a squinting smart-like black girl, and spoke to me, as I thought, in Irish, upon which I said, "Are you a Highlander?" "No," said she, "I am Welch, are not you Welch?" "No," said I, "but I am Scots, and the Scots and Welch are near relations, and much better born than the English." "Oh!" said she, "the maid said you was Welch, and sent me to see you." She took me by the hand, and looked so kindly that I suppose she thought me her relation, because I was not English; which makes me think the English are a people one may perhaps esteem or admire, but they do not draw the affection of strangers, neither in their own country nor out of it. From Barnet we were to come to Kensingtoun green, which led us a great way round, a very lonly and wild road, and nothing like the repair one would expect so near

a great town. We arrived at Lady Trelawny's at six o'clock, to the great astonishment of the family, who looked as little for me as for the day of judgment.

Before I say any thing of the great city, you will ask me what I think of England in generall. In the first place, it is easy to be seen who has long been in peaceable possession, and who not; for, till you come to Newark-upon-Trent, the furthest ever the Scots went into England, the improvements are not of old standing, nor the grounds don't seem to be of great value, they use them mostly for breeding of cattell and sheep. In some places I saw, the wool was very fine, but the sheep not very large, nor of the true English [kind,] for they had all horns, but they had the bushy tail, for I observed they cut the tails off them, for weight I suppose, and cleanlyness. The villages to north of Trent are but indifferent, and the churches very thin sown, and indeed, for a long time, one would think the country of no religion at all, being hardly either christian church or heathen temple to be seen. The fields on both hands were mostly grass, and the greatest variety and plenty of fine cattell, all of various coulours. I observe breeders chuse to please the eye, and certainly study the coulour of their cattell, for I did not observe one cow or ox all black or all red on the whole road, nor one black sheep or lamb. It is commonly thought with us that the white cattell are neither so good nor so hardy as the black, but I found a great number quite white, and in seven calfs there would be three white. I admired the cattel much more than the people, for they seem to have the least of what we call smartness of any folks I ever saw, and totally void of all sort of curiosity, which perhaps some may think a good quality. In our first day's journey in England, I asked the post-boy to whom the lands on each hand belonged? he said, "to Sir Carneby." I knew who he meant, and, to try him, asked "what Sir Carneby, or what other name he had?" but he answered, "just Sir Carneby, who lived yonder," and that he had never inquired the sirname of the man in whose ground

he was born. As for the inclosing in England, it is of all the different methods, both good and bad, that can be imagined; and that such insufficient inclosures as some are keeping in the cattell, (which is so hard with us in Scotland,) is intirely owing to the levelness of the grounds, so that an English cow does not see another spot than where she feeds, and has as little intelligence as the people; whereas, with us, there are few places which does not hang on the side of a hill, by which means the cattell sees what is above or below them, and so endeavours to get at it. I was convinced of this, by some oxen a butcher was driving to market, very large and fat. They walked along betwixt the hedges very well, but, no sooner were they come to a place where there was only an old ditch and no hedge on the one hand, but they scrambled over it very cleverly into a feild of rye. The horses are very good, and what they use for posting are large light ones, mostly bays; they gallop away six or seven miles an hour, without being much disturbed. The price of these posters are L.15 or L.16 a piece for the best. They use few or no mares over all England for the roads in draught. I could have little conversation with the people I saw, for, though they could have understood me, I did not them, and never heard a more barbarous language, and unlike English as any other lingo. I suppose it is the custome in a publick house for strangers to roar and bully, for I found, when I spoke softly, they had all the appearance of being deaf. I think the cathedrall of Durham is the most ridiculous piece of expence I saw, to keep up such a pagentry of idle fellows in a country place, where there is no body either to see or join with them, for there was not place for above fifty folks besides the performers.

After we past Durham the country was more closs and levell. We sometimes had an extensive prospect, but not the least variety, so that one would say there was too much of it; no opening of a scene, no watter, no distinction betwixt a gentleman's seat and his tenant's house, but that he was a little more smothered up with trees, so that I am perswaded, if Scotland was as much inclosed, it would be much prettier to

look at. I do not think any thing could be more beautifull than the straths of some of our large rivers, inclosed on every side, where the grounds hang so that each inclosure might be seen above another, and, after they had advaneed so high and steep, then the green hill appearing above, covered with sheep, and the waterfalls coming doun now and then betwixt the hills. They have nothing of the landscape prospect, but a rich extensive woody prospect, and nothing appearing above another but a Gothick spire in severall touns, and that for many miles from each other. We used to laugh at the folks in the Highlands for counting their neighbours ten and twelve miles off; but in England, they think no more of thirty miles than we do of five. Their roads are good indeed, and their horses and machines light, and the miles about London are, I am very sure, not above 1000 yards, whereas they should be 1750: besides, the levelness of the country makes travelling much quicker. They are very carefull in driving their horses, for, on the smallest ashent, they go quite slow, and will tell you they are going up hill. I could not learn what weight their great waggons carried, none of them knowing any thing about it; but, by the number of horses they yoke, it must be a great deal, otherways they carry at too great an expence: they yoke seven and eight horses. Some have four wheels, and others two; these last must be very exactly ballanced, not to overburthen the horse, who has the weight on his back, and this sort of carriage is only practicable where there is no dounhill road; for, if this carriage was put off its ballance in comeing doun, it would crush the horses, or, if going up, it would lift them up in the air. It is surprizing how much nonsense I have heard spoken by folks who would introduce English customs into Scotland, without considering the difference of the two countrys: I must own I saw very little new to me, but what I could plainly see was calculated for the particular situation of the country, and could never answer for generall use. It has always been my opinion, that the fault-finders are the folks who want judgement, and not the people whose practice they quarell, for time and experience has taught every part of every country to follow the method

most agreeable to their soil and situation, though perhaps mechanicks may not have arrived to the utmost perfection amongst them; neither has that generall benefitt of made roads reached them yet, which in all probability will have many various effects we cannot forsee.

I do not think the grounds in England are in generall so rich as they have the appearance of; in many places the soil is thin, within at least four inches of a soft sandy stone, so open in the cutters, and so loose, that the ground above it can have very little moisture. Other grounds are clay, and often of a white mouldering kind, in which appears to be little richness, and it appears by the crops that are not extraordinary, neither is the grass for either hay or pasture. The tennants pay but a small rent for their grounds, otherways they could not live as they do upon what they produce. There are many and various ways of letting farms, but I beleive it is very seldome that one farmer puts out another, by which means the landlord has it not often in his power to raise his rents; but this I had no great opportunity of inquiring about, as the only people I saw, who rented grounds, were the publick houses, who, I suppose, had but short leases. In some countys, such as in Cornwall, I find they let the ground by a sort of feu, which I think is not a bad way for Scotland, where the grounds are in many hands, which I cannot account a loss, for reasons I shall give after. In Cornwall, a man of L.500 per annum, his estate does not bring him in above L.200, which he can count upon yearly; but then, upon this he will have perhaps a hundred tennants or feuars. Each of these has a lease for three lives; this gives him the chance of three hundred people, the death of every one of which brings the landlord fourteen, fifteen or sixteen years' purchass of the rent or feu-duty in order to have a life put in in the place of the one that fell; so that, by the course of things, these people falling may, at an average, bring in L.500 per annum. The large farms in England are a loss, so far as they depopulate the country.

The people in London, who see such crouds every day, were surprised at me when I said, I did not think England sufficiently peopled, nor so

populous by far, in proportion to its extent and produce, as the best cultivated countys in Scotland; and I must beleive this till I see one fact that can contradict it, which I have not seen yet, but many presumptions for what I assert. In the first place, look from the road on each hand, and you see very few houses; touns there are, but at the distance of eight or ten miles. Then, who is it that lives in them? There are no manufactories carried on in them; they live by the travellers, and by the country about, that is, there are tradesmen of all kinds, perhaps two or three of each, smiths, wrights, shoemakers, &c.; and here is a squire of a small estate in the county near by, and here are Mrs this or that, old maids, and so many widow ladys, a parsonage house, a flourishing house. All the houses built of brick, and very slight, and even some of timber, and two stories high, make them have a greater appearance than there is reality for; for, I shall suppose you took out the squire and set him in his country house, and the old maids and widow ladies and place them with their relations, if they have any, in the country or in a greater toun, and take a stone house with a thatch roof of one story high, instead of a brick one of two, and there are few country villages in Scotland [where] I will not muster out as many inhabitants as are in any of these post touns. Then I observed there were very few folks to be met with on the road, and many times we would post an hour, which is seven miles, and not see as many houses and people put together on the road. Then, on Sunday, we travelled from eight o'clock, till we came to Newcastle where the church was just going in, so that I may say we travelled fifteen miles to Newcastle, and the few people we met going to church upon the road surprised me much. The same as we went all day long; it had no appearance of the swarms of people we always see in Scotland going about on Sunday, even far from any considerable toun. Then the high price of labour is an evidence of the scarcity of people. I went into what we call a cottage, and there was a young woman with her child, sitting; it was very clean, and laid with coarse flags on the floor, but built of timber stoops, and what we call cat and clay walls. She took me into what she called her parlour,

for the magnificent name they give makes one beleive them very fine till they see them; this parlour was just like to the other. I asked what her husband was? She said, a labouring man, and got his shilling per day; that she did nothing but took care of her children, and now and then wrought a little plain work. So I found, that, except it is in the manufacturing countys, the women do nothing, and, if there were as many men in the country as one might suppose there would, a man could be got for less wages than a shilling per day. Then the high wages at London shows the country cannot provide it with servants. It drains the country, and none who ever goes there return again, as chairmen, porters, hackney coachmen or footmen; if they come to old age, seldom spend it in the country, but oftener in an almshouse, and often leave no posterity. Then the export they make of their victuall is a presumption they have not inhabitants to consume it in the country, for, by the common calculation, there are seven millions and one half in England, and the ground in the kingdom is twenty-eight millions of aikers, which is four aikers to each person. Take into this the immense quantity of horses which are keept for no real use all over the kingdom, and it will be found, I think, that England could maintain many more people than are in it. Besides, let every nation pick out its own native subjects who are but in the first generation, the Irish, the Scots, the French, &c., and I am afraid the native English would appear much fewer than they imagine. On the other hand, Scotland must appear to be more populous for its extent and produce; first, by its bearing as many evacuations in proportion, both to the plantations, to the fleet and army, besides the numbers who go to England; and indeed breeding inhabitants to every country under the sun; and if, instead of following the wrong policy of supplying their deficiency of grain by importing it, they would cultivate their waste lands, it would do more than maintain all its inhabitants in plenty. But one great drawback to this improvement is the intaills upon our greatest familys, and that in the south, and most uncultivated plains in the whole kingdome, as these estates cannot grant leases upon any

term but the life of the landlord, which is no security for a tennant to improve his grounds. But the demand for corn from England is no proof that there is a generall scarcity of provisions; for, ever since the disease amongst the black cattell, there has been so much incouragement in Scotland for rearing greater numbers, that there is more grass ground than formerly; and many farms where grew some corn are now turned intirely to sheep, as the price of them is so greatly increased; so that, what we import in corn, we draw back again in cattell. We have no supply of people from other countrys, and, if we did not produce more people than England, we could never supply them and serve ourselves. I had no opportunity of knowing the price of provisions, but at London and upon the road, where every thing has a high value whatever the original price is.

The grounds about London are not dear; garden and nursery ground is L.4 the aiker. I do not think the soil near London is naturaly rich, and neither the corns nor grass are extraordinary. I thought their crops of hay all very light, and but of an indifferent quality; they call it meadow hay, but we would call it tending pretty near to bogg hay. I think the most surprising [thing] is, how they are supplyed with such an immense number of fine horses, and how they are all mantained on hard meat all the year round. As for London, every body has either heard of or seen it. The first sight of it did not strike me with any thing grand or magnificent. It is not situated so as to show to advantage, and, indeed, I think the tile roofs have still a paltry look, and so has the brick houses; for a village it does well enough, as the character of a village is clean and neat; but there is something more substantiall and durable in our ideas of a great city than what brick and tile can answer.

Many authors and correspondents take up much time and pains to little purpose in descriptions. I never could understand any body's description, and I suppose no body will understand mine; neither do I intend to say any things which have ever been thought worthy to be put in print, so will only say London is a very large and extensive city.

But I had time to see very little of it, and every street is so like another, that, seeing part, you may easily suppose the whole. There are severall openings and squares which are very pretty; but the noise in most of the houses in the rooms to the street is intolerable. You will think it very odd, that I was a fortnight in London, and saw none of the royall family, but I got no cloaths made till the day before I left it, though I gave them to the making the day after I came. I cannot say my curiosity was great: I found, as I approached the Court and the grandees, they sunk so miserably in my oppinion, and came so far short of the ideas I had conceived, that I was loath to lose the grand ideas I had of Kings, Princes, Ministers of state, Senators, &c., which I suppose I had gathered from romance in my youth. We used to laugh at the English for being so soon afraid when there was any danger in state affairs, but now I do excuse them. For we, at a distance, think the wisdom of our governours will prevent all these things; but those who know and see our ministers every day see there is no wisdom in them, and that they are a parcell of old, ignorant, senseles bodies, who mind nothing but eating and drinking, and rolling about in Hyde Park, and know no more of the country, or the situation of it, nor of the numbers, strength and circumstances of it, than they never had been in it: or how should they, when London, and twenty miles round it, is the extent ever they saw of it? Lord Anson, he sailed round the world, therefore he must rule all navall affairs; which is just like a schoolmaster imagining himself qualified for the greatest post in the law, because he understands the language in which the law is wrote. It puts me in always in mind of Lundin's[a] story of the gentleman who was going to be tryed for his life; "It's true, you know, he is our brother-in-law, but what is he worth when a man's life is in danger?" You may apply this to our ministry upon all emergent occasions. The King, every body says, and I do beleive it, knows more of the world, and takes more concern than any of them. It

[a] Lundin of Lundin, in Fife, whose *facetiæ* seem to have been familiar to the authoress.—[*Ed.*]

is reported he cryed when he read Byng's account of his actions, and said, "Who can I trust? or upon whom can I depend?" There is no depending on news at London: there was a lye coined for every day I was there, and every one of them the English beleived, providing it was agreeable. And the Court is no better informed than the vulgar: for, providing there are two lyes raised in one day, a good one in the forenoon; then the Duke of Newcastle drinks Mr Byng's health at dinner: out comes a defeat in the afternoon; he damns Mr Byng for a scoundrell. Out goes one of the Princess's masters to Kew: he tells, Mr Byng has defeat the French. The Prince of Wales hears it: then it comes, Who told you, Heny Peny? At last, it lands on the French dancing-master, who lays it on a Hanoverian officer, whose name he knew not. So the reports go abroad.

I had frequent opportunitys of seeing George Scott, and asked him many questions about the Prince of Wales. He says he is a lad of very good principles, good natured, and extreamly honest, has no heroick strain, but loves peace, and has no turn for extravagance; modest, and has no tendency to vice, and has as yet very virtuous principles; has the greatest temptation to gallant with the ladies, who lay themselves out in the most shamefull manner to draw him in, but to no purpose. He says, if he were not what he is, they would not mind him. Prince Edward is of a more amorous complexion, but no court is payed to him, because he has so little chance to be King. The King is at present at Kensingtoun, the Princess at Kew. She comes in every Sunday to Court. I saw them pass in their coaches, but had no distinct view of them: their equipages are very plain.

No body thinks of going further to air than Hyde Park, which is very pretty. But nothing but the greatest stupidity can suffer the same mile or two of ground every day in their lives, when, at the same time, it is no exercise nor air, for it is a gravell road, quite smothered with trees. The trees indeed are very pretty, being fine timber, and fine carpet-grass, with cows and deer going in it: but it is a small part of the Park in

which coaches are allowed to go. There are always a great number of coaches, and all other machines, except hacks, some of them very neat and light; but the beauty of them is the horses of all different kinds. The Duke of Marlborough had a sett of peyets, very prettily marked.

Any of the English folks I got acquainted with I liked very well. They seem to be good-natured and humane; but still there is a sort of ignorance about them with regard to the rest of the world, and that their conversation runs in a very narrow channell. They speak with a great relish of their publick places, and say, with a sort of flutter, that they shall to Vauxhall and Ranelagh, but do not seem to enjoy it when there. As for Vauxhall and Ranelagh, I wrote you my oppinion of them before. The first I think but a vulgar sort of entertainment, and could not think myself in genteel company, whiles I heard a man calling, "Take care of your watches and pockets." I saw the Countess of Coventry at Ranelagh. I think she is a pert, stinking-like husy, going about with her face up to the sky, that she might see from under her hat, which she had pulled quite over her nose that nobody might see her face. She was in dishabile and very shabby drest, but was painted over her very jaw-bones. I saw only three English Peers, and I think you could not mak a tolerable one out of them: Lord Baltimore, Lord Edgecome and Lord Chomly. Lord Baltimore is sadly married, and parted from his wife because she loves diversions and he loved home; but, ever since they parted, she keeps home and he goes to every publick place. Lord Edgecome's eldest son is the greatest gamster in England. His second is a commodore in Byng's fleet; my Lord says, if his son has not behaved well, he will never see his face. Miss Pelham was along with Lady Coventry, she my Lord March would run away with, had it not been for the marriage bill; truly I would sooner excuse him for stealing a sheep, for, of all the draghling, odd-like things ever I saw, she is the first. I saw very few, either men or women, tolerably handsome. There was a Miss Bishope, a girl of no fortune, who is reckoned a beauty, and she is very well; something of a solemn, black, loomy countenance.

The ladys pass and repass each other with very little appearance of being acquainted, and no company separates or goes from those they come in with, or joins another, and indeed they all seem to think there is no great entertainment; but, however, they are there, and that is enough. The Duke uses to frequent Ranelagh, but was not there that night I went. There were severall Hanoverian officers very rugged-like carles, stiff-backed and withered, with gray hairs tyed behind, and the forelock cut short by the ear, and there was a hussar attending them, a thick, fat fellow, drest in furrs, and Bess's great French muff upon his head, not the red feather one.

I went one morning to the Park, in hopes to see the Duke review a troop of the Horse Guards, but he was not there; but the Guards were very pretty. Sall Blackwood and Miss Buller were with me; they were afraid to push near for the croud, but I was resolved to get forward, so pushed in. They were very surly, and one of them asked me where I would be, would I have my toes trode off? "Is your toes trode off?" said I. "No," said he. "Then give me your place, and I'll take care of my toes." "But they are going to fire," said he. "Then it's time for you to march off," said I; "for I can stand fire. I wish your troops may do as well." On which he sneaked off, and gave me his place. Some of them were very civill; but, what was of a peice with many other things, these Horse Guards are closs in London, seen every day by every body, are reviewed almost every morning in the Park, where I suppose the same folks sometimes come to see them, yet none [of] all near where I stood could tell me the name of one officer: that I insist upon is peculiar to the English.

I paid some visits, and went to see Greenwich Hospitall, which is a ridiculous fine thing. The view is very pretty, which you see just as well in a rary-show glass. No wonder the English are transported with a place they can see about them in. The only fine houses I went to see more were the King's at Kensingtoun, and the Jew's I wrote you of. The palace looks better within than without, and there is some very

fine marbles, pictures and mirrors in it. But I could not see the private appartment of the old goodman, which they say is a great curiosity. There [are] a small bed with silk curtains, two sattin quilts and no blanket, a hair matress; a plain wicker basket stands on a table, with a silk night-gown and night-cap in it; a candle with an extinguisher; some billets of wood on each side of the fire. He goes to bed alone, rises, lights his fire and mends it himself, and nobody knows when he rises, which is very early, and is up severall hours before he calls any body. He dines in a small room adjoining, in which there is nothing but very common things. He sometimes, they say, sups with his daughters and their company, and is very merry and sings French songs, but at present he is in very low spirits. Now, this appearance of the King's manner of living would not diminish my idea of a King. It rather looks as if he applyed to business, and knew these hours were the only ones he could give up to it, without having the appearance of a recluse, and that he submitted to the pagentry rather than made it his only bussiness.

As for their victualls they make such a work about, I cannot enter into the taste of [them,] or rather, I think they have no taste to enter into. The meat is juicy enough, but has so little taste, that, if [you] shut your eyes, you will not know by either taste or smell what you are eating. The lamb and veall look as if it had been blanched in water. The smell of dinner will never intimate that it is on the table. No such effluvia as beef and cabbadge was ever found at London. I never used to be fond of bacon or salt things, and did not reflect upon it, till after that I ate of them whenever I could, as it was without thinking but that it was better than it used to be, till I considered and found that it had been from its having more taste that made me have a naturall desire for it. I am not surprised the English run into the French cookry, or speak with so much pleasure of rashers of bacon or of roasted beef, for their beef and bacon are their best meat. The fish, I think, have the same fault. They are keeped in fresh water till they are quite tasteless. As for the salmond, I did not meddle with it, for it cut like cheese. Their turbet

is very small by ours, but I do not think it preferable when ours is as long keept as theirs. Their soll is much smaller, and not so much meat on them; they are like the least ever you saw; were it not that they are long and narrow, I should think them common flounders. Their lobsters come from Norway or Scotland; they are sold for four and five pence, the small ones. At London, garden things of all kinds are very good, but they do not understand the right culter of strawberries, nor are they at pains to propagate many of them; they pull them all with the husk, but it was very few I saw before I left the place.

The night before I left London I sleeped at Mr Traill's, as his house saved us all the toun going through in our journey. His wife was staying with Lady Trelawny all the time I was at Kensingtoun; she is a very good woman, and, indeed, I may say they are one of the best and most obliging couples ever I saw. She has been very unlucky in her family, and he has had as good luck in meeting with her: she was left a widow with one son, the only remaining child of twenty-two; she had severalls born before the time. Her husband was an appothecary, and she carried on the business after his death for five years. During this time, Mr Traill, who had made a good deall of money in Jamaica, intending to come home, put all his effects, wife and children, in one ship, and he followed in another. The ship in which his all was, with wife and children, was cast away, and home came he not worth a farthing, after labouring the best part of his life. Some how or other, he was recommended to this widow to go in partner, and to carry on her business; and, after two years' accquaintance, they married, and live in a very handsome manner. His acquaintance with Jamaica made most of the folks there be recommended to him when they came to London, and severall of their children entrusted to their care, when sent over for education. Of this number was a young man, whom she has brought up from a child, and loves as her son; and a young girl of L.12,000 fortune, with whom her only remaining son fell in love. When the girl was but fourteen her mother came over for her; nobody regarded the lad's affection for her,

or her's for him, till they came to part, and then he told his mother he would follow her. The poor woman stood out against [it] all she could, as it was losing him for ever, as he must settle in that country; upon which he drooped and turned quite melancholy. The girl's mother found her daughter as fond of him, and offered Mrs Traill, if she would let him go, she would regard him as her son, and marry him to her daughter in two years, so that she was forced to agree to it. Over he went, was married at the two years' end, and lived but seven months after. It is little more than a twelvemonth since he died; since which she has been very ill, is still low-spirited, but bore such a stroke with great resignation. When she is in any good spirits she is very entertaining. She is a little, well lookt, neat body, and far from being conceited; but her low spirits take often the turn of making her imagine she has a very bad appearance, and looks very odd-like. This makes her very shy to appear to strangers, and she told me, she thinks, "bless me, I wonder such an one comes abroad, I am not so odd-like as her; yet sometimes (says shee) I dress my-self well, and go out well enough pleased with myself; then in a little I think, bless me! I am set here, just like a monkey, and if any looks to me, I think they say to themselves, what an odd monkey-like creature is that? and if two or three look at me, I turn afraid, and am just ready to run away." There are few or none of the English who are not troubled with low spirits and vapours, of which they speak very freely; they will tell you they are quite over-run with the hip, or that they are quite hipacondryick; that is the name they give to low spirits or nervous.

We set out from Mr Traill's on Friday the 25th of June, for Harwich, all through the county of Essex; we past through Stratfoord, Rumfoord, Brantwood and Ingerston, where we dined. There we got a mighty chatty inteligent landlady; she told me the most of the busness in that country was feeding calfs for the London market. They let them suck (she had three, sucking two cows) till they are two months or ten weeks old, then

people come about whose busness it is to buy them up, and they have a long-bodied waggon, divided in places, where a calf stands on its feet cross the waggon; some waggons hold six or seven, and they pay the feeders about fifty shillings a-head for them. I found the cows did not give much more milk there than in other places, and as for the price, it can be no rule, as it is according as they have had the disease, as in that country it has been the most fatall. A cow that has recovered will give L.10. There is no remedy like to be found out for it, neither is there any fixt symptom, but all take it almost in different ways, some are quite bound up, some loose, some make no water, but all have a terrible running at nose and eyes, with such a smell that is intolerable. They are not allowed to open them, but to bury skin and all. The calfs, when feeding, are keept in the house very clean, and a large chalk stone fixed about a yard from the ground for them to lick. The cows are brought in twice a-day only for them to suck. Nowhere in England they milk their cows more than twice a-day; all down Essex they feed calfs, so some are carried seventy-two miles to market. The vealls are very large and fat, and sell at London at five-pence per pound. At this house I eat the best chickens I have seen; the landlady showed me how she fed them in a little house for the purpose: just by the water-pump there was a crib fixt about a yard from the ground; it was spoked in the bottom, so that the filth fell through; it had a division in the midst. In the one end were those already fat and ready for killing, which was after they had been fed for three weeks on barley meal and milk; in the other end were those who were feeding, so, as one parcell was killed, the others were ready; they were keept perfectly clean, and their crib and trough cleaned every day, and given fresh water to drink. The ducks she fed on coarse wheat, flour and bran, mixed with broth or dish water, and did not confine them.

She showed me her fish ponds, which were three in number; the first was a breeding pond, it was made with no great nicety; it shelved in from all sides, and very little fresh water was let into it, and it

was full of weeds and dirty; the other two had no great supply of fresh water, or rather so little that, if they drained them too clean, they could scarce get as much as fill them again; these they called feeding ponds; these two had a communication betwixt them, cross a walk of about twelve foot broad, and about eight foot over. This place was open above, and covered only with a lid made of timber spoked, which opened to every hand like a chest. It likeways had a spoked bottom which lifted up and let doun with a pully; the use of this was that they drew the pond, and took out the best of the carp, and put them into this place betwixt the ponds, which was fenced on each side with wicker or spokes, so that the water from both ponds got in, but the fish could not get out. So when they wanted to take any of them, they lifted up this bottom with the pully, which came up like a brander, and all the fish on it, so took what they wanted, and let it down again. They give their carp no meat, except sometimes a few grains, or that we call draff with pardon. The ponds were very weedy and thick; they clean them every year, and I imagine the reason the fish do not thrive with us in Scotland is, we supply our ponds too plentifully with fresh water. This woman keept a great many swine, which fed with the sheep; she had them ringed with a broad bit of iron, about a quarter of an inch broad, and put in like a ring in each of their nosetrills, as closs as a lady's ear-ring is in her ear, and some had one in the grissel betwixt the nosetrills. She told me they made very fat just on the grass; she complained heavily of the dear rents, twenty-five shillings per aiker, inclosed ground, and wished it were uninclosed that they might have it cheaper.

But this puts me in mind, that I should have told you before I left London, Lady Trilawny and I paid a visit to Provost Steuart,* at a place called Mitchem, about eight miles from London, on the other side of the river, which we past at Fulham Bridge, which is a large bridge made of timber, and pays a very high toll; a chaise and pair pays a shilling both going and coming. We had a good part of the road pretty

* See Appendix, No. V.

wild, what they call downs and we call moor. The road, as all are near London, was very solitary; however, we passed severall little villages, and came to that where Mr Stewart was, where there is a little running water, very clear and pretty, led by canalls through the court and garden. Mr Stewart has taken a long lease of this place, and has a very pretty large house, with a great deall of garden ground, and other grounds from another landlord, inclosed for thirteen shillings per aiker. He has the house, with every sort of office houses and pidgeon house, fine fruit walls and gardens, made at a great expence, with twenty-four aikers of ground, for L.69 per annum, the house very neatly finished, the hall laid with marble, a mahogany stair-case, the nicest water-closet with a cold bath, all which I thought very cheap, within an hour and a half of London, for we must not count by miles there. Archy was not at home, but Madam was, and we were very genteelly entertained, with an air of frugality rather than expence; and there we had a full desertation upon the politicks, and more intelligence than I had heard from my being in London, but as it may all be stale by the time it reach you, I shall omit it.

So, to return from whence I left my story, we slept that night at Witham; we set out early for fear of being too late for the paquet, and breakfasted at Colchester. We were attended at breakfast by a drawer, whom I questioned according to custom about the town and the country, and from whom I received much more satisfaction than common, upon which I was going to declare him the smartest Englishman I had seen, when, unfortunatly for England, he turned out to be a Frenchman transplanted young. From this we took post, being too late, and came to Manningtree, where, for the satisfaction of my Lady Buchan,* I must not omitt that I drank the best cyder ever I tasted, and it was directly the same taste as what she made at Goodtrees. Hers was so much of the taste of the apple, that I did not beleive it was the true cyder till I tasted this. We past by the fine seat of Squire Rigby, which Miss Rigby used to

* Born Agnes Steuart of Coltness, sister of the Authoress, and wife of Henry David, Earl of Buchan.

speak so much of, but though it be just on the banks of the Stour, which there is a very fine river, yet it is so situated, what with the planting, and the ground rising a little betwixt and the river, that it has not a sight of it. We arrived at Harwich in time enough, but found the wind was not fair for sailing, but as the paquet is obliged to saill so soon as the maill arrives, the captain would not tell us whether he would saill or not, till nine o'clock at night, and then let us know we might go to bed, which I was very happy at, as we had been very early up that morning.

Harwich is a pretty large town, but nobody but seafaring men lives in it, and most of its busness is the passage. There are four paquets belongs to it in time of peace; and, in time of war, they call the paquets from Dover, as it is not so safe from privateers as Harwich. The commanders of the paquets are named by the Government, and the ships are theirs; they are very small, not being a third longer than a Kinghorn boat, but much deeper, and somewhat broader, for they have two very neat cabins with eight beds in each of them, and in the first, or rather off it, is a small state-room with a bed. It is surprising the constant intercourse of passengers alone (for they carry no goods) there is betwixt England and Holland, for each of these paquets makes twelve hundred pounds per annum to the captain, who imposes sadly on the passengers. I suppose it raises as much to the publick, for we paid twelve shillings for our passage, and a shilling to the clerk; this should be for our passage, but then the captain has the cabin bedded at his expence, and, if you take a bed, you pay a guinea, and if not, the half: this makes the captain be sure to keep you a night on sea, though, if the wind be good, it may be made in twelve hours; you take provisions on board, or can have it from the steuart of the ship. The river at Harwich is but like half a mile broad. There is no harbour built, but they have two old men-of-war, one of seventy, and another of forty guns, the one runs out like a peer, the other turns like a head; they are firm to the ground, and make a very good harbour. You may propose this method to the Laird of Lundin; it will save so much time and labour, but I do not know the

price of an old man-of-war, for these were given by the Government, so I do not know if it would save money. There was a seventy gun ship building in the dock-yard; it was as high to the top from the ground as a house of three stories, and a prodigious length.

This county of Essex, which reaches all the way to Harwich, is a very rich country, and more pleasing to the eye, as it has severall rising grounds in it, and towns and houses set up to view, as it were. Its produce is mostly wheat, barly, and beans, and rapeseed, which they change alternatly with fallow. This looks to be a very rich, plentifull country, and is reckoned one of the best in England. Its whole produce goes to the London market; and I do not think it is so populous as I would expect. If you see one English town or village you see them all; they are very neat and pleasant. The inns in all this country are built (round a court-yard) of timber, and open galleries from whence most of the rooms enter.

On Sunday the 27th of June we went on board the paquet about eleven o'clock forenoon. We were in an inn which is not so much frequented as another, so that we did not know of any passengers but two young gentlemen I saw walking about, and one who lodged in our inn, come from New England; but we were no sooner on board but we found ourselves a very numerous company. As I have now got all their names, I may call them by name, which I could not do whilst on shipboard, nor for many days after: In the first place, there was an old lady with her son and daughter, the lady's name was Mrs Clark, her son was Peter Dondie, bred a corn factor; Miss Dondie was a girl about eighteen, not ill-lookt, quite a cockney, she has exactly the voice of the stage, and might be made a player, had she as much sense or feeling as to enter into the spirit of her part. Peter you have often seen acted by Stamper; he seemed to understand a horse-race or a cock-match much better than the price of corn; he is just the figure of a young squire who would be married to a cast-mistress, if some good-natured person in the drama did not prevent it, for which he would express his thankfulness with many

grins and smiles, severall bows and scrapes, shrugs, and rubbing of his hands for gladness. The old woman is a good-natured body, and seems to desire nothing so much that she would run the risque of giving offence to obtain it. She told me that she had severall troubles in her life; her first husband was a Frenchman, he died when the lassie was at nurse, and left her with Peter, another daughter and her. The other daughter was most charmingly married, but died a few months after, of the small-pox: that she had married, for a second time, a coall-merchant of the name of Clark. She did not know whether he was Scots or not. She supposed he was of no great family, or she would have heard enough of it, but indeed he was so unhappy, (which signifies ill-nature in Scots,) that she durst never ask anything at him he was not pleased to tell her. Now, do not suppose I got all this on board a ship, for you will see, by the course of our travells, I have met her often again. The next in rank of our company were two young gentlemen, the one, Mr Webb, setting out for the tour of Italy, and his companion, one Mr Bowlls, the son of a very rich father, who keeps a crown-glass warehouse near London. He had allowance from his father to accompany Mr Webb (who had been a Cambridge companion) the tour of Flanders, and was to return by Dover in a few weeks. Then we had one Mr Cookson, a merchant of Leeds, a very good descreet man, going abroad to settle his correspondence before the war break out;—a Presbiterian minister going to Utrecht to supply the place of Mr Brown, who has got the Church-history in St Andrews;—a very fine body they call M'Culloch;—two messengers, one returning to Pettersburgh from London, he is an officer in the service, as the Russian Court has no people of that kind or office as we have; this gentleman, in his way to London from Harwich, where he had never been before, met with a company of Germans, so, for the sake of coming with them, he left the English passengers, and joined the Germans, who made him pay the whole expence of the company, which was L.7, and told him England was a very dear place. He was one of the merriest finest bodies ever I saw, and sung vastly fine. The other mes-

senger was a very smart lad; he was going to Berlin, and from that to Petersburgh, and the two were to set out together a journey of twenty-two days, night and day travelling, and was not to have off their clothes till they arrived. He was sent to Lisbon with the account of the present from the Parliament, and was there at the second great earthquake.

We had likeways a Doctor Monro going to study at Leyden, but he had as much knowledge already as would do all his busness, which he had bought for forty shillings; this was to cure the jaundice by purifying the water of the person affected, though at twenty miles distance. He had likeways in his pocket a bottle of drops infallible for preventing sea sickness, which was no other than the spirit of lavender; but if his other specifick be no better than that, he is forty shillings out of pocket. However, every body swallowed of it greedily, but, alais! it proved of no effect. Marinasa the opera dancer was in the company, and a companion of his, a Swiss, who was either a singer or a dancer, we could not know which, for he sung very ill, and did not look as if he could dance. This poor Italian applyed to the doctor for a few of his drops, which after taking, he fell sick, took his bed, and did not get up again till he was within smell of land; we all thought he would have died outright. All the company were sick, less or more, for first we plyed doun the river with a cross wind, tacking every half hour till the tide was spent, and about three o'clock afternoon, when we were of Orford, on the coast of Suffolk, we were obliged to cast anchor; which was no sooner done than every one fell a wameling as the ship did, and there was such sighing and groaning in the two cabins, as I never heard the like. Mr Calderwood had got possession of the state-room, and there lay he snug with the door shut, very squeamish, but did not throw up much. There was such a stink below, that I durst not go down, so sat above till it was almost dark; then down I must go, and into bed as soon as possible, very very squeamish. I could not keep my feet in the cabin. And it was such an opperation betwixt John and me, to get off some of my clothes, and to get on my night clothes, that had anybody been inclined to laugh, they might

have had a good subject. I at last got to bed, but such a night I think I never will forget. At the upper end of the cabin, a bed lyes across the stern, in that lay the Swiss dished up like a boiled salmond, (for it has no cover over it,) sick to death; on the right hand of it lay the almost expiring dancer; on the left lay the old lady; at her feet was Miss making a deplorable lamentation; at her feet lay I as quietly as I could; on the side with the dancer lay Mr Webb; John Rattray was laid before my bed, with his head on a clog-bag and his feet into the state-room. About twelve we all composed ourselves to sleep, but were very soon awaked by a most dreadfull storm of thunder, and lightning and rain. When I waked, I heard Miss calling out, "Oh, good La, is there any danger?" Mr Webb sitting up in his bed, with a night-cap and red vest, demonstrating to Miss that the thunder would not drown her. Bowles, who had come from the other cabin to pay us a visit, was speldring with legs and arms to keep his ballance, and holding by the walls, protesting he had never seen such a night; the poor dancer crying out his prayer and spewing by turns. I had sleeped so sound I had forgot where I was, when all this presented itself, and you may figure how astonished I was. The thunder continued for three hours; however, it had the effect to change the wind, so that we set saill again with a fair wind, about four o'clock in the morning. The minister, poor body, got up about nine, and made a large pot of coffee, which he came round with, declaring it to be the finest thing to settle the stomachs of the whole company; but it was ordained in this voiage, that every thing which was intended for a remedy proved quite contrary, for no sooner was the coffee swallowed, but every one fell sick, and I, who had withstood everything, at last yeilded to the minister's coffee, and made a clean stomach. My remedy came next, for about dinner time, I caused John make some mutton broath; by the time it was ready, we were coming within sight of land, so that it had a great effect on the company, as it is a good remedy comes in the end of a disease. Every one praised the broath, and wondered I could be so wise as to think of making broath; little did they know that I thought

I had not got a dinner since I left home for want of broath. The sight of land cheared every body's spirits, and even the poor dancer creept out of bed like a posioned rottan; he returned thanks to the company for their concern for him, but, indeed, it was only comiseration he had received from any of them but us. Every one said, the poor Italian is [ill,] but nobody offered him any assistance but the minister, who gave him of his coffee, and we gave him part of any thing we had. I sent him some peppermint water, and he reached out his bare neck, and head without a night-cap, and cryed, "Me thank ye, Madam." John gave him broath, and took great care of him, at which he was so thankfull that he gave John half a croun.

We came in sight of land about four o'clock afternoon, and arrived in sight of the harbour of Helveotsluce at eight: I say in sight, for there it seems it is the custome to cast anchor, that there may be money given for a boat to take you in, though the ship can go as easily as any other part of the voiage. The sea run pretty rough; the captain went into his boat, and all who were very impatient got in with him, but those who thought the sea rough demurred a little, of which number were the ladies, some of the gentlemen, and the Italian, and the Swiss, and two poor servant lasses I forgot to mention. We waited some time, and no appearance of the boat's return, and though it had, they that had gone into it made so bad a figure on the water, that we did not choose to follow them. Whilst we were considering what would be done, up comes a Dutch boat, a great odd-like thing, by all the world just like a great parton; for, instead of being hollow in the midst, it rose up round like the back of a parton, and had two boards fixed to the sides, not unlike the toes. There was two men in it, who asked a shilling per head from us; they could speak no English, we no Dutch; but you must take this alongst with you, that, in money matters, the Dutch understands any language. The poor lasses say to me, "But what will become of us, for we have not a shilling to pay?" "Go in boldly," says I, "we will not pay till we land, and then what can they do? If they threaten to drown you, the company

will pay two shillings to save you." So in we all went, and after we entered the harbour, they demanded the money; every one payed their shilling; when it came to the Swiss, he gave a guinea to change, and expected nineteen shillings back, which paid for him and the dancer, but they offered him but seventeen, withholding the other two for the poor lasses; upon which insued a scolding bout betwixt the Swiss and the skipper, each in their own language. The company interposed in every language they could speak, to try if any party could understand them, but to no purpose, and this was certainly the most lively representation of the Confusion of Babell ever I had been witness to. The two poor lasses were pointed at by both, and were terrified out of their wits; all that I could understand of the whole dialogue was, "G—d d—n ye," which was thrown out by both sides; which, to the honour of the English, has become part, and I think the only part, of the universall language so much wished for. This dispute was at last determined in favour of the Swiss, who got back his guinea, and somebody gave him two shillings to pay for him and his companion.

We got on shore, and came to an English house, we had been recommended to, where we, Mr Cookson, and the minister, put up; all the rest went to another. We got very good entertainment in a low parlour, very neat and clean set forth, with many pictures and much china. When we came to go up stairs to bed, there was a trap, which is the Dutch name for a stair, and, indeed, it answers all the idea anybody can have of a trap, for there was not two foot of difference betwixt the head and the foot of it, though it went straight up before you. The maid spoke English: "Bless me," said I, "such a stair!" "Madam," said she, "this is one of the best stairs in all Holland," which I found to be true. The next question was, in what manner we should go to Rotterdam. The parson had been instructed to go by water; there is no track-scoot goes from Helveot, but they go to the Brille in a waggon, which is but two miles, and then takes a sailing scoot up the Maes to Rotterdam. As this passage depends on the wind, it may sometimes be tedious, so that the

surest way, though the most expensive, is to take what they call a rattel waggon, that being the genteelest conveance straight to Rotterdam. In this way Mr Cookson and we intended to go, but the parson was instructed to go by water, and by water he would go; so Mr Cookson, we, and the two gentlemen, Webb and Bowles, set out in two waggons, and left the parson with the ladies, the Doctor, Petter, the dancer, and the Swiss. This waggon is a long-bodied narrow cart, that just holds two to sit in the wideness. There are four benches in it, including the one the driver sits in; it has very soft cushions on the seats, four wheels, and is very easy. It is drawn by two horses, but has no pole, for the horses are yoked to a cross-tree, and betwixt the two fore wheels there is a peice of timber turned up like a hook, and this serves for a rudder to the waggon, which the driver governs with his foot. The intention of this is, that in this way they can make a much shorter turn, and pass another machine much nearer, as the roads are very narrow, high raised on the top of what they call dykes, with deep ditches on each hand, and when you have to make a turn it is very sharp, and often upon a lite bridge which goes over one of these ditches. The horses are very well trained, and go at a good rate. This way of travelling was very agreeable; you know to a minute how long you will be on the road, for they count all by hours; it is four hours betwixt Helveot and Rotterdam. There was no cover over our head, and we saw the whole country round, which is very flat, but not inclosed any other way than by water, that is, in broad ditches always full of water, and in some places canalls; there are bushes of trees here and there, for all these dykes are planted, I suppose, to make them stand the firmer. All through the country are these dykes, far from the sea, and made only to prevent the water from going further should it breake in at any part.

We got to Rotterdam in good time to dine; the waggon set us down on the other side of the Maes, which we had to ferry over in about five minutes sailing or rowing. When we arrived at the ferry, Mr Webb, who had come in another waggon, told us he had rode in great pain; I

asked him what was the matter with him? "Why, madam," says he, "I have got the gravell, and the shaking of the waggon has brought it down upon me." "Bless me!" says I, "so young a creature as you to be troubled with the gravell is very uncommon." "I have had it," says he, "since I was at school; the schoolmaster was surly, and would not let me out to make water, and that brought it upon me;" and he really was in great distress, poor lad! We came to the best inn in Rotterdam, called the *Swyn's Hooft*, which being interpreted, signifies the sow's head. This house was keeped by a Frenchman, and a Dutch frowe of the first magnitude. There we had things dressed in the Dutch manner, some of which was new, which I shall tell you when I come to display my acquirements in cookery. I dined one day at the ordinary for curiosity, and there was a collection of severall nations, French, Dutch and German, and some of them could speak a little English. We had sixteen dishes of meat, and a very good desert of fruit, fresh and dry, for we here had the finest strawberries and cherries since ever we came to Holland. The price, besides the wine, which every body paid as they called for it, was a gilder the head.

Now, I must make you acquaint with the Dutch money in order to save me calculation when I name the price of any thing: The highest coin they have here is a ducat, that is a very pretty gold peice, broader and thiner than our half-guinea; that, when changed into silver, is five gilders five stivers, and the nearest thing to our nine-and-sixpence. The next coin to that is a gilder, which is twenty stivers; a stiver is rather more than our penny, for our shilling goes for eleven stivers, our half-crown for twenty-eight; so that there is a loss of a twelfth part in bringing English money here. There is two stiver pieces called double-sees; there is likeways five stivers and one-half, which is exactly the value of an English sixpence. Then there are six stiver pieces, these they call skillings, and twelve stiver peices, called two skillings or twelve stivers. They have the stiver in silver, and the only copper coin is doits, of which there are eight for a stiver. They have severall other

silver coins, as double and single dollars, but they are not now so much in use; and they have no other cold coin but the ducat, which, by general agreement, is allowed now to be current all over Germany, but they are looked upon only as a sort of conveniency, for they are not reckoned money, but merchandise. In any large payments, and in bills of exchange, or payments of any extent, silver is the only thing called money; and when a man makes a bargain, the payer will stipulate, that so much of the price is to be received in ducats, or rather gold. They have no paper credit, so you may judge what a mint of that ugly ill-coined silver must be in this country, when there are few peices of it above twenty-two pence of our money, which is a gilder.

The sight of the town of Rotterdam is something very new. It is situated on a very fine fresh water river, up which the largest ships can come, from whence every large street in the town has a canall, always supplied with fresh water every tide; the streets are on each side of the canall. There are the houses on one hand each within themselves; they have commonly two steps, then a flat of a black stone, or blew like marble, before the door, and as much on each hand of the door as hold a binch of the same stone, with the one end to the street, and the other to the house, where the carles sit in the evening and smok their pipes. Next to the steps is a foot-walk of bricks, laid with their edges uppermost; this sort of bricks they call clinkers, and are as hard as any flint. Next that they have a stone casway, about eight or nine foot broad; and, on the other side of that, to the edge of the canall, is all laid with these clinkers, and will be about as broad, or broader in many places, than the casway, and in the midle of it is planted a continued row of old fine elms, which are keeped in nice order, and make a fine shade. Ships of good burthen saill from canall to canall to any part of the town, and all the bridges are made to draw up to let them through, so that the town is intirely a mixture of houses, trees, and ship masts from the one end to the other, and this is the appearance and plan of every town in Holland. Their streets are keeped as clean as any parlour floor, washed

from the door of every house cross to the canall every day, with a besome made of small twigs. The Dutch maid-servants do nothing on earth but wash the house and the streets, and the veshells of the house and kitchen; none of them wash their linnen at home, they are all washed in publick fields and brought in wet, so that, when the maids have not them to dry and dress, they have nothing to do but slester and wash. They have plenty of water, and every house has a pump, and they will have a pump of water in every story. This is one inducement to wash, but the originall of it is the necessity, as the streets would in a few days gather a fog betwixt the bricks, and that in a short time would certainly breed a vermine. All the houses and the streets, and every thing here, are all founded on timber pillars, which makes the streets so noisy that it is quite intolerable; a wheel-barrow makes as much noise in passing as a coach and six would do in another place, and one would think they put rattling things to their machines to increase the noise. A great many things they carry on slipes, for instance barrells. They have slipes of a great length, on which I have counted four-and-twenty empty barrells. All the bread and things of common use are wheeled about in what they call a croy waggon, which is like a large box set on two wheels; it has no shaft, but a crooked thing like a hook, which they hold by, and pushes it before them, as fast as they can run it drives away. You see no porters here with burthens on their backs; all is carried on wheels or on slipes, which makes a prodigious and constant ratling on the streets.

Then there are a great number of coaches, made in a different form from ours. The coachman's seat is much lower, the fore wheels so low as to run in under the carriage when they turn. The coach is supported by two large braces [that] go through below it; it hangs very easy. All the back part is full glass down to the seat. They are large, and clumsily made; but all the Dutch carriages have a certain roundness, and a coach and a ship have the same bulge, in which both differ from other nations; but their coaches are most magnificently ornamented, and gilded to a high degree. A Dutch hacke is finer than any coach the King

of Britain has; black japaned ground, with fine carved corners; cornices round the windows, all upon the carriage, and on the wheels all over guilt. The gentlemen's coaches are still finer, all painted and japaned, and overlaid with coats of arms and coronets, as if they were all dukes and princes. They are all lined with flowered velvet, a gold or silver fringe round the coachman's seat; the finest liveries quite covered over with pacements, more than any drummer ever you saw, broad laced hats and large shoulder knots; the harness, some of red Turkey leather, with a great many fine buckles, double guilt; the horses' mains are plet with scarlet or other coulors of worsted binding; the reins are the same, and the horses has a large bob of a tasell at each ear, such as hang at a lady's chair, the same tying up their tails sometimes, and a large top betwixt their ears; they mostly are mares, which are very large, and finely shaped, very black, with long tails; they are so fat, so well keeped and clean skined, that they are the prettiest creatures ever I saw, and look much better in a coach than the light horses now used in England; they are not for such swift travelling, but they are better for draught and deep roads, and, were I to breed horses, I would have them for that use; the finest of them are bred in Frisland, and cost about two hundred gilders the peice, which is just L.18 sterling. The English horses of their size have risen since the war to L.25 the piece, and they could never keep up their number of horses in England without a great supply from this country every year.

Besides the coaches, there are many and various sorts of machines for travelling in Holland. There are phaetons made for holding six folks; the back part is like a coach, where two can sit; then there is a window, then another seat with no back to it; then there is another window, and then another seat; then, below this is a little bench for the driver; this goes likeways without a pole, and is conducted by a rudder; when it comes down a slope, (for there is no down hill,) the driver keeps it back by puting his foot against the horses' buttocks; in this way they can yoke either two or three horses a-breast. They

have no harness but a bridle, and sort of brecham about their necks, and yoked by ropes; to the outermost side of each bridle comes a small cord, which is all the command the driver has, but he has no need, for they are so well trained that they all obey by words. In a narrow road they will never flinch, though the briars and thorns brush against their faces that you would think it would pull out their eyes. Such horses as they use in these carriages for travelling are of a smaller size than those I mentioned before, and will drive seven or eight hours in a prodigious hot day, at the rate of betwixt three and four miles an hour, without any thing but a little water every two hours, and once a little grass and a bit of rye bread. There is no water on the roads for them to drink, as every wet place has a bridge over it; for that there are certain houses on the road who have always grass and water set out for passengers; the driver drinks a pot of beer, whiles his horses drink water, so on we go again. There are a great many rivers and branches of rivers to pass, which are too broad for bridges; on these they have the most convenient passage-boats can be: I have drawn you a very bad draught of it, but these two end peices are joined with bands, and these things on each side of them are trees fixed to them, which, by setting your foot upon them, the end peices are lifted up or let down. Any carriage, with the horses and passengers in it, drive just into it, and are ferried over; the boatmen pulling the rope pushes the boat from one side of the river to the other; so they drive out at the other end, the end board lying closs on the ground. This is an improvement may easily be transplanted into Scotland, where there is much need of it.

But, to return to the carriages, these phaetons are mostly for hire, though some keeps them for pleasure, as they are an airy carriage, and hold severalls. When we hire them, they carry servants and baggage, and come to less than a shilling per mile. They are finely carved and guilt, and lined with flowered velvet; they have no glasses, only a canvas, which may be tied down or rolled up to the roof. Another conveance is the post-waggon, the draught of which I send you likeways.

It is divided, the two first seats from the last, next the driver, by a canvas which draws up and down, so that it is like a coach and a chaise joined, only the folks in the coach and chaise may converse together or not as they please, by putting up or down this canvas. The two first sits face to face as in a coach, the other seat faces the horses, so that they sit back to back. Then they have a single horse chair, which is for one or two persons to take the air in, and this is a great diversion in the evenings. They are very neat, light things, highly ornamented. You have one of these an afternoon for half a crown, and drive as much as you please. Nobody rides by, for the horses are finely trained. Nobody rides a-horseback here, nor in all Holland almost, but the post. The country-people all travell in carts and waggons of various sorts. The conveance in the track-scoot I shall speak of when I come to travel in it.

The town of Rotterdam is a very busy place, ships loading and unloading every moment. One of the finest streets in the town, they call the Bomcase, is upon the side of the Maes, with a row of fine trees before the windows, through which you see an unnumerable quantity of ships and boats continually passing, and many pleasure boats, on which the young extravagant Dutch beaux lay out a vast deall of money. One of them I heard of had three sloops for his pleasure, of different sizes, the largest cost a thousand pound sterling. In this street there are the finest houses in the place, and severall of the richest merchants live in it. Every street is full of shops and ware-houses, and work-houses, where every sort of people are at work, and there is nothing comes from any part of the world which is not to be had there. There are certain places allotted for each market; the flesh is sold in a house and not exposed to the air; the fish is under shades; the herbs and fruit are in a place by themselves. These last are carried up and down the streets in baskets carried on the women's shoulders, and it is surprising what a weight they can carry hung to a peice of board which goes on their neck, to which the baskets are hung. All the strawberries are carried in little earthen pots set in those baskets, and are of the large hoyboy kind, very good. They are

vastly well supplied with garden stuff of all kinds; you buy one or two large cucumbers for a doit; the Dutch live greatly on garden things, rich and poor.

The houses all over Holland are built of brick, the walls very thin, six inches is the common; but the strength of the houses is in the timber. They have great oak beams, and severall houses, which are not of the finest, incline forward so much that the top is in some two foot off the plum, and looks as if they were falling forward; but this is done, it seems, designedly, either to widen the house above, or to make them cast the rain, but I imagine it is just an old fashion that nobody follows now. I cannot commend their architecture by no means. They look upon a stair as a necessary evil, so puts it in as little room as possible, and in as dark an out of the way corner as they can find. If the street runs a-squint the town, then all the houses run a-squint in the fore wall, and every room is two foot longer on the one side than the other. The chimney places are very droll like; they have no jams nor lintell, as we have, but a flat wall the grate is set to, and then projects over it a lum, in the form of the cat-and-clay lums in the country houses of timber, and commonly a muslin or point ruffled pawn round it; above that is what we call a chimney-piece, and above that severall other little cornices for setting china upon, which every house must be decked with. They have excellent bedding here, fine down and feather beds; most of the bottomes are timber, and over that a straw matress, then a large down bed, then a wool matress very thick; a Dutch bolster is at least three quarters broad, and not made round as ours are, but in the pillow shape; the pillows are in proportion, and made square. The finest bed I lay in in Rotterdam had no blankets, but a soft callico, quilt very thick with cotton, and very slightly quilted together. I thought I should not have enough of clothes, so took another, but soon found it too warm.

I expected to find in Holland the finest large basons, and every other thing of Delph, but, to my great surprise, found nothing but puther. Every thing you can imagine is made of puther, tea-kettle, tea-pot,

milk-pot, bason, chamber-pot, plates, casters, juggs, muggs, and every thing you ever saw in silver or in china. When I first went through the town, I saw, as I thought, the most magnificent silver-smiths' shops I could imagine, finely polished, in other shops silver-work unpolished, prettily chaced, but the culour of the inside of our new plate, and, upon enquiry, found that all the polished work was puther, and the unpolished silver. Providence has certainly wisely ordered, for the greater correspondence amongst mankind, that every country should despise its own produce or manufactures, otherways the Dutch, who are a very wise and rationall people, could never prefer the uggly puther to their fine china and Delph, nor our printed cottons to their fine chinces. If you say to a Dutch lady, "Your gown is a vast pretty chince," she will say, "It is not a chince, I do assure you, it is an English cotton, which I value much more." They are not come into the taste of paper in their houses; the guilt leather, or silk, or tapestry, is the only thing used. But the principall finery and expence in their houses are carving, guilding, stucko, marble, china of the ornamental kind and pictures. As for marble, there is the utmost profusion of it; a very indifferent house has the passages in marble, both above and below stairs. The kitchen floors are marble for certain, so is the floor of the little-house, and both those are lined with the glased tile. The Dutch houses are all after the same plan, which at first appeared to me very odd; some parts of the house that is to the street was three stories, some parts two stories, some but one story, and that lighted from the roof; but the reason of this is, they are greatly confined to the street, so can have but the length of one room to it, and then the house runs a great way back.

Mr Crawfurd's was the only fine house I was in. It is built after the Dutch plan, which indeed the ground prescribes. This house cost him, warehouses included, which lye behind the house, and in the sunk story, seven thousand pounds. His house is twenty-six foot long, and ninety foot deep. Now, how is the middle of this house to be lighted, but by cutting a room out in the middle of it? so that, instead of being five

rooms in deepth, it is first two, then a blank, and then two. In this blank there is one room on the ground, lighted from the roof, which some makes a parlour of, but they make some other use of it. This house is built of brick, some stone pillasters and ornaments above the door as you come in. There is a passage laid with very fine white marble, every stone about six foot long and four broad. Off that, all on one hand, enters the compting room, and other places for his busness, and this lantern room, as they call it, or hot-bed, as I called it. Above stairs, and up a very good stair, (which is a wonder,) there is another long passage, laid with marble, and the walls lined with white tiles. The fore room is a very pretty one, lined with green and gold leather, the chimney in the English fashion; but, as the walls are so thin, they cannot contain it. It must be built so as to project upon the room, and all that projection is marble back to the wall. All above the lintell is carved in wood, with brecates set out for china. The roofs in all the best rooms, and in this, are stucko, which was wrought by an Italian, much cheaper than Rennick's, and of so hard a nature that it is like stone. The roofs of the rooms are all high, and the doors and windows very high; the windows will be about twelve by five or six foot, and the doors more than seven foot. The bricks of which the houses are built are vastly hard; Mr Crawfurd had forgot to bore a hole for a bell, (which, in every house, is put so as the handle is at the side of the outer door, that, instead of knocking, you ring,) and in peircing that hole through the brick, it was as hard to do as if it had been marble. Behind this room I have described there is a parlour, lighted into the void; beyond the void a bed-chamber, and behind that a drawing-room. You may judge of the windows, when three window curtains and two peices of hangings will take ten peices of Indian damask to hing them. Above they have lodging rooms, a large nursery, (as they have ten children, the eldest little more than ten years old,) and a place for drying clothes, which I thought vastly convenient. There are joists laid alongst at the height one can reach, at the distance of about eight foot from each other, and on them are cut out, at about two foot

distance, a notch, and betwixt every joist, at that distance, is laid a poll, on which the clothes are hung; the polls always lye on the joists, so they just take down the one end, and string the clothes on and put it up again, which is very clever. Up in the garret lye the peats: the Dutch allow nothing to be carried through their houses, so, how think you the peats gets up to the garret? they come in at the window, or rather a place made on purpose, with a tackle and pulley; a basket is tied and let down, so everything is put into it that is wanted up stairs. Then, to take them down again for use, every story has a bunker for peats, and these bunkers have a communication from each other, and up to the garret, by timber spouts, such as they let down malt with. The peats have little ashes, so that a white-iron pan takes away the whole day's ashes, which the maid carries away in her hand with a cloth thrown over it. As for clean water, every story has a pump, and as for the foul water, every story has a little-house, in which all the dirty water is thrown; and, as it has a communication into the drain, it keeps it always sweet and clean. In the hottest day in summer, these little-houses, which are made in that way, lined with tile and laid with marble, have no more smell than the finest drawing-room. I have been particular in the description of this house, as I reckon it in the conveniency equall to the best. Every one of the lower order is in the same stile, only some very bad copies, and many exceed it in expensive finishing: their kitchens are very neat.

The peats are a vast conveniency, as they serve for stove holes in any part of the kitchen without a vent above, as the peats they use in the stoves are chared, and have no smock, that is, they are half burnt, and then smothered; but, at any rate, they are of a much finer kind than we have. They are all fished with nets out of a lake, like coffee grounds, then laid out in heaps to dry, and so cut into square peices; they are brought to every town by the cannalls. Those peats have a fine heat, and answer all sorts of kitchen use better than coals, as with them they use every sort of earthen vessells for the kitchen. This, or charcoal,

with an earthen pot, is the whole secret of Madamosel's *boulie* we could never light upon; and this is like many imported improvements, which, by not answering, gives our country the character of being stupid, self-conceited, wedded to our own way, &c., when, behold, the very materials are not in use amongst us, that such things can only be done by.

I must here make a degression, least I forget it, of some things of the same kind. How often have I heard us blamed for the Dutch excelling us so much in both whiteness and cheapness in their bleaching? The Dutch say they have certainly a secret, and a method of bleaching which we cannot obtain, and our wise Trustees have bestowed a vast deall of money upon rogues, who pretend they have got the secret of the Dutch bleaching, when the Dutch have no more secret than what Margaret Pedie [has,] and I suppose her great-grandmother had before her, which is boiling her cloth and laying it out to the sun, and watering, and puting it into sowr milk when it is near white. They give their servants a great day's wage, perhaps twenty-pence, and yet they bleach at two-pence farthing their yard, which is our three quarters. The secret of it is what I am afraid can never be brought into Scotland, at least the two main articles, the last may. First, there is no duty on either soap or pot-ashes. The wood-ashes they get down from Germany by the Rhine, at a perfect trifle, as any body may imagine, that, if an ash-midden is worth carriage, it is worth but little more. In the next place, the weather is quite serene and constant, and, for most part in summer, very hot; and, last of all, the water is quite of a different quality. There are no springs in all Holland, though the country is full of water. This water falls from the heavens in winter, and covers the whole face of the ground, and what is carried with great rapidity to the sea with us, by every river and burn, with them lies in the ground for want of levell. For this reason, the whole country is cut into these cannalls and ditches in order to receive it, and what lies in the hollow places, and cannot get into the cannall, is drawn up by wind-milns, and thrown into the cannalls, and this

is one great use of the unnumberable wind-milns through Holland: besides, these cannalls have all a circulation of fresh water from the great rivers, which keeps them fresh all summer. But it must appear, at this rate, that the water here is of a much softer quality than any in Scotland, and the only way that can be supplied with us for bleaching is, to make ponds which shall keep as much water as will serve a bleaching-feild all summer. Harlem, which is the famous place for bleaching, has the finest water; there are many sand hillocks near it, which the water comes through, and, as it were, filters it from all sort of minerall or bad ingredients of any kind. Most of the reproaches our country meets with are as ill founded as this, and can only be the effects of want of enquiry or reflection.

I once thought that Scotland might carry on a greater trade than it does, from its advantageous situation for the sea; but, if they should import, who is to take it off their hands? there is no country behind them to supply, who has not the advantage of the sea-ports, which is the case of Holland, who has all Germany to supply; neither have they a great demand at home, like England, which is a great country, and most part of it inland, that must be supplied from the trading towns on the coast. Or, to what country can they transport their merchandize, which they have imported more than serves themselves, that cannot be as cheap served by nearer neighbours? They have no East India goods, which are almost the only goods that are demanded by all the world, so that no country, which has not one or more of these advantages, can ever become a country of great trade. Scotland, I find, must be content to raise as much grain, as many cattel and sheep, as many coalls, as much salt, as much linnen, &c., as it can; build as many ships to carry to other folks, and catch as many fish, and find work for its own inhabitants at home as possible, in these particulars which it can supply others with, and its inhabitants of a higher rank give all encouragement to home produce; for no projects beyond that have ever succeeded, because they

were contrary to the naturall constitution of the country, and failed, from the same reason a plant does which is put into a soil where it cannot receive its proper nourishment.

The Dutch herron will cost me another degression, so I shall mention them here. You know there were great hopes conceived of the British herron fishery, which has not succeeded, and every body said that is very odd. Will you see how the Dutch herron fishery always thrives, and how many bushes they have? but you must know that that affair of herron is like witchcraft here. The first herron that comes in are cured after a particular manner. The French salt is refined here, and then sent out to cure the herron. Every town, or certain ships, are priviledged by turns to bring home the first herron, which no sooner arrive, than every man, woman and child in Holland run upon them as if they were mad; they will sell in the morning for half a crown the peice, and at night come down to threepence. The first herron arrived, since I came here, about three o'clock in the morning, and I was told one of the great burgomasters in this town sent out for a couple, and sat up in his bed and eat them. It can be nothing but a sort of naturall instinct that makes them be so run upon, for it is observed no disease rages the time of the herron, and they cure every body that is not well. They are all eat raw, and appear to be so fat that they are almost transparent, which must be owing to the curing, for they are the same with ours. They are not very salt, and they call them fresh herron; they will not keep any time, and ships are constantly coming in, and they are as fast eat up. They are likeways sent to all parts of Germany, and the first which arrives are sent in a present, express to the King of Prussia. Suppose this is but home consumpt, and brings in no money from other countries, yet, finding employment for a people at home makes them not think of going out of the country; and when they apply themselves to get bread at home, they think of many ways of doing to the advantage of their country. All the folks in Holland who live by carrying, (that is, upon the water, either out at sea or on the cannalls,) their whole

family lives in the boat, and they have no other house; wife and bairns all live in the scoot always. But these track-scoots who carry passengers have no family living in them. This is the reason why the Dutch fish the herron and other fish cheaper than other nations. The master of the vessell is always at home, and does not keep two families, and they all live on the herron that they catch, so has no provision to take with them but bread and cheese.

I find it was a great loss that I could not speak to the folks and ask questions, so that there are many things I could not inform myself of. I went with Mrs Crawfoord to a dairy farm, for all the grounds almost in the province of Holland are grass. They have lost, by the disease, all their fine breed of cattle, and, by the supply from Denmark and other countrys, the cattle is become small. The ground belongs mostly to the boors; there are almost no other lairds in the province of Holland. No gentleman asks more than a house and garden, and, indeed, it would be needless to have land, for, of a hundred gilders of rent, there comes off seventy gilders of taxes; for it takes the whole rents of the country, and much more, to support it and the government; as it is all art, it must be keept up at a great expence. This dairy I went into; the woman, her second husband, (who had been her servant,) and her son, lived in [it.] There is not a wife in Scotland that is not as well drest or genteel like as her, and yet she had had two thousand pounds to her tocher. Her first husband was very rich, and her marrying the servant man was not an odd thing at all, he was as good as she. They keep forty cows, and had lost their whole stock three times over with the disease. I inquired into the management of their milk, and found that, so soon as it is milked, they sieth it into a brass veshell tinned within, of the shape of the green water-canns used by our country people. They immediatly put those veshells into cold water, and let them stand till the milk is cold; then they pour it into earthen veshells, narrow below and wide above, and let it stand only a day and half, and take care that the cream be not sower in the least. They churn three times a-week, and what the churn wants of

being full, they fill it up with new milk, which is sometimes more or less, but often a third part. This churn is wider in proportion than ours, and like the hold of a nine gallon barrell; it works with a churn-staff, and is wrought by a very simple machine which is moved by a horse in a little house adjoining, yoked in a thing of the nature of Lundin's pump. But the great nicety of the Dutch butter is the salting of it; they never put more salt on it than is common to put in England on the first butter, which is just a little more than we do. The proportion, they told me, was like our mutchkin of salt to twenty pound weight of butter, and with this I eat butter of last summer, which I did not know but that it was churned the day before. This salt they work into the butter after it has been washed from the milk as well as possible, and pour a pickle on it till the next morning, then pour it off, and so on till the barrell is full. The barrells are like half ankers, but all depends on the keeping it. When in the barrells, it should stand near nothing but what it attracks a taste from, where it can contract no taste, nor be too dry. So, in the best houses in Holland, they have a place for their butter like a press, lined with tiles, and, when they take any out, they never hollow it, but slice it smooth off, and the least bit must not be left on the sides of the cask.

The Dutch churches are very clean and pretty, all paved, some with marble, some with stone. They have very few seats fixed, and most people sit on chairs. This church is battered as full of escutchions as the wall can hold. There is a fine organ in each, and in severall, very pretty monuments of the Orange family, and of their great admiralls, as De Roiter, &c. I think they are the best set of reformers, for they have just keeped what they could affoard, and no more, and whim or fancy never governs the Dutch. A Sunday is very droll in Holland; they almost all wear black to go to church, and you would take them for so many seceders, they put on such a Sunday face, and walk as if they would not look up. No sooner is the sermon over but they fall to feasting, drinking and dancing. This was certainly not originally presbiterian; but,

as their situation made all nations come amongst them, they could easily perceive they would not get a day, in which there was no work, keeped in a manner peculiar to themselves, so I suppose they thought it better to permit such things, than to let them be done by way of a sin; which, to be sure, was right, for, when folks come to think light of one sin, they soon think light of others: and you see, in all penitent confessions, that breach of Sunday was the first thing loosend their conscience.

The Dutch folks are very solid and rationall. They are not the people I would like to live among, by their appearance; but one must admire them for their solidity, industry, and pains-taking in every thing, and for the latitude they give to every body to follow their own way. They have no notion of what we call *whity whaty*, nor can they, I find, comprehend one's being undetermined. Though they have no vivacity, yet I think they are smart, and smarter, a great deall, than the English, that is, more uptaking. I must be judge of this, as I went very much about by myself, and into every shop and place, and I found it very easy to make them understand what I wanted to know about their business, though I had not above ten words of Dutch, which did, you will allow, require some smartness. A china wife and I turned very great; she gave me her direction, and set down the price of several of her best things, and told me the age of every peice in her shop. It was from her I bought the small bottles I send you. They have no notion of your troubling them; if they think you come unresolved whether to buy or not, and in that case are very short, and ask you if you intend to buy, or if you be wanting anything; but, if you buy a triffle, or say that you are a stranger looking for curiosity, or that you would buy, but cannot carry things from place to place, then they are very civill. The thing I think the oddest about the Dutch is their appearance; there [are] almost none of them have the look of gentlemen or ladies. The men are tolerable; they have the air of sober men of busness, but, for the ladies, they look like chambermaids, put on them what you please, and they dress very plain. A fine guilt coach will pass, and in it a chamber-

maid in her Sunday's clothes, or an old worn-out housekeeper; and, when you see them walking from church, drest, they are just like a lady from the country, who has not had on a hoop, nor a fan in her hand, for twenty years, looking very prim, with her elbows into her sides, her two hands streight out before her, holding the fan out likeways, as if she was to red her way by it, and hagheling, as if she thought all her pitecots were coming off. And this is a description of every body, for there is no odds in any town, either in the appearance of the people or the place, for, shut your eyes, and you will not know in what town you are, they are so like.

What do you think of their making salt in Rotterdam, as a proof of their industry? The salt water is brought severall leagues off, and their peats from high up in Germany, yet they made salt almost as cheap as we buy it in Scotland, till of late, that the States has laid a duty on it. The salt water is brought in a boat, which is made to hold a certain quantity. The boat goes down the Maes out to sea, they pull out a cork, and she draws as much water as she can hold; in with the cork, and away they come, and it is pumped out of the boat into the salt-pan. This is an improvement to Mr Martin, least his water is too fresh.

Every thing of vivers is dear in Holland but vegetables, upon which the commons live almost all summer, and the better sort a great deall. Every body, great and small, sups on sallad with oil and vinegar. Their cookery is preferable to ours in all sorts of stewes or stoved things. They stew almost all the vegetables which we boil, which I think is a great improvement, as it gives many of them a taste which otherways has none; for instance, carrots stewed as we do cabbage. Turky-beans and pease they make great use of, which are very good boiled, or rather stewed in the hulle, like kidney-beans: they have no stoffin within; I have seen them in Scotland, the English name is "pease without parchment." Nobody chooses to eat beef in Holland at present, for the disease; for, whenever they are seized with it, they kill them, and eating them does no harm.

I have just now heard of a hand to carry this to London, so shall refer further minute particulars, and carry myself as far on as I have time to do in this. It was on the last day of June, I beleive, we got to Rotterdam, which was on Tuesday, and on Saturday we hired a pheatone, and set out for the Hague. In our way we dined at Delph, and went to see the Delph manufactory, which is much the same as you saw at Glasgow; but, least the composition be other than they have, I brought away a peice of it. They had very little of it to dispose of at the place, and that very dear; it is all sent out of the country somewhere, for there is little made, for I told you they did not use it in Holland. The road betwixt Delph and the Hague is about five miles of a fine avenue, quite shaded, with a cannall on one hand, and grass grounds full of cattle or hay on the other.

The Hague is a very pretty town, with cannalls and trees like the rest, but many very fine houses, which is a great ornament to the street. We lodged in an English house, and Mr Brown, our landlord, I imagined had been there all his life, as he spoke broken English, but, to my surprise, found he had been but two years there, and had hardly got any Dutch, so that I suppose poor Mr Brown will soon fall through betwixt two stools. (*N.B.*—All the English one finds settled abroad in that sort of station are the lightest headed divels in the world.) Here we forgathered with our fellow passengers, the lady and her son Peter, and Miss, and the doctor. The doctor declared he had not tasted meat he could eat since he came to Holland, till that day that he had eaten roasted chickens and green pease, and imputed it to the English house. Mr Calderwood begun to sift him, as he wore a Scots name, viz. Monro, and asked him if he was come of Scots parents, or if he knew Proffessor Monro at Edinburgh? "Yes, yes," said he, "he is my relation, but it is by his wife." "Then you are related to Sir Alexander Macdonald's family?" said Mr Calderwood, at which the doctor was non-plussed, and asked him if he had ever been at Cambridge, and talked very fast about cocks and bulls of Cambridge, by which he found out that the doctor

could not give a very good reason for his being called Monro, and, after some conversation he had in the ship about the Duke of Grafton, concluded he was a bastard of his who bore that name. I would warn every man, who would conceal his birth or station, not to choice a Scots name, for the first of the country he meets will find him a counterfit.

The Court was not at the Hague; they were paying a visit to the old Princess at her country house in Frisland. The Princess Governante is in but a bad sort of condition; she cannot keep up her eyes all day, but sleeps closs, and, in her coach on the street, her head lies on her breast, rolling like a bullet, fast asleep. Whenever she goes to bed, she cannot sleep a wink. In summer she is like to starve of cold, and in winter like to die with heat; so that she is contra all human kind. Her daughter, Princess Caroline, I beleive, is about fourteen; she is as big a fraue as is in Holland, and nobody to look at her would take her to be under thirty. They say the Prince is a very pretty boy, but it is thought a great chance if he claw the head of an old Statholder. The Princess is not well liked; she imploys none of the Dutch in any office almost, and imploys Germans and Swiss in her troops, and, in short, is under a weak ministry. I suppose the Statholder will be thrown overboard sometime or other to lay a storm.

What is shown to strangers here are the churches, horses, guards, and States' chambers. There are three chambers; first, where the States meet at a long table, covered with green cloth; at the head is a chair for the Statholder, at the one side one for the Pensionary, and twenty-four of the others; before each lies a quire of paper, and betwixt two is an inkstandish. The second room is for the embassadors being received or their meeting, and the other is for the triall of state crimes. In this last are severall pictures, reckoned very fine; they are but about a foot and a half square, and the three first an English peer offered twenty thousand pounds for. They are the crewalties of the Spaniards before the revolt, and their liberty obtained by the Prince of Orange. The

rest of this building is the State-house of the Hague, for every town is under its own goverment, and none has more to say than another, further than the richest has influence over the rest by their power of serving them; by which means Amsterdam obtains a leading in the province of Holland, and the province of Holland leads the other provinces, so that the Burgomasters of Amsterdam in a manner govern the country. Upon Sunday we went down to see what they call the House in the wood. This is a very neat house of the Prince's, in the midst of a wood, which begins at the town, and reaches four or five miles. It is all cut out in broad and narrow roads and walks, and in that every body walks, or drives in their coaches, and that night being Sunday, it was very full. There is not much fine furniture in this house, but some very good paintings, and fine marble and stuco, and a painting of a whitish culour like stuco, that you cannot beleive is not raised from the wall till you touch it. There is a truly Chineas room and closet, with japaned finishing, and fine china, and all Indian. I was through all the stables at the Hague; the horses were out at grass, but you might have eat off the floors for cleaness, and not the least smell of a stable. There was fifty-eight treveses in one end, and thirty in another; the poles hung betwixt the stalls were covered with plates of copper, and the side of the manger likeways, to hinder the horses from biting it with their teeth. I cannot see how the Princess can keep up things in proportion to her stables and coaches, with servants to wait on them. Her coaches were very fine, and of all kinds, but no grander than many others; and, indeed, unless you come to fine painting, they can go no greater length in guilding and carving. I saw a chariot exposed to sale, quite new, as a generall who had bespoke it was dead. The whole ground of it was gold, and green flowers painted on it; it cost but L.100 sterling at first, and was sold for about L.75; had it been made at London, it would have cost, in proportion to other machines, L.300.

We went likeways to Schevelin, which is a little town on the sea, about two miles from the Hague, and may be called their Leith, but that

no vesell larger than a fishing sloop lies there. The sand is all of the gray culour, and large hillocks of it, with bent on them, is all the defence they have against the sea. Last winter, they lived in the terror of their lives; eight hundred men wrought night and day to keep the sea from breaking in, and there was a battry of cannon placed, the firing of which was to be a warning to the people to make their escape into Utrecht or Gelderland, which lies higher than the province of Holland and the Hague. We saw, betwixt the Hague and Schevelin, the fine gardens made by the Duke of Portland, and now possessed by his son, the Count Bentick; there is nothing but a summer-house on the place, but the gardens are of great extent, with walks and hedges, water-works and shell grottos and orangeries, all with a neatness and cleanness which appears no place but in Holland. There [is] no green grass under trees in all this country where one is to walk, which is certainly a good contrivance; if it is not keeped, it is very rough and course, and if keeped, is very expensive, and besides, it is damp, and wants air. They have no gravel either, so they supply the want with sand, which does very well. They are very fond of arbours and summer-houses of honeysuckle, and long walks, which they train up with an hedge on every side, and, after it is come to a proper hight, then they pleat the boughs over to meet, and arches the roof with stick, like girths, to which they tye the tender shoots, till it is closs above, and clips it as smooth ever after as the rooff of a house; and these, with a sand floor, make a very pretty walk, oppen at both ends. They have a way of rearing their thorn hedges here contrary to ours; they bring them first to their hight, and then to the thickness. The way is, they train them up upon small pailling like espaliers, and tye them round with rushes to it, till it come to a proper hight, which it comes to in about three years, and then they keep it down, and clip the sides of it, till it is at a proper thickness. And all the little gardens in Holland are vastly neat. Round every town are little country houses; they are very showy, they train vines upon the walls by speking over the walls, and nailing the vines to that. They

have little parterrs laid in the shapes of flowers, with culoured bits of glass, which look very pretty. They lay out vast summs on those country houses betwixt the Hague and Harlem. They stand very closs to each other, and no man has more than a house, garden and park; and that he will lay out ten, fifteen, twenty thousand pounds sterling upon, in statues, marble grottos, fine furniture and paintings; and there are the finest flower gardens in all Holland, and the country there is but a dead sand.

We set out from the Hague for Amsterdam in the post waggon: when we came to take our seats, there came in a very genteel well-looked man, about thirty-five years old, his own hair, and looked liker a French than a Dutchman; he had a very fine diamond ring, and looked like a finer man of note in that country than you would think would travell in a post waggon, so we took him for a stranger. Mr Calderwood spoke to him in French, but he answered in very good English, which I was very glad of, as it was dull for me to travel a whole day with folks I did not understand. After we were set, a very tall, grave-like man came up to take his place, but, finding there was only a back seat, he chused to go up beside John, who sat on the seat which was oppen to the horses, behind where the driver sat. The first man told us that man was professor of devinity amongst the anabaptists at Amsterdam, and a very learned man. After he was set, we let down the canvas which divided him from us, and, when he heard us speaking English, he joined in the conversation, though he did not speak it so well as the other. We soon found the first was a Burgomaster of Amsterdam; he knew all the places on the road, and told us the great folks who lived in them. Severalls of the best were his near relations; such an one was embassador in France, and such an other had been or was embassador in England, and so on, and the valuable and curious peices of furniture they had. We got all the Dutch politicks; we joked them upon the rest of Europe saying they were in the interest of France, but the professor said the English could not be perswaded but they must be in the interest of France,

since they would not join in the war, but that was a mistake; for they loved the English better than the French, but they loved themselves better than either, and that a strict neutrality was their true interest. "The English," said he, "has been very rash, and it will be a most unhappy war; had the French begun and hurt Britain in Europe, we are bound by treaty to give a certain specified assistance, but America is out of that question." They were very inquisitive about the ministry in England, for they said it appeared to be a very weak administration. We found they had both been in England, and were acquented with severalls of the great folks, especially the young man. He said he could not understand the pleasure the English took in horse-races and cock-fighting, such cruel diversions, but said, what things folks were accustomed to, they did not reflect upon the cruelty of them; for, when he was in England, a gentleman whose house he was at desired him to show him the way of dressing a water-sutchy. "I took," said he, "the pearches alive, and scraped them with a knife, for otherways the scales do not come off. 'Oh!' cried the Englishman, 'was there ever such cruelty, to scrape the fish alive?' 'Are not you as cruel,' said I, 'who can take so much pleasure in tormenting a poor cock for your diversion?' 'Truly,' says the Englishman, 'I never thought on that before.' 'Nor I,' said I, 'of the pain it gives the pearches.'" This puts me in mind of an English boy who served in the inn at Rotterdam. We asked him how he liked Holland; he said, very well, but it was not like England. We questioned him to find in what he thought England excelled it to the like of him, and found that his fault to Holland was, there was no horse-racing nor cock-fighting. "In good faith," says John, who was standing by, "the Dutch has some other tow in their rock!"

The professor was very fond of the English books, in particular the divines; and to see the odds of clergymen in one country from another, or rather the Dutch from any other! a generall tolleration to all religions intirely puts out bigotry. This man, who differed from others in some religious points, had no notion of suppressing or discouraging popery; on

the contrary, he exclaimed against laws for suppressing it, or using any means but perswasion, and wondered how the English could make laws for Ireland to hinder protestants and papaists marrying together; and the Burgomaster told us their custom with regard to that was, that when papaists and protestants married together, they made a contract concerning the way the children were to be educated. If any of the parties died, if the survivor did not keep up to the articles, and the freinds complained to the magistrate, they called for the contract, and ordered it to be fulfilled; and that he had been in that office last year, and during the time he filled it, he had ordered severall protestant fathers and mothers to breed their children papaists, in terms of their contract of marriage. This puts me in mind of the Jews, who are the drollest set I ever saw. We call them, by way of reproach, *smouce*, but that is only a name for a certain sort of them; I asked a man if he was a *smouce*, and he said, "Ya, Mefrowe." They wear their bairds, and the women you will know by a certain sort of mutch they wear with a double row of plaits, and closs battered to their faces, so that you see none of their hair, and some has a curl of wool round their faces, by way of a wigg, some black and some white. I went into their synegogue one morning, and they were at service, but what kind I could not find out, but I suppose it was a fast-day, for there were two men standing on the altar, I suppose, for it was raised higher than the rest, in the midst of the room; there was a lamp burning, though the sun was shining. They were both reading aloud, with harn clouts on their heads, and severall of the congregation had harn clouts likeways. Some were sitting with books in their hands, some standing, reading or looking on a book, some walking about, snuffing and cracking as loud as if they had been in the street; in short, you never saw such a congregation; some were coming in, some going out, and those who went out had their harn clouts in their pockets. In Amsterdam, they have a quarter of the town to themselves, and they say it is the oddest, nasty, raggamuffin-like place ever was seen, and people go to see the Jews' quarter for a curiosity.

But to return to our company. The first time we changed horses, which we did three times by the road, the professor came into the coach, but all we could say he would not accept of a seat to be drawn forward; for well did he like to crack with a stranger, and Mr Calderwood and he went through all the English books, which he was delighted with. The first time we changed horses, we met an empty post-waggon returning to the Hague; we stopped, and their horses were put into ours, and on we went without stopping five minutes, for it is only taking out and puting in a cleik, for all the horses are yoked in together. When we came to a ferry, we drove into the boat and out without stirring; when we changed again, we drove into a stable, and the horses were changed, and we drove out at the other end; and when we changed for the last time, we stopped at a very small village, the pleasantest ever I saw. It was quite shaded with fine old trees, in the midst of a wood, nothing like a street, but a few houses built as it were on the road side, and all the trees meeting above, so that it was almost quite dark. Here we went into a house; it was about four o'clock, and we had travelled closs since eight. We had a cold chicken with us, of which none of them would partake, but called for a peice bread and butter, with some thin slices of what they call *cumin caas* laid on it, (which is cheese made of skimed milk, mixed with different sorts of seeds, which you buy for three halfpence a pound,) and a drink of beer. We called for a bottle of claret, which they took a glass of; but, when we asked what was to pay, we were told nothing, and the Burgomaster said very politly, that he had been very handsomly [entertained] in England, and that it gave him great pleasure to have an opportunity of showing he was sensible of it to any of the British. When we told this again, it was said to be the most wonderfull thing ever happened from a Dutchman. When we came near Harlem, there is a large wood, all cut out in broad walls with vistos, which were vastly pretty, as each of them looked at the end like the arch of a bridge, which you saw through, the wood was so closs and so dark. Most of them we passed terminated on the Harlemer-mere, a

large salt-water lake. The Burgomaster ordered the driver to go off the road, and drive into the wood to show it us, which showed his authority; for, if a Dutch driver was driving any king in Europe, he would not budge out of his road for him. All the road we came was planted on every side, and, as we drew near to Harlem, there was a row of these country houses I mentioned before on each hand. As we came through Harlem, it was *Kearmas*, which is a great fair, which all the towns in Holland hold once every year, and to which all the merchandise of every part of Europe is drawn, that is, to the great towns. In Amsterdam it holds six weeks, in Rotterdam one week, and they say is the greatest curiosity that can be seen; a collection of all nations, and the produce of every nation, to an immense value. Harlem is not a great town, so the *Kearmas* was not so fine, but there were mountebanks and rope-dancers, and the Lord knows what, and a vast crowd. Harlem is a very pretty, gay-looking town, but we did not stop at it. After we passed it, we saw the cannall, which joins with a sluice to the Harlemer-mer; we asked if any attempts had been made to drain that lake; they said they had land enough, and unless they had more inhabitants, the acquisition of land would only diminish the value of what they had; and that all the land they had was dear of the upholding. Here all the country and road was open, when before it was all planted, which was a very pleasant variety. When we came in sight of Amsterdam, and Saardam, (which lies over a ferry of half an hour's sailling, but looks to be very near,) it appeared like a wood of wind-milns; the road was quite straight, and the cannall on one hand, with a great many track-scoots constantly passing.

We arrived at Amsterdam about seven o'clock, and when we came to the gate of the town, there was waiting for our Burgomaster a most magnificent coach, with servants in laced liveries. He offered to carry us to the inn, but we would not accept, so the professor and he stepped in, and we parted. Travelling in Holland, you see, is so safe, and so easy, that this man, though he could very well affoard it, had neither his own coach, nor a servant with him; it is just stepping in at one town at a

certain hour, and you can promise to a minute when you will be at the next, without ever stepping out of the *voiture*, unless you please. But they say the Dutch are famous for the care they take of their horses and their wives; and, indeed, it is very seldom you meet a gentleman's coach upon the road, but all travell in stage waggons. So soon as we came in at the port, a man came up to us driving a very droll machine. This was what they call a *trano*, which is just the body of a coach hirsleing on its bare doup, and drawn by one horse yoked with ropes, which a man walks a-foot and drives, and holds it when it goes off the crown of the casway, for then in [it] hirsles into the strand. This is the best description I can give you of it, for I often heard, that at Amsterdam they had coaches without wheels, but I imagined there was more machinery about them than I found. They are very neat within, and glass, and just a coach in every respect, but nothing more than the body. They have, it seems, a great tax on wheels, whether for shaking the town, which is all founded on piles, or not, I cannot tell, for these are the only carriages used without wheels, more than in any other town. If you want to have an idea of Amsterdam, you will find it in the prophet Ezekeal, in his description of her great-grandmother Tyre; here all the riches of both east and west are dayly pouring in. I was not well the two days I stayed there, and did not go about so much as I would, but Mr Calderwood went to see the granary of their spices, which is prodigious; but I went and saw the State-house, and walked to see the finest streets.

The State-house you have seen a print of, and very like it, but the inside and out together makes it the most expensive building in Europe of modern date, and, if you add, for profain use in opposition to sacred, the first. It is founded on fourteen thousand piles of wood; it contains, below, the prisons, the banks, the criminall court, and above, the chambers for all the offices in the state, great and small. In order to light this great square pile of building, there are two square courts in it, with a grand hall betwixt them, by which means the hall is light to both sides, and likeways the galleries which go round them, off which all these

different chambers enter. This hall and all these galleries are, I think, about forty feet high in the roof, or more, as the hall has three rows of windows, and are from top to bottom lined with white marble, three rows of Corinthian pilasters, with each row a cornice, &c.; and below and above each window these pilasters joined with festouns, and the greatest quantity of carvings and statues, all of the same marble. At the door of every chamber is the emblem of its use, carved in marble, and very finely done; there is the fishery, with the nets so well done that you think you see all the folds, as if you saw through a great fishing net thrown in a heap: all these chambers are as finely finished within. In the criminall court are very fine emblems and examples of justice, with figures as large as the life, representing shame and remorse, &c., vastly well exequte. The outside of the building is all of fine white stone, smooth, and ornamented with pilasters and festouns, as within. On the timpony behind and before are three statues; Atlas carrying the world on his shoulders, and others, which must be very large, as they appear at that distance as big as the life. But what looks very odd, in this fine building there is no sash window, but all the old leaded windows; but I suppose they think it has cost enough already, as it never was built for three millions sterling. It requires a particular order to see the bank, which we had neglected to get; there must be an immense quantity of silver in it, as that is the only money, and almost every farthing which belongs to any body is lodged there.

There are some of the principall streets that from one end to the other are all fine houses, with gardens behind them, and as you pass, each house has a large gate with panes of glass, through which you see the gardens behind, full of flowers and statues, with walks and parterrs, all laid with shells of various culours, or peices of glass like birds' eggs of different culours, and laid in shapes which appear like a rary-show box, when seen through the glass gate. In these houses are contained great estates in pictures, china, mirror and marble, guildings, carvings, and statues, and japaned work, besides silks, velvets and embrodery. We went to

see a china warehouse, where there was to the value of at least L.40,000 worth of chinas, Japan and Saxon china; above stairs was all the fine, and below all the common. I saw jars there as tall as the Durham, of fine japaned china, five for a set, of the shape of the largest I send you, for a hundred gilders the set, which, if they were to sell in Edinburgh, would be valued at L.50; an hundred gilders is L.9 sterling. The Saxon china was vastly pretty, but most extravegantly dear; I could not get the smallest bit, such as a mustard dish, or any little thing for curiosity, for less than twelve or fifteen shillings. And there was a press, from top to bottom full of the ornamental things, like pagods, men on horses, and such noncence, all of the Chinese figures, [so] that you would have thought the whole Chinese empire had been gathered together. Below was a prodigious quantity of plates and dishes, turines, fruit baskets, and sallad basons, which are a square sort of bason, very good for making sallads. I did not see the rasp-house, for they said it was a disagreeable sight; this is where all the criminalls are condemned to work for a term of years, at rasping down the woods for dying, and other hard labour.

We lodged in the inn called the Morning Star, the best in the town. There was a convention of all nations, and it was quite full. There lodged next room to us a lady and a gentleman, both young folks: I went to the door one night to call for something, when out came the man in the next room, with his head finely curled and powdered, his neck quite bare, a silk night-gown flowing behind him, and a pipe in his cheek, I am sure a yard long; a very genteel young lad he was, which I thought made his appearance the more ridiculous; but every man smoaks in Holland, but none of the women. In this inn the King of Prussia lodged, in his travels through Holland *incog.*; he was three days in Amsterdam, and nobody knew him. He had but one gentleman with him. He bought a great many flutes and other musicall instruments, and when the landlord said to his servant, "I think your master is very fond of musick," "O yes," says the servant, "he is cheif musician to the King

of Poland." He travelled in the track-scoot, and there was a gentleman's sons and their governour; he turned very fond of the governour, and they discoursed about the memoirs of the house of Brandenburgh, and the governour gave his opinion of it and found some faults, which the king defended. He, after he left Holland, let this man know who he was, and he has gone to pay him a visit. Severall of his own officers saw him, and did not know him, nor did his own embassador at the Hague. He had his hair covered with a wigg, and a coat all buttoned up about him. When he was going away from Amsterdam, he bid the landlord get him a coach; the landlord said he would get a waggon or a phaeton, for nobody travelled in coaches. When the waggon came to the door, he said, "that is a bad thing to travell in; are there no better to be had?" "The best people that comes to my house," says the landlord, "travells in it; I have hired the same machine for German counts, ay, for English lords, and they never found fault with it, and I think it may serve you very well." So the king stept into it. "Now," says the landlord, "you sit like a king, I think." He took some cold meat with him, and asked for a napkin to wipe his hand. "No," says the landlord, "take just a sheet of paper, that will serve the purpose as well." Very soon after he was gone, it came out that he was the King of Prussia, and there was such comparing of notes, what he had said, and what he had done. The landlord sent him a present of some cains, to which he returned him a very pretty peice of silver plate for the midle of a table, with casters, &c., very finely wrought, but very slight. This present is keept in a fine carved box, which the landlord sets down on a table, and there he flourishes for a compleat hour in French, so fast and with so many demonstrations, that it is entertaining even to those who do not understand a word of it.

We were very sorry we could not get over to Saardam, a town that lies on the other side the water; the wind was so that we could not go and come home that night. It was here the Czar of Muscovy served his apprenticeship to a ship carpenter. In that town there are seven hundred

wind-milns employed in different manufactories, and the people differ as much in their looks, manners, and way of living, as if they were not in the same country, and exceed the Dutch in cleanliness as much as they do other nations. Everywhere through the town of Amsterdam there were garlands of flowers hung out to show the herrings were come in, and there were a vast number of large odd-like boats, with all their masts hung with the goods they have to sell; these boats come down the Rhine with goods, and the boats are sold for timber.

At Amsterdam we forgathered again with Messrs Cookson, Webb and Bowles; Mr Webb was bound for Geneva, and Bowles was to return home. Webb was, I suppose, the same thing on board the ship he was then, but it was then the Englishman appeared, when he was compared with others; he wished to God most strongly that he was at Geneva, I suppose that these travels might be over his head. Mr Cookson advised them to stay another day, to go to Saardam. "Has any of you a taste for mechanicks?" says he; "for, if you have, the variety of machinery you will see in these seven hundred wind-milns will entertain you." "O yes," says they, "we love mechanicks, and understand them;" but, in the next breath, Webb declared that he would not stay, unless to oblige Mr Bowles, if he wanted to go, for, damn him if he had seen anything worth his while, or eat anything that was good, since he had come to Holland, and wished to God he was at Geneva, where, I suppose, he will be as much disappointed as he had been before; yet I make no doubt but he will return from his travells so much improved, as to despise every thing in England as much as he does in every other part of the world. I find it is the truest way of obtaining to the philosophical principle of dispising everything in this world, first to send a young man abroad to despise the continent, and then to bring him back to despise his own island.

We had not yet travelled in the track-scoot, so resolved to try it in returning to Rotterdam; so we got a trano to carry us to the scoot by seven o'clock. We had before taken what they call the rooff, which is a

little place at the one end, divided by a partition from the rest where all the ordinary passengers sit. The whole boat is covered above, and has windows that they open on each side, and sit on each side of a long table where the carles smoak, so that, when a scoot passes, you see the smoak stoving out at the windows; and this rooff is like a little closet, with seats round it, and plenty of cushions; if you incline to sleep, you may lay yourself out on the bench at your ease. It goes down with a step, which makes the door so low, that if any body from without speaks to you, they must sit down on their hungkers. We were no sooner set, than comes the skipper on his hungkers, with a long pipe in his mouth, gabling a great deall, and pointing to another trano. We understood that he wanted us to admit some other passengers to the rooff, which we had been forbid to do; as, if you admit one, others will demand the same, and then you are crowded and smoaked to death, so that we declared none should enter. When the skipper could not prevail, there came a gentleman on his hungkers, and, as he could speak French, he told he had a wife, whom he begged we would admit; so we told him, if he would pay the half of the rooff, (for there is no such thing as give and take amongst the Dutch,) and would promise not to smoak, we would admit him and his wife; which he agreed to, and so they came in. This man looked like one of our ministers of a middle age, but was not a clergyman; his wife he called his young *feme*, but she might be past thirty; our Maudy, laced in very strait stays, with less sun-burnt complexion, would be very like her. What is it about this woman, thinks I, that makes her look so like a servant lass? Is it her dress? No, it is not that, for she had on a very pretty chince night-gown, a very good laced mob, her hair snooded back and powdered, and a new yellow callimanco pettycoat, twilted. "That is it," says I, "it is her snooded hair and yellow pettycoat that gives her that look." She let down her gown, and put on a cap, which hid these indications, but to no purpose; she had diamond rings, shoes with lace, a fine snuff-box, but all would not do. She did not even turn like a neat chambermaid, but just a servant lass, and, if it

was owing to any thing but to her being a Dutch woman, it was to her stays. The Dutch stays contribute greatly to their vulgar look; they run in like a sand-glass below, and stand out round like the same above; they set their shoulders up to their ears, and bring them forward as the landward lasses do when they hold up their head. Then they are quite even down in the back; then they all wear night-gowns closs before, and no aprons, with round short hoops, all which makes them very daft-like sights.

To make this voyage, we had carried some provisions and a bottle of wine; we stopped about dinner time, and came into a house, and brought the provisions with us. There was set behind a table a great fat carle with a red face, and so short necked that you would think he would worry [at] every word he spoke, with a high crowned hat, and a long pipe in his mouth; he had standing before him bread, butter, and cheese, and a long stick like a spit, with peices of eels cut and stuck upon it, and roasted. I could not imagine what that was, it looked like peices of cheese, and came near to touch it, at which the carle gave such a gurll as made me jump. All these he sold to the passengers; I eat some of them with vinegar, which were very good. We afterwards eat our own provisions, and drunk our wine; but, when we came away, he made us pay the price of them, as if they had been his own, at which John was like to go craisy; but there was no help for it, for, if anybody challenge a Dutch bill, they just make it double, and by the law you must first pay that, and then pursue for the imposition, for which they will be most heartily souced. When we returned to the boat again, we found the Dutchman, our neighbour, had been wiser, for he had a basket with some meat, but he did not bring it in; nor did he see ours till it was in the house, otherways he would have told us. His provisions consisted of things like little French loaves, browned on the outside, but were composed of minced veall, mixed with salt and spices, which was very good; they are made up in that shape, and then sent and baked in the oven; and this is a great fare at Amsterdam; for

I saw folks always passing on the street, with pails full of minced meat, which I did not till then know the use of. These loaves they put amongst their soup, or serve them up with a sauce about them, or eat them cold, for carrying with them in the track-scoot. We came no further than Targow by water, where we arrived about five at night. I do not love the track-scoot, it is a very laizy way of travelling, and you see very little about you, for, in severall places, the reeds on the cannall sides are so high that you cannot see well over them. All the folks, as we came along, were carrying their hay off the feild, and building it on boats for the purpose, and severall great sows of hay were on the cannall, drawn by one horse; it looked very odd to see a hay sow, perhaps fifty or sixty foot long, broad in proportion but not so high, sailling along with so many men sleeping on the top of it: severall of them contained, as we could guess, betwixt two and three thousand stone. Then there were scoots loaded with peats as large, and others loaded with baskets full of herbs. When two scoots meet together, the one going to the greatest town has the preference; the other stops, and lets the rope of it slack, so as to drop [into] the water, which the other sails over. When the road alters from one side of the cannall to the other, there is a bridge for the horses to go over, and the mast to which the rope is tyed is let down till it pass below. The rope is vastly long and very small, so that the horses go so far before, that though the mast be in the midst of the boat, and [the rope] fixed to the top of the mast, yet the boat steers in the midst of the cannall, and the skipper's busness is to keep it streight in the water by the helm.

They tell a story of old Fletcher of Salton and a skipper: Salton could not endure the smoak of toback, and as he was in a night-scoot, the skipper and he fell out about his forbidding him to smoak; Salton, finding he could not hinder him, went up and sat on the ridge of the boat, which bows like an arch. The skipper was so contentious that he followed him, and, on whatever side Salton sat, he put his pipe in the cheek next him, and whifed it in his face; Salton went down severall

times, and brought up stones in his pocket from the ballast, and slipt them into the skipper's pocket that was next the water, and when he found he had loadened him as much as would sink him, he gives him a shove, so that over he hirsled. The boat went on, and Salton came down amongst the rest of the passengers, who probably were asleep, and fell asleep amongst the rest. In a little time bump came the scoot against the side, on which they all damned the skipper; but, behold, when they called, there was no skipper; which would breed no great amasement in a Dutch company.

There is nothing worth seeing at Targow but the church, and that for the very fine paintings on glass. The windows are fifteen or eighteen in number, all of the small pained kind, joined with lead, but made [so] as that that lead does not obstruct the appearance of the figures of the history peices, as large as the life, and very finely done. Indeed it seems this church had been brunt down, and built by collection, and most of the churches, states, and kings of Europe, gave these windows to ornament it, in the time of popery. There is one of them given by Harry the seventh of England. This town is very neat and clean, like the rest, and has a fine large open market place, but seems to have little repair, as the grass is growing up betwixt the bricks in it; but they take great care to keep it down, by pouring boiling water on it. Here I saw the largest midden cock I think ever I saw, which I coveted, if I could have known what to do with him.

From this we took our seats in the post-waggon to Rotterdam, where we travelled on the top of a dyke, paved with brick, and planted on each side, which was very pretty; but the brick pavement made such a noise that it was very disagreeable. There was only one passenger besides us; a youngish sort of lad, with a wigg as big as Lord Milton's, and a purple big coat down to his heels. Says Mr Calderwood, "I suppose this man is a Jew." "Well I wat," says John, "he's that; if ever I saw a Jew, he's one." "You are both mistaken," says I, "for I see by that man's face he is a most pious Christian." We had, you may be sure, before

this past, found out he did not speak English. Mr Calderwood tryed him in French, but he could not; he then asked him if he could speak Latin, which he could, and upon examination, the poor man was so far from being a Jew, that he was a young divine. We once intended to return by Utrecht, but by that time had become so impatient for letters, that we took the shortest way to Rotterdam. There we stayed eight days, still waiting for letters, but got none, so we set out on the 16th July for Spaw. Every thing is dear in Holland but East India goods and charity; a beggar is well satisfied with a doit, which is the fourth part of a halfpenny, and I beleive our beggars judged ill in destroying the doits, for every body gives, and doits come to a great deall. There is two of the corners at Rotterdam that the ramparts are not joined by bridges, and there is a boat by which you are ferried over for a doit, and these two-doit boats bring into the town's treasury near a hundred pound sterling per annum each. There you may drink tea if you please, for I never passed it at any time that the boatman had not his tea-kettle boilling on a choffer, and his tea equipage set out. I often had a curiosity to taste the tea, but the water in the cannall, out of which it was filled, looked so naisty, that I durst not venture.

When we set out from Rotterdam, it was in a phaeton from the other side of the Maes, which carried us to Moordyke, which is a ferry as broad as the Queens-ferry, or more. It is that water which in the map is called Holland's Diepe. One man managed the scoot which sailled, and by a ring, which run from one side of the boat to the other on an iron rod, performed in a moment the operation of tacking, which makes such a disturbance in a Kinghorn boat. The man could speak a little English, and showed us where the Prince of Orange was drowned, by crossing this ferry, siting in his coach, with his horses yoked; and above, where the seventy-two towns and villages were overflowed in one night, and never recovered, which is now called Druken-land. When we came to the other side of this ferry, we took another phaeton, and there John discovered that he had lost a guide he every moment consulted, called "A Tour

through the Low Countries." This book had jolted out of his pocket in the last phaeton, and was not to be recovered, at which he was almost inconsolable. We had at that time the warmest weather ever I felt, and all the road we had to travell was a dead sandy desart, covered with a poor strunty heather and a good deall of oak wood. We might either go by Bruxells, or by Bergen-op-Zoom ; I was strongly for the last, as I was curious to see a place I had heard so much of. We dined at a small inn on the road, where our driver sat down at the same table with us, and his hat on, and eat his brown bread and cheese. The master of this house had in his garden three score of bees' scapes, all set on the ground, with the entry in the midst of the scape. They were made very high and narrow, and just sticked as we do ; the hole in the middle is the best way to preserve them from the mice: the large ones had two entries, a first and second story. All the afternoon we travelled through the same barren country, with neither house nor town : if that happens to any body in Scotland, it is sure to be recorded as an instance of the barrenness of the country, so I shall record it of a country famous for its fertility and populousness.

The first town of any note we came to was Wow, which, well do I remember in the newspapers, was Marshall Lowandall's head-quarters at the seige of Bergen, and is within what we would call a mile, and the French lines were extended from the left of that, round the one half of the town. It was so late when we arrived at Bergen, that we had not time to walk round the ramparts, and next morning it was so intolerably hot, that it was impossible. We had seen a good part of it in coming in, as we passed three guards and as many draw-bridges, which were all fortifications within others. We went only to that side where the French came in, and I must own I think a fortified town is nonsense ; for they take an army to defend them, which, if the enemy by stratagem or fraud disappoint the vigilance of, then that army is catched in a trap ; and if the enemy get hold but of one small part of the fortification, it becomes as usefull to him for taking the rest, as it does to those who de-

fended; and if you have an army sufficient to defend every inch, I should think that army as able to fight in a fair feild; and there is no courage nor conduct tried, but whoever has the best ingeneers and cannon gains the point. Had I seen Bergen before I saw London, I might have gained what money I pleased, by laying against the beseiged in St Philips, for the English had not the least fear of its being taken. The case with Bergen was, the French got hold of one of the *lunets*, and that gained them all the rest. There is no appearance of the French camp having been there, though the feilds about are all a plain muir; but, as the ground is sand, the trenches soon fill up. All that part of the town which was hurt by the seige is now rebuilt, and all the fortifications made up, but it is easy to see the old brick-work from the new by the cullour: I cannot say but it looked droll to me to see a town fortified with brick. There are now trees planted on the ramparts, and every thing in very good order.

We travelled all the next day through much the same country, (very bad for subsisting an army, for it produces nothing,) till in the evening we came in sight of Antwerp; then the country was very good, and pretty and populous. The only grain which grew on the barren ground was buck-wheat and rye, and some barly, which was ripe, and was cutting down. The harvest was going on about Antwerp likeways, that is the barly, but every other grain was quite green; it is a sort of winter barly that is ripe so soon, for there was other barly green. They had a sort of hook for cutting, like a little sithe, but they used it above the hand, instead of below, and took the corn by the head with one hand, and came hash, hash down upon it with the other, and drew it together with the sithe, which was shaped like a hook, but not so much hooked. They likeways sow a great deall of rape, which they were cutting, and thrashed in the feild. The country was very pretty all upon the Scheld, but quite flat; it is now inclosed, and all the towns and villages are planted, which makes a pretty variety.

We got to Antwerp about seven at night, after a very hot day. Our

driver did not know the road to the inn, so that he first drove us through most of the streets of the town, which are a great many and very good; but the want of sash windows looked very odd, and then all the low stories are railled with iron, which looked very prison-like, and this is the case with all the finest towns in the Low Countries. Antwerp was once what Amsterdam is now, and the river was so crowded, that for three leagues down, a ship could hardly get up for others, but now there is almost none; but still it has the air of decayed nobility, and what they want in trade, they make up in religion, for they are the maddest ideots about papistry that ever was. The barrier of every country is the strongest to hold out the enemy; now Antwerp is the barrier of popery, for it is the first town of any note you come to of that religion. Nobody could tell me how many convents were in it, but there are two or three in every street; and for Virgin Maries, I beleive there are as many as there are virgins of flesh and blood in the town, for, on the corner of every house, on the turn of every street, on every well, on every shop door, stood a Virgin under a canopy, some finely dressed, and some very dirty, with old callicoe gowns and cloaks about her, a very beggarly gentlewoman. I was seized with that sort of impatience Soph takes when any thing is too often repeated, and I took such a desire to have Soph with me, that I laughed at what she would say. I thought I heard her crying, "That c——d Virgin Mary! take her out of my sight, or I'll go mad; there she is again, O! Sirs, what will I do! Nasty trolop, will they but give her new clothes, and wash her face!" Well, I think I would have given all the clothes on my back to have had Soph with me at Antwerp, that she might have gone clean daft; for there begane the bells to ring, and if they ceased one quarter of an hour day and night, may I be hanged! I'm in passion yet, when I think upon them, for it was a vastly hot night, and there came on thunder, and to the bells they went with a vengence. You may only judge what it was, when I tell you, in the principall steeple of the town, which is a very fine peice of workmanship, there are no less than two hundred bells,

the largest seven foot diameter, and every church and convent numbers in proportion. To sleep was impossible: had they rung on, it would have been tolerable, but they would all stop for a little, and to it again, as if the devil had possessed them. We had been up very early; Mr Calderwood was fatigued with the heat and the journey; the night was so hot that we were like to die; he could not sleep for the bells; so that I did pray heartily for the Papists.

I found in the inn a girl born in Edinburgh, called Peggie; her father had been a Picardy weaver, and her parents being dead, her uncle sent for her when she was twelve years old, and brought her to Antwerp. Peggie had almost lost her English, but her serving in the inn keept her a little in mind of it. She was transported when she found I had come from Edinburgh. She had changed her religion, but did not seem to know much about the matter; she said she thought she was as well with the religion of Edinburgh; but her uncle was a catholick, and everybody was catholick, and she could not think of keeping the religion of Edinburgh, when nobody else had it. "So," says I, "and you leave Edinburgh, and the first thing you do is to send all your old freinds to the devil." "O! Madam, Lord forbid! the folks in Edinburgh are very good." "But," says I, "the catholicks say they will go to hell." That she would not allow, and said they had severall fashions she did not like; she wished they would put confession out of fashion, but O! the procession and the mass was fine.

Next day being Sunday, I went to mass in the great church; and, when I went in, to see the folks all about the door, and in the body of the church, sitting on their knees here and there, laying up their lugs and mumbling, I declare I had the greatest difficulty to hold from laughing: some, like Bessie's man, at their privat devotions, looking over their shoulders at me; others sitting putting their noses through the iron raills of a chapel in which nobody was, and very few folks near, the preist, who was saying mass, looking very droll. I found there was nothing to be seen in the church but privat devotion, but heard fine musick

going on in the queir; so in I pushed to that, and there was a fine show, for it was a high mass. There was a fine concert of vocal and other musick, and a fine organ. Next to the door, with their back to it, were set two preists on the same stool, which put me in mind of the two kings of Brentfoord; they were dressed in robes of gold and silver brocade. On each side of the queir sat the monks to which the church belonged, who were white Carmelites, twelve on every side, and as many other black or brown friars, who had come to assist them, and twelve black on each side. At the altar stood three preists, dressed in robes of brocade, and behind them three in white musline shirts, down to their heels, with broad old points about the taill. The preist in the middle was performing the mass, with many bows and kneelings, by all the world like a juggler, who was preparing to show you a trick. There was a door on each side of the altar, at which the people that served went out and in with different things; one brought a brocaded mantel, and put it on the acting preist; then he performed some anticks, and then they took it off and folded it up; then they brought two candles, and put them in one of the musline preist's hands, and then the middle preist took a book, and laid [it] on the same preist's face, and made him a reading-dask, with the two candles supporting the book, and he read; at this, indeed, I had the outmost difficulty to hold from laughing. Then one went about to perfume us all with incence, came down the one side of the queir and up the other, and gave every one of the white and black friars so many puffs of the incence, out of a thing like a lamp, and they held out their noses to receive it. I keeped my eye on a gentleman next me, who I saw was not over fond of kneeling, for most of the audience were on their knees the whole time, and when this man kneeled, so did I, which was only in cases of necessity, that is, when a boy who served at the altar rung a bell at the elevation of the Hosty. After many and many bows and kneelings, &c., the preist swallowed his god, whom he had been adoring with such reverence, with all the ceremony Willie ever used in taking a vomit, by having it at his mouth fifty times; you must

know it is a mortall sin to vomit up this morsall.* . . . . . .

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After I came out of the church, we went to see what they call the Holy Grave. This is a place cut out of a rock, in imitation of the holy sepulcher. There our Saviour is cut in stone, lying; then there is the angel sitting where he lay, informing the two women, (who are painted on a board, peeping in at the door,) that he was risen from the dead. The man who showed it was at great pains to inform us that this was not the thing in reality, but the representation of it, which I was very willing to beleive. Near this place was purgatory, which was a large cavy. Now, I will wager, you never knew before what like purgatory was; well, it is just like a cavy, full of men, instead of hens, and red painted sticks, by way of flames, standing up amongst them, and one of them has his hand through the spokes, begging money from the passengers, for to give the preist to say mass for his soul; for you must know that you may remain in purgatory to all eternity, unless you pay for a mass, for there is no such a thing as a mass gratis. For the first principle of the true catholick church is to take all and give nothing; and that these orders, who have devoted their lives to prayer, never through the whole year say one mass that is not payed for, either for the dead by the living, or mortified by some body, so much money for so many masses. Indeed, they are not dear, for you will get as many said for you as you please for a skilling Flemish (which is like our half merk) each.

After I came from this place, I went to call at an English convent of nuns; I was resolved to see a convent, and choised this rather than another, because I could speak to them. It was about one o'clock, and [I] was told they were laid down to sleep after their dinner, but if I should

* Although these and similar free strictures on the Romish faith and ritual were, doubtless, dictated by the covenanting leaven of the Coltness family, rather than by any intentional disrespect for sacred things, the remainder of this coarse satire upon the doctrine of transubstantiation, however witty, is quite unfit for the press.—[*Ed.*]

return at night about eight I would see them ; so I left the compliments of a country-woman to the Lady abbess, and that I would return in the evening, and pay my respects to her. Her name is Howard, and all the nuns are English, of the order of the Recolly, who are but a degree above the Capucines for strickness. When I came in the evening, the nuns were in a place off the chapel at vespers; it was divided from the chapel by a grate and curtain: the chapel was open, and I went in; it was very neat, and I heard them singing, but had no reason to admire their musick. After this was over, I was bid come up stairs, and went into a small room [where] there was a grate, and on the other side of that was another room, into which two nuns came. I addressed myself to them, supposing one to be the abbess, but they told me she was sick, and that they were sent by her to receive me. I told them I was lately come from England, that I had never seen a convent, and choised to pay my respects to them, as, by the name of the Lady abbess, I fancied I was acquainted with some of their freinds. One of the nuns told me she was neice to the abbess, and sister to Mr Howard of Corbie. I told her I knew Mrs Warwick, her sister, and Mr Howard of Greystock, and severall others of her freinds; but I found she did not seem to care much about them, said it was near a year since she heard from her sister, and we chated half an hour. They were dressed in the coarsest brown cloath ever you saw, and had a great cloth vaill over their faces, through which they could not so much as see daylight. Of all the days ever I felt that was the hottest, and to see them stoving beneath that vaill, when I was gasping for breath in the open air, made my heart sore for them. I asked them if they did not find their dress very hot? "O yes!" they said, "it was very bad in summer, but very comfortable in winter." I asked them to take up their vaill, but they said it was not permitted them, unless the abbess was present to order them; and that, unless it was to their nearest relations, they never took it off. They said they never wore it but when they came to the speak-room.

By the time I took my leave, there was still a more curious show pre-

paring; this was a procession to which the whole town was gathered. The cross in the market-place was dressed up, and an altar erected; orange trees in pots were brought, carried by two men, with musick playing before them. When all that was prepared, there came a set of musick, trumpets, hoiboys, and French horns. They were followed by a cavalcat of white monks, then black monks, and brown monks, and God knows what. Then came the shrine of the blessed Virgin, which is a peice of brocade fixed to the end of a pole, in the shape of a dragon the boys let fly. Then came the Virgin herself, under a canopy carried by four preists; she is made of silver, and dressed in a *robe-de-chambre* of scarlet and gold; the babe in her arms has on a cloak of the same. She cogled terribly, and I thought every minute she would fall; and if she had, somebody would have got a broken crown, for she was very massy, and almost as tall as Bess. After her came four men, supporting a canopy of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold, like the rooff of a bed, and under it was the preist, with the chaleice in his hand, in which was the Hosty. You have seen a thing like a little clock-case for putting a watch in, and nailed to the wall of a room; well, the chaleice is just like that, only it stands on a stalk, and the wafer, about the largeness of a bisquit, with a crucifix stamped on it, looks out at the open, like the dial-plate of the watch; and whenever that is held up, a bell rings, which a little boy carries, and then everybody down on their knees. On every altar there is one of those things in a fine little cabinet, which opens with two doors. Whenever the preist opens this thing, clap they come down, like "pass, Jack, and begone;" and likeways when the preist takes this out of the cabinet and holds it up. This case the preist held in his hand, and marched up and set it on the altar; down we must all upon our knees. It was devilish hard to me to kneel on the street, but the papaist knees are certainly shod with iron; I put down first one knee, and then another, for, as ill luck would have it, it was so warm that I had thrown off all but one pittecoat; but the men, who had nothing but their stockings, will kneel as long as you please.

The first body I observed rise, I followed their example, but a very zelous talior (for you must know I am turned a great phiseognemest, and knows every body's trade and character by their faces) took me by the gown-taill to make me get down again; but some others near him boasted him for it, so I stood still. After they had performed certain ceremonies there, off they went in procession again to another part of the town. A great many substantiall burgars carried wax tapers in their hands; one side of the street prepares the candels one day, and the other next. Least I forget to tell you how to secure your house against thunder, as there was a great deall that day, every one had a fine carved wax candle, which had been blessed in the church, lighted in their house, and to that and to the bells was owing that the thunder did no harm. I could get nobody to tell me for what the procession was; some said one thing, some another, and Edinburgh Peggie said it was that silver Virgin's birth-day; but a driver, whom we got next day, said the Virgin had run in debt, and she was going about begging, but his religion had been a little shaken by his being a baggage driver to the English army, for I found since, it was the day of the patron of the town, and the first day of the *Kearmes*, which every town celebrates with a procession. However, I suppose the Virgin is guilty of borrowing money, and she is furthcomeing for a good deall, as her guardians will get severall tuns of good wine upon her credit.

Here we met again with our fellow traveller Mr Cookson, who was staying with some freinds he had in the place; we desired him to dine with us, which he could not do, but fain would he, for the meagure days were very hard upon him. He told us the folks he lived with, he was bred up with when young, that he could use all freedome, and had begged them to give him a bit of flesh, but they said they could not be witness to his eating; he expostulated that it was no sin in him, but to no purpose.

We left Antwerp upon Monday the 19th of July, and came that night

to Tirlemont, breakfasted at Mechlin, and dined at St Tron. All these towns are full of convents and monastries; the Mechlin lace is all made in them, and I saw a great deall very pretty and very cheap. They talk of giving up the trade, as the English, upon whom they depended, have all come into the wearing the French blonds. The lace merchants employ the workers, and all the town works lace, though they gain but about twopence halfpenny per day: it is a good worker will work a Flemish yard, which is twenty-eight inches, in a fortnight. The holydays play the sorrow with the poor people; there are now a great many cut off, but the present generation are like ours with the new stile, they cannot be brought to forbear observing their old customes: so, as long as the church keeps the particular service for these days, the people will never work upon them. We hired a coach from Antwerp with a pair of horses, and had it for eightpence a mile; we travelled with that pair thirty-one miles a day. The road is very good; it is a causaway in the middle, and a soft road on every side, and planted with fine trees till you come near Tirlemont, where the French have not left a stick. After you come on the Prince of Liege's territories, the trees are standing, as they did him no harm, but all the Queen's territories bear the marks of them, whereever they came, by having the trees cut down. In this day's journey we past through Louvaine, which is likeways dismantled of the fine trees which covered the road to every hand. At Louvaine, all the youth of these countries are educated, after they have passed the Latin schools. The Jesuits' colledge there is [for] philosophy; some are humanity colledges; some philosophy. But all the youth are educated by the Jesuits, who are the men of best sense and best scholars in the church, and teach for nothing; and in these humanity colledges they begin them with the rudiments, and highest and lowest of them take their turn, and labour with the boys like any country schoolmaster: one class will have eighty or ninety in it. They make the boys in the low classes act plays in French, and the higher in Latin. All the classes enter from a

square court, with benches round it, and in the corner of it is a place for the prefect of the studies to sit, and see them gather and dismiss, and to see that none goes out, and that good order is keeped.

Since I have mentioned this, I shall give you an account of the meathod of education in all Roman catholick countries, which is on a much better footing than we at home, I imagine, both for boys and girls. For the girls, they are boarded in a convent, where they are taught every thing that can be thought of, and keeped there till sixteen or seventeen, or just as their parents please. There is no such thing as girls running about giddy at their own hand, as they are never allowed to go to the publick places, unless under their parents' eye, or somebody that has the charge of them, and commonly stay in the convent till they are married. That is, the people of fashion; and for the burghers, they take them home, and make them assist at their busness. As for the boys of fashion, they are first sent to a private school to learn to read; if they are come from the country, they are boarded in what they call a *pension*, or have a private tutor to teach them. After that, and [when] they begin Latin, they are put in a *pension*, and either the master who keeps that pension teaches them the Latin, or they go to a humanity colledge of the Jesuits, and the master who keeps the pension assists them in their vacant hours, dines with them, walks with them, and never loses sight of them. If the colledge takes in pensioners, which in some places they do, then every class is under a particular master, who has the constant charge of them. Every two have a room, and every one a bed, a chair and table, and a place for their clothes; and a lay brother to attend perhaps four, to comb their hair, wash them, and take care of their clothes. They rise at five o'clock in summer, and six in winter, have a morning school, then breakfast, dine at twelve, and go to school at one, and dismiss at four, betwixt ten and eleven go to mass, sup at six, and to bed at eight; [have] gardens to play in, and the masters always with them. Then some will have another father, whom he pays as a tutor to assist him, or perhaps an elder scholar, to help him with his

lesson against next day; some has a tutor of his own boarded in the colledge with him: at the same time, they have masters for writing, dancing, and arithmetick, come in to them, and there must be nothing but the best behaviour and decency to one another, as they are always before the masters. They dine at a publick table, where one of the fathers, besides the one who is the master, dines with them. This colledge brings them through the Latin, and when they are ready for philosophy, they go to another colledge, perhaps in a different place, where the same order is observed. They carry them from class to class, as high as learning of all kinds can go. The youth who are not for the church go only to certain classes, and then go to the academy. The students for the church must study for thirteen years; they may be admitted, and often are, into the society of Jesuits, long before their studies are finished, and take the habit, and are called fathers; but till that time they are only students, and are not permitted to teach. When that time is out, then they are professors in their turn of any science as it happens, and either remain in that colledge, or go to some other, as the superintendant of the province pleases to order. Every colledge has a father rector, to whom they pay intire obedience, and the superintendant is over every colledge of that province. In this country all the students, as I told you, go to Louvaine; at present there are above three thousand students. The young gentlemen, again, after they have passed the common course at both colledges, go to an academy; there they are confined still to hours of dining, supping, and being at home. They dine altogether, and pay like about L.50 per annum for meat and lodging; the different masters are paid apart: for this they have only riding. There are masters for dancing, fencing, musick, drawing, mathematicks, geography, fortification, &c. By this time they are come to one or two and twenty, and are their own masters.

This is a much better method and footing than the education in Britain, where every one is left to learn or not, to behave well or ill, as he pleases. They are all the time of their studies under a sort of mo-

nastic life, and under no temptation to vice and idleness. But then one of our country must not be catched with this, and say, "O! we will send our sons abroad, there is no education like the foreign." They must consider that in very few circumstances protestants can reap the benefit of this; for, if a boy is sent either to a colledge where he can be pensioned, or a house where he is pensioned and goes to the colledge, he loses both his English and his religion. In a pension house, which is commonly kept by a preist, (as no man of any other profession can dedicate his time entirely to the boys,) they are commonly so bigotted, or their servants are so, that they will not take the care of them, if they are not catholicks. Then they must go to mass at the hours others go; or, if they were allowed to go out and play at the time others go, and have nobody to instruct them in their own religion, or keep them in mind of it, they would have none at all. There are no protestant houses boys can pension in, for what they pay cannot make it worth anybody's while, who can get bread at home, to make that his busness. The only protection is a tutor, or their parents in the place; as for the first, there are very few deserve such a trust, and for the last, that can very seldom happen. I know there are instances of English people pensioning their boys in a Jesuits' colledge when they are in the place. They tell the rector, "Here is my son, I intend he shall be a protestant; give him his learning, and let him observe your rules: I will not let him go to play while others are at mass; carry him there, and whilst they read their prayers, let him read his; on Sundays and holydays, when there is no school, I take him home to my house:" by which means the boy keeps both his religion and language. This the Jesuits never refuse, for they are not very strict, and are people of the best sense, and therefore less bigotted than the common clergy.

When I came here,[a] a gentleman I knew at Spaw, an Englishman, one Mr Nidham, who is governour to a young lad, one Townly, who has

[a] To Brussels.—[*Ed.*]

a good estate in England, and Roman catholick; his uncle it was who suffered in 1746. This Mr Nidham was not in town for some days after I came. When he came to town, I went with him to the Jesuits' colledge; they here take no pensioners. He told the prefect of the studies, who is the person who takes the scholars, that we had these two boys to put to their colledge, that they were protestants, and that when the school dismissed, and others went to mass, they were to come home, and then return; to which he said, "To be sure, very well; he never had anything to do with the boys' religion, his only busness was to see justice done them in their larning." Mr Nidham advised that they should be pensioned, in order to their getting the language the sooner, and the prefect recommended one who lived hard by the colledge, and had but other three. The prefect told him he was to have nothing to do with their religion, that they were to go out at mass time, and that they were to eat meat on meagure days. This the man scrupled at; at which the prefect said to Mr Nidham, "The man is a little scrupelous, but if the lady would take them home on meagure days, it would do as well;" which I agreed to, and was very well pleased with the house, and every thing about it. But I found that the man drew back, for he had an old carefull body of a housekeeper, who could not think of taking care of hereticks. So, as I by that time had got a young lad to come in and teach them at these hours they were from the school, I was the more indifferent, at least till I see further. This is a degression, and by the time I bring myself to this time, I will be able to give you a fuller account of things of that nature.

But to return: we came that night to Tirlemont, which is a dead sort of place; a good extent, but few and poor inhabitants. The only manufactories of the place are prayers and linen, for there are thirteen convents in it, and a great number of weavers. They have in it a sort of lay channons, who can marry; but the Roman church is such a hogepoge of half clergy and whole clergy, dignities that are temporary, and can be laid down and dispenced with, and others that cannot, that I can-

not [be] mistress of the subject yet. From Tirlemont we came to Liege, which, of all the towns ever I saw, I think the most abominable. It lies in the bottom of a glen, on the meeting of severall small rivers which there run into the Maes. There is one little haugh the low part of the town stands upon, and all the rest of it is scambling up on the sides of the hill, and the only plain ground about it is a strip by the water side up and down. It is just Edinburgh reversed in the situation, or the Cowgate made the principall street. I never saw so ugly a town, and anything so pretty as all about it; for four miles up and down the water, it is one continued orchard or vineyard, with pretty situated, ill-built country houses. All the haughs on the water side are hop-gardens, and the bare scary braes where grass will not grow, and just like the parts of Largo Law where the rain has washed off the soil, are all vineyards. The wine is but of a poor quality, but serves for common use to the country. I have always heard that hops must have a very sheltered situation; this is so to be sure, but there must be some good swirls of wind come down that bottom. The method of planting hops is, you set your plants in rows about two feet distance, and to every plant they give a pole, which is a tree, like the smallest sort of what we call cabers for country houses, from about fourteen to twenty feet high; upon this the plant creeps, and where it is planted there is a little loose earth like a mole-hill. I see sometimes they give every two a pole; the poles are the sole expence, but I suppose they last a good while, for I see them gathered together and set up on end in stacks, when the hops are taken down. They have in all this country prodigious tall kidney beans, which they support with poles like the hops, and which grow almost as high; they feed greatly upon them, and they salt them up for winter in barrells.

In Liege there are about seventy convents and monastries, and fifty thousand beggars. The Prince and Bishop is of the house of Bavaria; he is chosen by what they call the *trifoncias*. There are sixty channons, thirty of whom are trifoncias, and elect the bishop; all these must be of the best families, and who can prove their nobility by sixteen

branches. These have great livings, and officiate in the church, or are present at high mass in common days, in robes of purple silks, with tufts and tassels which tuck them up in the taills and on the sleeves; above this, fine muslin surpluses with point, which makes a very genteel dress. On grand days they have robes vastly rich; I saw one of them at Spaw in a lay habit, but a coarse like carle; but I saw two of them in the church at Liege, one of them was a tall genteel man as ever I saw, and looked very elegant in his purple habit. The great church is a very fine one, and has silver candlesticks to the value of severall thousand pounds.

I forgot to tell you, that before we came into Liege, we stopped to dine at a single house upon the road; and, whilst we were at dinner, a French post-chaise arrive, and out came a fattish fair man of middle age; "I am sure," says I, "that is a Briton, I know by his face." He only stopped to change horses, and did not come in, and, as I had never seen a French post-chaise, I went out to look at it, as the machinery is very curious. I looked at the chaise, and the man at me, and I at him, but as he did not speak, I began to think I was mistaken. After I was gone in again, he says to John, "Is not that your lady, and come from England?" "Yes," says John, "and I dare say she thinks you are not of her country, because you did not speak to her." Upon inquiring further, he found I was going to Spaw to see Sir James my brother; upon which he sent in his compliments, that he was a particular friend of Sir James's, and would come and pay me a visit: we said he would be very welcome, so in he came. He told us he had come from Liege, is posting to Paris; he had not been at Spaw, but informed us all about Sir James, and that Jamie was gone for two days to see them at Spaw; was intimate with them, and knew all about my Lady Weems, &c. I found he was not a Scotsman, but he talked of Scotland and England, of all the news, &c., and chatted very agreeably for half an hour. When he took his leave, I said I should be very glad to know to whom I was oblidged for this visit. He said it was no favour; he had done himself

a pleasure. "Ha," thinks I, "that won't do; I'll try you again." "I should be very glad to have it in my power," says I, "to inform Sir James to whom I have been oblidged by this visit." "Madam," says he, "I have done myself an honour and pleasure in seeing you, who, the first time I looked at you, I knew must be a near relation of one who I have the greatest friendship and value for;" and bowed and cringed out at the door, and pulled it to after him, to prevent Mr Calderwood from seeing him to the door. "You and I shall not part this way," thinks I, "one name or another I will have. Go," says I to John, "give my compliments to that man, and tell him I beg to know whose compliments I shall give to Sir James, and who I shall inform him inquired so kindly after him." This message John delivered. "Tell your lady," says he, my name is Johnston, an old acquaintance, and a great freind of her brother's;" and off he drove. When I told Sir James of this he was astonished; "I do not know on earth," says he, "one man of that name;" I described his figure, told everything he said, but to no purpose; no part of it answered to any person ever he had seen or been acquainted with.

Liege is a place where foull and clean of all nations come. Officers of every country come there to recruit; a fellow deserts from the French, he runs to Liege, the officers of the Queen of Hungary or the King of Prussia pick him up; whenever a rogue dare not keep his own country, he comes there, and he is safe. A gentleman will come in family, and live for months; nobody knows his name, nor thinks of asking it, and suppose they did, they would not be a bit the wiser: Monsieur this or that, but who knows who Mr Such-a-thing is? Mr Gordon of Cowbairdy lived six months at Liege with his family, and his lady lay in; all this time he was taken for the Pretender. Some say the Pretender did live there some months; but he might live anywhere after living three weeks in London, about three years ago: so much for government intelligence. This is certainly fact, and very well known in all this country, and nobody would beleive me when I said I never heard it. He came over in

the pacquet; went about publickly; was at a card assembly where the first people in the government were; his bust in marble standing on the lady's table; went to a church; carried witnesses with him; solemnly renounced the Roman catholick religion, which was recorded. What name he took I know not, but he stayed three weeks, and returned the way he came. Mr Gordon still lives at Liege, but was at Spaw when I came there. Mrs Gordon has an old norland gentlewoman, who was taking care of her bairns there. I was not long set till Margaret came to see me, for you cannot imagine so good a nose the Scots folk have to smell out each other, when they come to a place. Margaret has almost lost her own language, and has not found another in its place. A little girl about three years old speaks French to her, and she speaks English to the bairn, and they both understand each other, but cannot speak in the same language.

Margaret did her best to entertain me; she carried us up to see the Jesuites' garden. Their colledge is up a strait, steep, dirty close, but after you have got up, there is a very large building, and a good extent of garden still higher; for here is a flat, laid out like a parterre, walks, seats, and bowers, some water jets and statues, and a volary, which is a little place with the face of it wire. I asked if the birds bred there? They said they admitted no females. Then you go up a stair to another flat, and that is kitchen ground; then another stair, and there is a bowling green; then another stair, and there are shaded walks for study and contemplation; then another, and this leads you to a very neat summer-house; and above that an observatory like a cupelo, out of which you have a very fine viue, and command all the town and the river. The other side of Liege offers quite a new prospect; it stands on the entry to the Arrdens, or what we would call the mouth of the highlands, as all to that hand is covered with wood, (as you will see in the map,) called the forrest of the Arrdens. But to return: we went up and pulled the bell at the outer door, and after some time there came an old father, and pulled bye a bit of timber, which covered a plate of iron in the

midst of the door, and in this plate is cut out IĤS, which being interpretate is, *Jesus Hominum Salvator*. Margaret asked for Father Daniel, or Father Mackenzie, but none of them were at hand. "This," says she, "is Father Blair, a very civill man, but I am not so well acquainted with him as with the others." She informed him that we were British, and he opened the door, and received us very civilly. He was an old little body, and lame of a leg, that is, a short leg and a long, for which reason he had had a dispensation to allow him to be admitted into the church. He carried us into a parlour, and in a little time some other fathers came; two Scotsmen, one Maxwell, who goes at present by the name of Stewart, because he had wrote something concerning the disputes in France betwixt the clergy and parliament, and was obliged to leave the country. This man was from Nidsdale, and had been out of the country since he was ten years old, but he spoke the language pretty well yet. He is a tall old man with a grey head, and one of the best faces, and most reverend figures I ever saw. Mr Calderwood, by discoursing Father Blair, found he was a Scotsman too, though born in England. His father was Sir Adam Blair of Carberry, and left the country with King James VII. It was a brother of his that died lately, and left his money to Andrew Wallace; this brother he had not heard of for thirty years, and only knew he had been in the army; was of another marriage, and a protestant. I thought, when the father heard he had left money, he was not so dead to the world as not to wish he had got a part of it: and, indeed, the house has not their affairs in the best order at present, as they have suffered in the troubles of Europe; for their foundation is from the Elector of Bavaria. After the Reformation in Britain, the popish princes having compassion on the clergy who were turned out, then gave foundations for English monastries, convents, and colledges, to which no other countries are admitted. There is a Scots colledge at Paris, an English one at St Omers, and this at Liege, and severall others, besides severall nunneries all through this country. The fathers who first received this benefit at Liege from Bavaria refused to

have the lands in property, to save them trouble, and accepted of such an income from the Elector: and in the last war, his country was so distressed, that he could not pay them their rents, and they were obliged to give up house, till a very few. Their number ought to be about ninety, but they are not yet able to maintain so many. Their revenue should be about eight hundred a-year; but they do not draw above four or five hundred. They have a father rector, a father prefect of the studies, and a father minister who has the care of the housekeeping and providing everything; this is one Howard, a very well looked fellow, and by his face, I would not think he was one who had renounced the world and the flesh, whatever he might do the devil.

As for my friend Father Daniel, he is a good-natured, innocent, obliging soul, and very ugly and very merry. He is just a Scots pedantick scholar, and was always snuffling, out of curiosity, about every sort of religion, to see what it was, and what this set of folks' tenets were, and upon what they founded their differences from others upon. Had he been bred a divine, he would at this time [have] been a member of the presbitry of Dumfermline, or perhaps Mr Jamieson's pastor at Kennoway; but, as he was bred a smuggling merchant, or perhaps a packman, he walked twenty miles to hear Mr Whitfeild, Mr Ebenezer Erskine, &c.; and, after satisfying his curiosity about them, he fell to trying what sort of cheese the papaists set their traps with, and, as he was snuffling about that, I suppose he found a life of study and idleness could be had without an estate, or so much as a farthing, none of which the others had offered him. His being a proselite gained him an easy admittance, and there he lives at his ease, and labours at logick and what not to his heart's content. I do beleive he, poor creature, has not a wish beyond finishing his studies and becoming a professor; he has three years of study yet to come. The students are keept very strictly to hours and rules, and are keept at an awfull distance from the old fathers, and when they have a riged rector, they are keept very hard; but the rector of this colledge is a very good man, and they are all very fond of him. Daniel asked leave, the

time we were there, to attend us, and obtained it, to his great joy; he looked always, when he came, like a dog wagging his taill for gladness to get out. I do not wonder in the least that the number of fathers are keept up, for they have a very good life; but how the convents get brothers is a little more surprising. Those folks are not bound, and may go or not as they please, and yet they come and serve the convents as cooks, shoemakers, and taliors, &c., and receive nothing but their meat. The fathers called for burgundy and bisquit, and there we must drink and eat, and never was any thing so kind.

Whiles Mr Calderwood went through the colledge (which was not permitted to me) with the old fathers, Daniel attended me. He told me he was born at Inverness, and bred at the school of Biggar, was afterwards a smuggler both in Scotland and England; by which I concluded he had been a packman, but could not put that question to a reverend father. He told me all about his conversion, and the rules of their society. I said I had never heard of one taking such a stride at once, as from the top of the kirk of Scotland to the top of the church of Rome. "Did you not," says I, "set your foot upon episcopy in the way?" "Episcopy," says he, "is noncence; it is just a bastard popery, has all the faults your church can find to ours, and none of our advantages; and, look into their tenets as fixed by act of parliament, and they are ours in the full extent, only the moderate party of late years have explained them away without altering them, and so has made it noncence: There is no choice but popery or presbitry." "Won't you be glad," says I, "to see Scotland again? I suppose we will have you there some time on a mission, and you'll have the folks coming to you for light, as you did." At this he laught till he was like to die. "O," says he, "that does my heart good to hear that phrase. I have not heard it since I left Scotland; I will not accept of a mission, if I can help it, for that of converting is quite needless: it is only for want of thinking that everybody is not of our religion." "What do you say to our divines," says I, "who imploy their whole lives in the study of religion, and yet

you never saw one of them convert themselves?" "O!" says he, "the interest and passions of mankind govern them so insensibly, that that is at the bottom, though they are not sensible of it." "I beg pardon," says I, "many of them have a very poor living and hard duty, that would change it for the ease and affluence of the popish clergy; if they could convert themselves, their interest would go alongst with them." He was obliged then to have recourse to "calling grace," and severall other unintelligent things.

I was not surprised at him in this, as he is a meer scholar; but it is surprizing how weakly men of the best sense [and] the outmost freedom of thinking in everything, and even in many things regarding the church, talk upon certain points of their religion. I have often heard folks say it was dangerous for protestants to talk of religion with the folks of sense amongst them, but I never found it, and realy beleived they had more to say for it than they have. Some things, indeed, the protestants beleive they carry to a greater length than they do, and all they will gain or lose by this is, that they are nearer us than we think, which does not bring us nearer them than we are already. But, in these points in which we totally differ, I find they cannot make the story hang so well together as that one part shall not contradick another. Their church-government and authority is so curiously interwoven with their faith in religious matters, that they cannot separate them, otherways it would be easy to determine in what matters they differ from us in faith, and what in church-government purely. I never dispute with them, for that looks as if you wanted to convert them, and besides, it is not the best way to get out the story; but I never stand to ask at a sensible man, who I know can give a true account of the thing, upon what foundation they build such a principle; it is cruell to ask a gentleman anything, for they can give no account but that the church obliges them to beleive so, and that is enough. Since I am speaking of the papaists, I shall give them justice on one point. God knows what is in their heart, but they have all the appearance of being religious, the highest of them,

and are not ashamed of it as we are ; I beleive it is more so here than in France, where there are a great many infidells. The churches are always open till after benediction, which is six o'clock at night ; and at no time you can go in but you see a great many very well drest gentlemen and ladies at their privat devotions. Some are very serious, and others will look after you and mumell their prayers all the time ; almost everybody goes to church to say their prayers, for there is no closet in any room in this country.

Father Daniel, as I told you, was allowed to attend us, so he went through the town, and into some shops, where I bought a handkercheif and ruffles, of which he has great skill. Mr Calderwood and he went to the Carthusian monastry, which is a very pretty building, and stands very well on the other side of the town, where they have more plain ground ; I sat in the coach till they came out, as I could not be admitted. One of the fathers came to the door, and told me I might call for any thing I wanted, or go into the place allotted for the brothers, which I did, and called for a glass of small beer, which was pretty good. These monks are very rich, and live very well, but eat no flesh : they do not live in comunity like others, but every one has their own dining-room, kitchen, bed-chamber, and little garden, and it is only on certain days they can see one another. They amuse themselves with different things ; and when a stranger comes to see any of them, or any of the other orders makes them a visit, they are transported and quite mad after news, or anything of that kind. This is not the strictest order, but the next to La-Trap, where they meet together at meals as others do, but never look upon or speak to each other. A gentleman told me he knew an officer who had been very graceless, to atone for which he left the world, and went into the order of La-Trap, where he lived many years. When he came to die, he told the rector he had no concern for anything, but for a brother he had left in the world, following the wicked courses he had done, and wished he could see him before he died. "Give yourself no trouble on that score," says the rector, "for your brother has

been in this house these four years;" and, though they had eat at the same table, had never seen each other.

Father Daniel said these fathers had a good situation, by what they[a] had, for, before their door was the only bit of plain ground the people who quarelled had to fight upon; and they were so quarellsome a pack in Liege, that there were duells fought almost every day there. This I could easily beleive, for, when I was going up, I met two men coming down, both bleeding, who had been fighting. "There now," says Daniell, "this is very hard upon us, for, if we see them, which we can hardly miss to do, it is excommunication if we do not go out to rede the quarel, and that we do not choice to do; for, when I came first here," says he, "I sat in my window one day when two were fighting, and, when I came down to dinner, told what I had seen, at which the fathers stared, and told me that what I had done was no less than excommunication, but my ignorance should excuse me. Now, my window is just over that place, and I dare hardly look out for fear I see them, and if I do suspect that they are going to fight, I run and hide myself."

We went up to see the feild of battell where Rochow was fought; there is still the mark where the battry was, which the Dutch abandoned, otherways it could never have been forced; it was a square like a diamond, and commanded the feild to every hand. It is the finest viue ever I saw; the ground lies about it, you would think, in a circle; the one half is a fine cultivated country, not inclosed, and full of towns and villages, all planted, and very pretty, [with] spires in great numbers; and to the other hand is the Arrdens, unequall ground rather than hills, all covered with wood. There is in the midst of the feild which the French occupied one single large tree, under which Marashall Sax stood on horseback during the battell; it commands all the feild. On the one hand of the road to Liege the country is very populous, and to the other not so, though the feilds are as well cultivated. I did not think of counting the

[a] At the Jesuits' college.—[*Ed.*]

towns till I passed St Tron, where we breakfasted the day we came to Liege, but betwixt that and Liege, which is about five or six hours' journey, I counted above a hundred towns and villages, but there are very few single houses like farms, and nothing like a gentleman's seat; that country being so often the seat of war, I suppose makes the people flock together. We passed likewayes the feild of the battell of Landon, fought by King William; it is a great pity they leave no marks of these battells, for, had it not been that Mr Calderwood remembered by the geography of the country, and by the name of a little river that he likeways remembered was near the place, we could not have known it. It is a track of plain ground of great extent, and an old soldier, who keeped a turnpike after we were passed it, told Mr Calderwood he was right as to the place. They are at great pains to till down all the trenches, and throw down the batteries, and leave no vestige of the war; of that Dutch battery they have only left one corner, because the King of France dined there, they say, the day after the battle.

There are great coal mines all about Liege, and what adds to the uglyness of the town is the dirty smoaky look it has, for the coals are so dirty there, that they cannot get the floors kept clean without a great deall of trouble; so they wash in the dirt, and make their floor a sort of black japan. The coal seams are of a vast thickness, and the coals very large; they drive twenty miles off and more, in great heavy waggons drawn by six or seven horses, and yet the roads are not one bit broke, as it is a strong causway. We stayed three days at Liege, and Sir James and Mr Gordon came from Spaw and met us. This Mr Gordon is brother to Sir William Gordon of Park, a very well looked genteel man, married to a daughter of Lord Forbes's, a very good, sweet-tempered woman, but not very handsome: she was at Spaw for her health. I need say nothing of my meeting with my brother, as those who have no brother whom they love, that they have been separate from for eleven years, will not understand it, and those who have will without my telling them.

We got a coach and went all to Spaw, but such roads I never saw for a coach; by the time we arrived, my head was like to split with perfect fear. It is about seven hours' journey, through a moorish and woody country; there are iron mines in it, for which the wood serves, and all the country round is served with charcoal from it: in the vales, which are pretty narrow, there is pretty good grass, and on the banks, where it is not too steep, some corn. Spaw lies in a very pretty bottom, the banks are steep to the one hand, but a graduall ascent to the other; the meadows have a very fine verdure, and there are walks cut upon the high banks, which make it easy to get up, and a very pretty prospect of a wild woody country from it, not very populous. There are two or three pretty good streets in it, and little burns running through, with bridges over them to join the streets, which keeps it clean. The Powhon fountain is in the town, and a little bit from it is a short walk betwixt two hedges. This fountain and the Geronster is mostly used; I have made them be put upon my quadrill box, which is better than my description. The company goes to the other fountains in cariolls, which is just a geeg, or rather a bad cart, covered like a chaise, only there are two seats in it like a coach. The houses are very bad, and very few of the rooms have fire-places. Nobody stays there in winter but the inhabitants, and not so many of them as you would imagine, for all the shops are filled in summer with folks who come from Liege to serve the company.

There is one Irish gentleman who is described in the gallantry of the Spaw by the name of Mr Luck; his name is Archibold, he came there twenty-seven years ago for the gravell, and has stayed ever since. He is a quiet, silent, recluse, good body, and thinks every year that he is going away, and takes leave of all the folks in the place, but if he goes the length of Liege or Aix-la-Chapell, for a month or two, he always returns; he has his room from day to day, and minds only his prayers, and is very much with some of his country folks when there: I have him on my box, a meagre man. There is a Scotsman who keeps the publick

room; he is one Mr Hay, who was long about my Lady Erroll, and somehow or other settled here. He has built a very good house, and has the ball and card room in it, and some lodging rooms. Besides that, he has another which was let this year to Mr Spencer's family at a guinea a day, for which he made twenty-one beds, and provided clean linen twice every day for the family at table. As for the ball, he provides the musick, the room and lights, and every gentleman pays what in their money is reckoned fourty pence, but in ours it is like two merks Scots; they call it four skilling, and each skilling is the nearest thing to our half merk, and counts tenpence of theirs. The skilling was but sixpence in Holland, here it is tenpence, and at Bruxells it is sevenpence.

The houses are all built of timber and plaster, except Mr Hay's, which is built of brick, and some few others, otherways it would not be very safe to dance in them. Mr Hay's profit is from the cards and farro bank, which is held every night, and dancing but twice a week; indeed, there are no great incouragements to dance oftener, for they have but two scraping fiddles and a bass, who cannot play two parts of any tune, and then, except it be the Scots and the English, the women of that country cannot go through a country dance, but hobble, hobble, and never stir a foot but as they are pushed from one to another, till their heads are giddy, and then they stand still and stare. They are all madly keen to dance too, and plague the men who can dance to dance with them. There was a family of Jews there, Minheir Pinto from Amsterdam, his lady, daughter and son-in-law, another daughter and two sons, the oddest like animals ever was seen, with high noses, and black round eyes set closs to them, like so many owls, they were the keenest dancers and the worst at it ever was. After the company had looked with wonder at their dancing for severall nights, and the men had begun to shun dancing with them, (for they always asked them,) Lady Hellen and Lord Garless danced a strathspey minuet; whenever the Jews saw that they fell to it, they lap, they flaghtered so like hens with their feet tied together, that you might have bound the whole company with a

straw, and they were delighted. The farro bank pays Mr Hay five ducats each night; it was held by a considerable number, but only two appeared concerned; the rest of the party past themselves for gentlemen of fortune. They played very boldly, which drew in others, and every night there was a considerable deall of money lost, for nobody win. This, I think, with riding about in the forenoon, and sometimes going through the shops for japan and bead-work, which is the only manufactories of the place, were the only amusements of Spaw: sometimes a party at cards held in the forenoon in the ball-room, and the gentlemen walked and read the news.

As for the company, it is impossible to tell you what a gathering of all nations was continually coming and going, for the folks of this country go to Spaw for ten or twelve days, some for less. Their names are printed in a list, and sent about; the folks who are there before send the offer of a visit, and leave a card at their door, and they return the visit by another, and they do not speak when they meet. As for the English, who are the most regarded there because they stay the longest, there was Mr Spencer, his wife, her sister, her mother, a cousine, her two brothers, a chaplain and one Major Barton, who was Spencer's governour, and such a following of other attendants, that they had one pacquet boat for themselves, and another for their servants and baggage: I suppose they would have three going back, for they bought up every thing they could lay their hands on, as did their servants. Mrs Points told me for one article, that she, for herself and her daughter, bought fourteen gowns at Antwerp. They came to Antwerp for a jaunt when I was there, and had three coaches and their own post chaise to carry the jaunting party. Mrs Spencer is a very sweet-like girl, her sister is a great hoyden; Miss Collier the cousine is a well-looked little lassie, and severall little sparkies were in love with her. I shall mention one of them for the sake of his governour's history.

He is called Perry, and son to a rich man at London; by the boy's face he should be either a Jew or a French refugee, but he is the latter.

He was sent to France when young, and has almost forgot his English. This, by the by, is easier done I find than folks can imagine; there are some memories so very slippery, that in three years' want of practice, after they were come a good length, they will forget their language intirly, and very soon come to be at a loss for words. Mr Gordon had two sons whom he put in a *pension* in France, when the one was eight and the other ten; and, though they had each other to speak to, in two years' time they could not speak one word of English, nor understand it. This Mr Perry had a governour, whom his father had so much confidence in, that he gave him unlimited credit at Paris, to call for what money he pleased: they were obliged to leave France with the other British, and came last winter to Bruxells. He had never shown any inclination to gaming, untill, this spring, he got into the farro bank society, and there was so lucky as to gain a hundred pounds. This turned his head at once; he followed them to Spaw, and there lost his hundred pounds, and all the money he had besides, which was the boy's. He drew for more, and off he went again to Bruxells; by this time the society were come there. He first played away the boy's little chaise and horses, called a cabrioll, and then no less than L.4000; of this he gained back two, and gave bills on Paris for the remainder, and set out for Italy. The boy took care to prevent this, by writing to Paris to stop the payment of them, and to London to his father; so that the gamesters, who have gone to Paris to receive the money, will get their labour for their pains.

But to return to the Spencers, they were very ill-liked: the mother Points commands the party, and she is a deaf, short-sighted, loud spoken, hackney-headed wife, and played at cards from morning till night. Because she had been about the court, she imagined she was the resident at Spaw, and keept very little company with her own country-folks, because some were jacobites, others in opposition; and for the French and Flemish, and the Queen of Hungary, she was at war with them, except the widow of the late Duke of Aremberg, who got L.40,000 from Britain

last war, for putting the Austrian troops in motion; she and her daughter, a chanoness, and Madam Points, keept close together. These chanonesses are in severall places in this country; they are not nuns, but rather preistesses; they live in a sort of convent manner, but may go about, and may marry. They wear a certain dress when on duty, which is to chant at high mass; they wear a ribbon cross their shoulders, like our knights, and are chosen out of the best families. If they never marry, then they remain, and have a very good living. It is what one would call a genteel foundation for poor nobility, which no country wants more than this, for everybody loads themselves with pompous titles, either from birth or office, which puts me in mind of an adventure I should have related before I left Liege.

The fathers came to me, and begged another visit in a very formall manner: they told me there was a countess in that town who was very civill to them, and that she long had a desire to visit them, but they could admitt of no ladies but British; but if I would come, and let this countess come as it were with me, it would be a great favour both to them and her. She was a very great lady in that place, and her son was generallissimo of the Prince of Liege's troops. This would have sounded greatly in my ears, had I not, unfortunately for his Excellence, been in the citydale the day before, and seen the army, consisting of seven hundred poor-like bodies, like the town-guard of Edinburgh, who receive four sous a day, ten of which I told you was one of our half merk. I agreed to attend the countess; I took a coach, and hers followed; as there was no passing in the entry, I went in first, and stood in the door to let her pass. First passed the countess with a low courtesy, and made me a very fine compliment for this favour; then the daughter passed, and said the same words; then the neice, and said the same. The mother was a young-like wife, the daughter was a very fair high-featured lass, and the generallissimo was just her picture: he was attended by the commandant of the citydale, who I think was the ugliest devill ever showed a face; I suppose he was chosen to fright the enemy from at-

tacking so weak an army. The neice was a little, snod, fair lass. The fathers had all their curiosities displayed, consisting of a show-box like Mr Gray's and some microscopes, and things of that kind, by which it appeared that that science is but in its infancy in this country, and I have heard since, that even these things they had got but lately. However, the generallissimo and his ladies were highly pleased with them. After walking some time in the garden, I left the company with the fathers, and Daniel and I went to a shop to buy Dresden ruffles. I bought a pair of double ruffles, which are just a sheaff and a vast large napkin, single, of very pretty work, but not so much open work as yours, for two guineas.

But to return to what introduced this digression: we had a Bishop and Prince of Osburgh, who keept a coach and twenty-five attendants and servants. He was of the family of Hess Darmstad, and a very civill body, just in his person like Mr Cunninghame the packman. He had been lame from his infancy, and had always two gentlemen as finely dressed as anybody, and very genteell men, and he leaned on their arms. He allways sat with great pleasure and saw the dancing, and when he went out, he hirpled round to all the company, and wished them good-night. The only badge of a preist about him was a tonsall on his wigg; some has this of a bit of black silk, some of a bit of horn or tortyshell, like the head of a snuff-box, but his was made of the hair of his wigg laid down smooth; it minds me so much of an issue, that I do not like to see it: those who wear their hair has it shaved. They are not all preists who have the tonsall, for that they wear so soon as they are admitted into any order of the church, sub-deacon, or deacon. This prince lived very retired, and phisically, and had therefore little company at mealls with him, which is indeed little the custom at Spaw for anybody.

The next family of distinction we had was Sir Thomas Worsly and Lady Betty. He was new come to his fortune by the death of his old father, who, Lady Betty told me, was a great miser, but, when he died,

left no ready money, and that he keept them in great straits for money. She was obliged to travell to save money, for they could not live at London, and when they lived in the country, they were like to be eaten up. By what I could understand, they were allowed a thousand pounds a-year, and she had ten thousand pounds: she told us the melancholly circumstances one night, with the tear in her eye. She seemed to be of a very frugall turn as to dress and living; but how the English folks' money goes is a mystery to me, for it is neither in them nor on them, that I could see. Sir Thomas was a good-natured, little, black lad; she was not handsome, and had a sower look. She was Lord Orrery, now Lord Cork's, daughter, and cousine to Lady Cathcart; her mother was daughter to Lord Orkney, so she is half Scots. Both Sir Thomas and her loves a little gaming, and lost about L.150 at farro; she did not lose her money pleasantly, but Sir Thomas did with great patience. In the family with them were Lord Dungarven, her eldest brother, and Mr Hamilton Boyll, to whom the letters are wrote. Lord Dungarven is a very genteell little man, married to a lady of great fortune, of the name of Howard, a great bankeir's daughter; he is ill of convulsion fits, not very violent, but very frequent; they are sometimes so short that it will be off before it be perceived; no part of his body is convulsed, but one hand. He took violent exercise, for he was seldom off horseback, but the Spaw brought them on more frequently than before, which they say is always the effect at first. When I left it, he was gone to Aix-la-Chapell, to take a cure from a phisician there, which was a secret, so I have never heard yet if it had any effect. It was a great pity, poor young man, it made them all very low spirited; his brother Hamilton was just breaking his heart about it: there seemed to be great love and concord in the family; they made no secret of it, and always, when they spoke of it, were like to cry. Mr Boill is a grave, composed, sweet-tempered like lad as ever I saw. Another member of this family was their cousine, Lord Boill, the speaker of Ireland's son; he was a thin-featured, red-

haired lad, not ill-looked. Folks who knew him said he had humour; he had a strong Irish brog. He did not join much with others, except at the farro table, where he had no better luck than his neighbours.

There was another family whose discord amused the company: this consisted of Madam Beaton, the collonell's dowager I wrote you of. As she was English, she could assume no title other than dowager [of an] officer of the first rank. With her lived Madamosell Patine, who, being daughter to Count Patine, president of the councill of Flanders, called herself a viscountess; she was a little squinting beauty, very well painted. She had a lover, a Swiss officer, who was pinned to her sleeve, and scandalized Madam Beaton prodigiously, because he visited at all hours. Madam Beaton, I should have told you, lives at Bruxells, for what reason I know not; she says she cannot affoard to live at London, and that she lost an only son she was very fond of, and could not endure to see anything put her in mind of him. In this menage was likeways Baron De la Faell, a gentleman from Ghent; he was almost blind with the cataracks on both his eyes, which gives him a stupid staring look, not at all disagreable to the nature of the man, who is an innocent good-natured body, and put me in mind of Charles Maitland. He learned English from the army when in Ghent, and Scots from the highland regiment, and is very fond of it, and speaks it very well; he sings well, and is vastly fond of the Scots songs. "How's a' wi' ye," "Good e'en to ye," "De'il tak ye," was always his salutation in Scots, when he wanted to show his knowledge in that language. This family lived and eat together, and were equall shares. Madam Beaton had a man, Patine had a maid, and La Faell, to be equall, insisted that he should have a surgeon who was there into his share. He and his surgeon eat as much as all the rest, and drank twice as much. Madam Beaton told everybody how she was oppressed, and that she had paid for a hundred bottles of wine, and had drunk but seven of them for her share; however, she paid and grumbled. At last she set off her man, and the surgeon fell into a quarrell, and run away; and that revolution bred such a calcula-

tion of expence, which so far surpassed all their arithmetick, that she left the menage, and fed herself. I am of oppinion, that when people of exactness go into a menage together, the parties should be weighted before and after dinner, and pay accordingly; for the odds of stomachs make great heart-burnings, though they do not produce open complaints.

La Faell told me his family was very noble: his father was married to a second wife, who had two daughters to him; he had two brothers, and was the eldest. His father loved the second son, (who, he owned, was a much better fellow than himself, and approved of his father's partiality,) for which reason the father was not fond of his getting a wife; and for the mother-in-law, whenever his marrying or any of his brothers' was spoken of, she made a noise in the house, as he expressed it. He was much in love with a fair widow, and asked his father's leave to court her, for she was very rich, but his father would not allow him, as she was not noble; but he allowed him to court another lady, but she would not have him, because he was blind. "At this rate, baron," says I, "I fear they will nick you out of a wife altogether." "I am afraid of that myself," said he, "for I should like very much to be married." He used to follow Lady Fanny[a] and I to walk up the hill, and when it turned duskish, he saw not a stime; so, when we came down again, and came to a steep, "sit down now, baron, and hirsle on your doup," which he did; "now, you may get up again;" and in this manner we brought him home. I says to him one day, "You pretend a great deall of complesance for us, and yet I am informed you think we are to go to hell, and that you are not the least sorry." "To be sure," says he, "the church obliges us to beleive so." "And do you obey such an order?" says I. He could not say he did not beleive the church, and would not say that we would go to hell, so was greatly puzzled; but next day he had taken advice about it, and, when I put the question to him again, he said there was but one God and one religion, and I was of a different re-

[a] Lady Frances Wemyss, wife of Sir James Steuart of Coltness, the writer's brother.—[*Ed.*]

ligion. "Wherein do you and I differ?" says I; "what is your creed?" So he repeated it. "Now," says I, "I will let you hear my creed;" and, to his great amazement, it was the same. "Now," says I, "wherein do we differ?" "You do not obey the pope," says he. "Why, the pope and I are perfectly agreed," said I; "[I] beleive the same creed with him, and since we have the same faith, what should send him to heaven and me to hell, providing we put our faith in practice equally?" But this he could not answer, as I suppose he had never thought on it before, but [said] that his church was the true church, and he would pray for my conversion.

There was a man making a tolerable figure when I came there, whose credit was all overturned by an unfortunate accident: his name was De Marr. He had a quarrell with a man some time ago, and this man came to Spaw to challenge him to fight: Madam De Marr keept her husband in the house, so that the man could not see him. At last she ventured out with him to the publick walk, and up came the man to speak to De Marr, when madam flew to the man, took his cane out of his hand, and laid ten thousand on him, before the whole company. Upon this the man left the place, and De Marr was so blown upon, that nobody spoke either to him or her, nor did they ever come to the publick room.

There was a most curious wife, Madam Hussy; her husband, the collonell, was in the Queen's service, and a most sensible well-bred man, minded me greatly of Sandy Mure. They were both Irish; she was of the O'Neills, Kings of Ulster; she had been married to a very old rich man, but she said his freinds had cheated her out of the money she should have got at his death, and she hated the old man, and would not be at the pains to flatter him. "I was a very good-natured woman," said she to me, "till I had a miscarriage after I married Collonell Hussy, and, ever since, I am given to violent passions and weaknesses in my head; sometimes it is as heavy as lead, and sometimes as light as a feather; and I have violent vapours that blow me up with wind." She was very like a cat in her appearance, and anybody who would joke or

flatter her might say anything to her. She was very fond of all our party, but to others she fuffed and kindled, if they but opened their mouth. There was a violent enmity betwixt her and Madam Beaton, yet they could never be separate. The attachment was the cards, at which they never failed to squabble, and swear they would never play together again. Hussy could not subsist without cards, and yet she turned so doited after the second party, that she renounced, and did not know a card. The collonell had the genteellest, softest way of laughing, and letting others laugh at her, you can imagine; she was vastly fond of him, and we liked her for his sake, but nobody else would be at the pains, which made her very fond of us. She gave Mr Nidham a ducat to play at farro for her. The collonell bid him never tell her that he win, till the bank was gone; he played with caution and judgment, and win her twenty-six, but gave her them before the bank gave up, and she lost the half of them in one night. She never failled to tell me of a law-sute she had, and wanted to let me understand how much money she had; but though it was what I wanted much to know, because they lived very well, yet I could never obtain the knowledge of it, and at last I found the reason was, she did not know herself. She had a terrible enmity to Madam Cresnar, the British resident's wife at Liege. One night at a ball, Lady Betty Worsly rose to dance, and Madam Hussy sat down in her seat. "That is Lady Betty's chair," said Mrs Cresnar. "Lady Betty!" says Hussy, "is there any seat in this room belongs to anybody? or is there any Lady Betty better than me? Impudent woman! but I beleive the woman's in liquor." The collonell has been in all the emperor's wars these thirty years, has had the plague in Hungary, has been over all Europe, and speaks all the languages, and never got an wound.

I assure you it made my heart sore to see so many brave men as I have seen since I came to this country, obliged to seek a living in foreign service on the account of their religion, when their service is so much wanted at home. There is just now Generall Brown, an Irishman, and Generall Keith, a Scotsman, commanding the armies upon

which the eyes of all Europe are turned at present, and fighting it out so fairly, that both sides claim the victory; and we must take up with a Bing, a Blackny, or a Bland, three Bs that, though one do not know them from a bull-foot, there is no great wonder. We had a Generall Brown at Spaw, collonell of the first regiment of horse in the service, some great man's bastard, a good body, but old and paralitick, and any old wife would cast him over her shoulder. Many a French and Austrian officer was there, that looked like men of busnèss, for the cure of old wounds, for many a hash and slash they had upon them, and withered like they were, and polite, well-behaved men. There was a Prussian officer who spoke English pretty well; he had left the service, and did not like the King at all. He was very fond of conversing with the English, and of reading English books; he had read Clarissa, and thought it the finest performance ever was. All Richison's books are translated, and much admired abroad; but for Feilding's, the forreigners have no notion of them, and do not understand them, as the manners are so intirely English.

It is very surprising to see how ignorant two neighbouring nations as France and England, who has so much correspondence with each other, are of each other's constitution and circumstances: we do not understand anything of the parliament of Paris, nor of their disputes regarding prerogative, nor the limits of the government on either side; nor do they know more about ours. I was present one day, when Sir James was discoursing with Monsieur Doubinie, the French resident at Liege, about the odds betwixt the powers of the French and English parliaments. I did not understand much of their conversation, but I could observe that Doubinie was not much instructed, and said to Sir James, when he went away, "I think your minister did [not] understand the matter you talked of." "That's no wonder," said he, "the devil one Frenchman ever I met with could comprehend our constitution, nor anything about us, but that England is a rich and a wise nation; and, though our folks at home think the French have conceived designs of invading or conquering

them, they would just as soon have such upon the moon, and think it as possible as the other." I wish this war do not open their eyes: "But, indeed," said he, "the English are even with them, for they are as totally ignorant of their affairs, and understand their constitution as little; only they differ in this respect, that England thinks France weaker than it is, and France thinks England stronger." I wish they do not both see the truth before this war is at an end. This Monsieur Doubinie and his lady being at war with Mrs Cressnar, the English resident's lady, it was impossible that they could have any correspondence, not so much as bowing in a publick place; and what augmented Madam Cressnar's spleen was, that a daughter she had jumped the window, and run away at Liege, and turned a capucine: so French and papaistry together were too much.

The first visit we received at Spaw was from the capucines, to invite us to their garden, which is a very neat little thing; I have made it be put on my quadrill box. They have a jet of water, and about it four shades of ewe, which is very agreeable, as there's always some of them shaded from the sun. There are ten in all in this convent, mantained upon that poor country, and what the strangers leave them, which is very little, taking off the English, for the folks of that country are not very generous to them. There was an English gentleman who was severall seasons at Spaw, and he used to give them a great feast every year, and fill them all drunk, and make them all dance like mad; one of them could play on the fiddle, and the Englishman and the father-guardian always opened the ball by a minuet: now they get only a feast from old Mr Hay every new-year's day. The people in that country may affoard to mantain some of these begging orders, for they pay very few taxes to their governours, and indeed it would be too much, if they paid what other countries did.

The church livings are but very small, that is, the curates and others, only they have a good many of them to every church, for they have close duty, one mass after another, from five o'clock in the morning till twelve mid-day, and then *salve* and benediction at six, and all the rest of the afternoon is employed in confession, so that it would be too hard work

for one or two in great churches. They have a great number of clergy to them, as there will be three or four masses going on at one time. I used to go in sometimes to the benediction; they had very good musick, and a preist went round the church with a besome, like what we sweep below the beds with, a boy carried after him a bucket full of holy water, and the preist came whip, whip, to every hand with it; but he was very sparing. They only received it in imagination, for I was hard by him when he passed, and, though he intended me a double portion, as having most need, being a heretick, yet there was not one drop came upon me. I cannot understand why people come to church for their private devotion; I thought it had only been the common folks; but one day coming through the church, which I often did for a near cut, I saw my friend Mr Nidham in it, quite alone, most serious at his devotion; I declare I thought as much shame as I had caught him doing something else, but his back was to me, and he had his head down. It is only those who cannot read that use the beads, and I cannot see what great use there can be for such repetitions of the same thing, for there are five beads plain, and at every one of these they say, "Haill, Mary, full of grace! the Lord is with you." Then comes a carved bead, or one tipped with silver, and that is a *pater noster*, and there are about fifty of the first, and ten of the last; at the same time, they do not understand a word of what they are saying.

When the boys were put to school at Spaw, they got a catechizem to learn upon; in it is the Lord's prayer, creed, and ten commands; but when I read it, I was surprised. Their second command is our third, and yet there were ten, which I thought was laying nine men in eight beds; but, upon reading, I found they split the tenth into two, and make a difference between your coveting your neighbour's wife, and his ox or ass; and for our second, they turn it out altogether, and say it is comprehended in the first. Now, this I really commend them for, as I do not like to see folks take some things in a literall sense, and explain away others; whatever people find they cannot comply with, they should

deny its ever being a precept. How foolish must a man look, to be condemned out of his own Bible! for which reason I am surprised that it has never been thought of to print a Bible for the polite part of the world, and leave out everything that can in the least hamper a man in his pleasures, and this would put an end to infidelity at once, for people are obliged to deny all, because they cannot admit some parts. Now, as the people of Scotland have not the least tendency to worship anything, far less images, let them take in this long command, which the catholick church has cast out, and divide it into three to preserve the number, and cast out the third and fourth; or, if they chuse to cast out the seventh, which indeed I see no great use for, so long as there are so many single persons of both sexes, they may divide the fifth into two, which will be vastly easy obeyed by a great many, and by those especially who have most need of commands, viz. those who have neither father nor mother; and I never saw anybody refuse to honour their parents after they were dead.

I went into the benediction at the capucines one night: they have no musick but their own voices, which is horrid; some sat, some kneeled, and I did not know when to do either: Lady Nell and Mr Andrew Hay were with me. At last in came an old Jesuite, who was at Spaw for health, and he sat down by me, so [I] was resolved to do as he did; I found he used freedom with his friends, and only kneeled at the elevation. Mr Hay, that he might be sure he was right, kneeled all the time; but, as he is a prodigious size, he was as tall as anybody when on his knees, and the folks thought he was standing, and the common folks were in such a passion, and held such a tittle-tatling to each other, that I could not understand what they were about, as my back was to him. After it was over, they made a terrible complaint to this old Jesuite, who composed them, and said we were strangers, and did not know the custom: Mr Hay was like to go mad that he had hurt all his knees to please them, to so little purpose.

This Mr Hay is a very good lad, was concerned in the 1745, and stayed

at home for some years after, but was so remarquable by his hight, that he was often pursued from place to place, and obliged to come abroad. He is the tallest man ever I saw that was not a show, and looks rather taller than he is, as he is not well made. He, with Mr Gordon and his wife, and Sir James's family, we found at our arrivall, dined together, and got their diner from a publick-house at so much a head, their three skillens being thirty pence, but our twenty-one pence. They complained they were not well served, and as the landlady in our house was a working body, and could dress meat, we resolved to provide the meat, and let it be drest in our house, and dine all together. Lady Fanny, as she could speak to her, ordered and dispursed the money; we were hardly so cheap, but then we were better served, and had dishes of our own country, by John Rattray's assistance.

We often got good sport with John's French, and the mistakes that happened betwixt him and her. They wanted to have a haggas, but John said we must set our hearts bye that, for he had seen nothing like meall in that town. That day Mr Calderwood had bid the landlady get him some hony, so, when she was counting with John at night, there was an article for *miel*. "Meal!" says John, "devil a grain have I seen in your country; no, no, Madam, no, no," and shook his head. Upon this she came to Mr Calderwood, who put John right, and told the woman what he had mistaken it for; upon which she produced meal, to the great joy of the company, who, by this mistake, got a haggas. I asked John one day how they called the maid of the house? "I don't know," says he, "how they call the wemen servants here, but they call us men *dumbsticks*." "Troth," says I, "you're really well named *at present*." However, John was very happy, for there were many Scots and English dumbsticks there, with whom he made merry: and one night, after the bairns were come, and he had made great progress, as he thought, in the French, he thought he would black his master. There had been an apple-pye at diner, and Mr Calderwood bid him ask for the cold pye at supper, and bid him ask for the *pâté*; John went down,

but the wife did not understand him. At last she did, and said, "*Ah! le tourta;*" so up he comes. "In faith, your honour was a' out about the pye; how think you they call it in French?" "I know no other French, John, for a pye," says Mr Calderwood. "Na, they have another name yet, (and he winks to Willie,) in faith, they call it a turd, sir." "Well," says Willie, "I fancy the patie is the outside, John, and the turd is the in-meat;" and this was a sad joke against John. Then comes Peggie Rainy: "O! sir," says she, "I was learning French with Mr Hair and Mr Line, and you laught me out of [it;] I would have been a fine speaker, if it had not been for you, that you said I was too old, and now I'm older, and will never learn;" and, indeed, she said true, for, if she was told how to ask for a thing, she forgot or she was at the foot of the stair. Then she thought she would do like daft Jock, and repeat it all the way: so, one day she was wanting to walk to a fountain called the *Tonelet*, and, after being directed the road, was desired to ask anybody she met, if that was the road to Tonelet, and thought she had got a fast grip of "*le chemein à la Tonelet:*" "*chambeing toutalon,*" says she to every one she met, and returned without finding the place. "Aye," says she, "I that came from Edinburgh to Liege as if I had been led by a string, not to find a place within a mile of Spaw!"

After the Spencers were gone, the English turned more sociable, and we were often together when we were few. Sir Richard Littleton, brother to Sir George Littleton one of our ministers, Mr Ward, son to my Lord Ward and member for I forget the place, and Mr Burrage, resident to the different courts of Germany, and some others, were vastly fond of Sir James, and, after he was able to creep out, would never want him; and, as he could not go much back and forward, the ladies came down, and drunk tea in Sir Richard's in the afternoon. Sir Richard is vastly merry; he was aid-de-camp to Lord Stair, and knows all the Scots folks; a well-looked, honest-like man, hardly forty, but so miserably afflicted with the gout and rheumatizim, that he is quite lame. Mr Ward was a very good lad, and sung very well, and had a great many Scots

songs he was very fond of. Mr Burrage was a glum-like carle, but they said had a great deall of humour after he got a glass; he perswaded Sir James to change the place he intended to go to, and, instead of Mayance, to go to Francfort, where he resides.

But I forgot to tell you of a princess we had, Princess Sinsokie. She is of the Palfies of Hungary, a widow, and got leave from the empress (as she stays at Vienna) to go to Spaw for her health; but she, it seems, only wanted to go to Paris, where she had stayed out her time of leave, and came to Spaw that she might say she was there. She desired Lady Weems to write to Lady Fanny that she was coming to Spaw, and brought an abbé alongst with her; he called and informed [her] she was come, but when Lady Fanny called for her, she was *malade* with her journy. She came to the first ball, and danced with great keenness, and very well. She had a very showy, princess-like figure; she was very tall, and very thin, and vastly straight and upright, which makes a better figure in this country, where everybody, from their want of stays, goes two-fold. She appeared at a distance, by her figure, to be very young, but when you saw her near, she was older. She was dressed very plain, in a stript lutstring *negligie*, without a hoop, but her head was curled and powdered, and she was strongly painted, and, being very fair, cast a great dash, and tript it so light, that she was like a fairy princess, but so conceated a creature, and so absolutly ingrossed with herself, that when folk spoke to her, she did not hear what they said, and she made up to nobody, but danced, and then went to the glass to see that all was in its place. She stayed eight days, but never came out again, nor saw nobody; returned Lady Fanny's visit by a card, as was the custom, and stayed close shut up with her abbé, who came not out neither. It was reported that she said people used too much freedom with her at the ball, but what sort nobody could find out, for she sat like a stick, except when she was dancing.

I think this, with my letters from Spaw, may be account enough of the place; as for the manner of living, it cannot be expensive, and things

are as reasonable there as can be expected in such a place. The whole imployment of the inhabitants is making and japaning toillet boxes, and things of that kind, and working bead and bugell work, all which they affoard very cheap. The boxes, I wrote you what they cost, and for the beads, a necklace, point and ear-rings, cost seventeen pence half-penny of our money; but mum for that, as Peggy Rainy has a cargo coming home to sell, which I think may sell for a crown the set, and be cheap in Edinburgh. These Spaw manufactories go everywhere, and yet I never saw them in Edinburgh. There is at least twenty, or I beleive thirty folks who work all the year round in that japan, and in every shop you see numbers of sets one day, and hardly any in a day or two. No town in that country rivalls another in its manufactors; they are made nowhere else but at Spaw. There is a famous turner there, and he turns things in ivory that would exceed beleif, if one was not to see it; things like oblisks, with a spire no greater that a pin in thickness, and rings upon [it] like horse-hair; then the grosser part like basket-work, that, when you look through it, there are scrolls and squares within other, till the inmost is no bigger than a pea, and all turned out of one peice of ivory, which exceeds what I could imagine.

The people in the place live very poorly. Our landlord was Mr Peter Hurlly, burgomaster, a fine, civil, intelligent, working body, a japaner. Their manner of living was [this; in] the morning, at six o'clock, they drank tea, without milk, or sugar, or bread, this they qualified with a dram of genevar; about ten they took breakfast, a sort of bread mixed with rye, which they eat with butter; dined at twelve on cabbage, potatoes, or kidney beans, or whatever green trash was in season, or sallad; and, through the day, if they were hungry, eat some bread and butter. The landlady said she eat no flesh through the whole year; and it was [never] in the house but on great feast days. By their way of living, they should turn rich, but they are cast so often idle with holydays, that I wonder they do not starve; then they must wear their best clothes; and firing is very dear in winter. Their houses are very thin, and must

be cold; the rooms are large, and badly furnished. The room-rents are cheaper than at Moffat, like about seven shillings a week for the bed-rooms, and less for the smaller rooms; every house has a good low room for dining in, which they call a *salle*. As Lady Fanny was to stay after us, she wanted a house with two fire rooms with beds, for they have in every house one bed-chamber with a fire. In one house I was much diverted with the man's architecture; he told her, "I can put a fire in this room if you please, for there is the chimney of the one below coming up the wall; it is only making a hole in it, and puting a hearth in."

The climate of the Ardens is reckoned the worst in all these countries, but it was tollerable weather most of the time we were there. The weather had been very hot before we came, and they said it was very disagreeable, but I found no heat after; sometimes it would rain and thunder a little for two or three days, but when that went over, the weather continued fair, and seldom showers, but when it did rain, it was very heavy. There was no good fruit to be had; none grew there but apples. Some geans were brought from other places, very good; but neither peach, appricock, nor plumb, that were ripe. Plenty of fine nuts, and the fillberts ready before the common kind; but all the fruit in that country is very wormy, and some of the finest nuts had a great worm in the kirnall. The children and grown persons are much troubled with worms; I saw a child of but six weeks old, which was ill of worms; I suppose this proceeds from the mothers living so much upon vegetables.

I have mentioned Mr Nidham severall times, without any particular account of him or his pupile. Mr Nidham is an Englishman, and a preist; he was governour to Mr Howard of Corbie: he has travelled a good deall, and a very sensible conversable man, and very friendly. He is a member of the Royall Society, and is author of a book upon naturall philosiphy, which is much esteemed; it is overturning all the sistem of every thing being produced by generation, and nothing by corruption; and [he] has made many curious experiments to prove his sistem. For

instance, he has extracted the juice of meat, corked it up in a bottle, set this bottle into such a heat as must destroy any sort of egg, or principle of life it could contain, and that juice, after this, by corruption has produced living creatures; and many other proofs of his doctrine. He is a scholar in many other sciences, but his travelling and taking care of his puple imploy most of his time at present. Mr Townly is a well-looking, sweet-like lad, about nineteen; he has been in France since he was six years old, but, till Mr Nidham came to him four years ago, had never learned the French, as he was in an English colledge. What way they had taken to make him learn, Mr Nidham says God knows, but he had such an aversion at all sort of learning or instruction of any kind, that it was very hard for him to get any good at all done to him; but from his care and contrivance, he has got him to know a good deall, but mostly by the ear, and this even yet must be conveyed to him by stealth. "For instance," says he, "when we are alone, I dare not come upon any instructive subject, otherways he thinks it is a lesson, and he dislikes it; but the way I do [is,] if I can get a third hand, I converse with them upon any subject I would chuse to inculcate into Mr Townly, and then," says he, "he listens to it, and takes it up, and makes it his own, and I have often the pleasure of hearing him bring it out in conversation, or sometimes he will inform me of things I have told him in this way." Mr Townly is very bashful and grave, and has no liking to anything in particular, and I think seems to be one of little good or ill. His mother told Mr Nidham that, when he was young, instead of play with his brothers, he used to sit by her and cut paper, or any such thing as that. I have often observed that the mind and body of folks are mismarrowed, and some men should have been women, and he, I think, is one.

Mr Nidham left Spaw before us, and advised Sir James to come to Bruxells, where he could get his son very good education; but he was so bent on learning him the German, that he would not do it. We thought ourselves too great a body to venture into the empire, when

kings were coming into towns when the folks knew nothing of the matter; and being so long used to live in an island, [we liked no] such neighbours. It is ill enough in Scotland, where the fashion is not to send word you are coming to dine, but worse yet, not to send word that they are coming to turn you out of your house; so, as Mr Nidham had commended Bruxells, we thought it best to come here, as France (who is the only person disturbs this place) was in league with it. But when folks are in health, and can speak to every one they meet, they may do many things we could not venture upon. However, my heart was long upon following Sir James; but our Jamie happened to catch cold at Spaw, and took one of his short feverish fitts: the small-pox were in the town, and I sent for the doctor of the place, and there Sir James, Mr Calderwood, and Lady Fanny, must all interpret the consultation. "God help me," thinks I, "what a work is this! if we get a German doctor, not one of us will can speak to him, and the misinterpretation of a word may cost a body's life;" besides, they have little commerce with the English and their constitution, and this put such a fear to my heart, I resolved on Bruxells, where there was two English doctors; and, as the small-pox was in Spaw, we made all haste to leave it.

We set out the 20th September on two cariolls, and came to a place called Chode-Fountain, within three miles of Liege: we intended to take the boat from thence, and go down the river to Liege, but as the night was cold, we stayed still there. The place is named from the warm baths, which are much run upon; the water is pumped up in leaden pumps, so hot that it must be mixed with cold water before it can be used. There is a range of baths, all in little closets, very well contrived, with pipes of hot or cold water as you please, and you have the bath for a skillen, and a fire to dress at. This place is the prettiest, most romantick thing I ever saw; all up and down the river, for a good way, the banks are so close, that there is but a road below them on the one side; but, where this place stands, they cast out on every side like a cemicircle, the bounds of a haugh of an aiker of ground, on each side the

river. On the one side a large good house with the baths, and other houses, such as stables, &c.; on the other, which forms a court, a garden behind the house, and the little haugh on the other side before the banks, rising very steep round it, covered with wood. This place belongs to some man about Liege, who lets it, and it is used as a tavern, and the best I ever saw. The folks from Liege occupy it close by dining there, or stay some time for the baths. I took the benefit of a bath, and found it very pleasant. It is near here that all the guns are made, and there are severall iron milns for bating iron for them. There are some walks cut in the wood, and I thought one might pass two or three weeks there very agreeably. The woods are very pretty, nothing scraggy, and there was not a discolloured leaf at that time. We had travelled through a cold moorish country, and very slow, where our driver walked a-foot, and we were very hungry. It was four o'clock, and we went straight to the kitchen, where every one was set at their tea, a number of odd-like bodies, like boatmen and carriers, for every mortall drinks tea. Meat of all kinds was ready to dress, and we had our dinner so soon, as it had been done by the virtue of hocus pocus. We had, next day, a coach from Liege, and the road, as I wrote you, was one continued orchard or hop-garden, and bleachfields.

When we came to Liege, I went to see Mrs Gordon, and she is lodged in a very bad house, which threw a damp on my spirits, as I was to pass the winter in this country; I was affraid we would get no better at Bruxells. She had a low parlour entered off a small open place, to that adjoined a kitchen; from that you must go out, and up a stair, part of which was open to the air, and then were two rooms, one within another; the inmost was her bedchamber, with a brick floor. I told her we were going to Bruxells; she said they stayed at Liege for the benefit of coals, that wood was the fire at Bruxells, and that all the houses smoaked most terribly: I cannot say I was pleased with that. She paid for that house, and the smallest quantity of such furniture as you never saw, nothing but wooden chairs, L.19 sterling a-year. We sent to enquire after

Father Daniel, but was informed that he and all the students were in their retreat: this retreat was shutting themselves up in their own rooms for a week, which they do once a-year, to examine their consciences, during which time their meat is brought them, and they see nobody, not one another. I went up to the colledge and called for the rector, to enquire at him the footing of the colledge at Bruxells. He was very civill, and told me that Daniel could not appear. I suppose he would commit a new sin by grudging his retreat at that time. Father Steuart came down and saw us. We intended to stay but one night, but Mr and Mrs Gordon pressed us so much to pass a day with them, that we staid two nights. Mrs Gordon gave me that flower straw, which I hope is come to your hand; she got it from a lady, who took it from a nun. Just as I had got it, a gentleman alighted at the inn, who I had left at Spaw, intending to pass some time there. This was one Mr Hatton, consul at Ostend, who had got a sudden call to England. I had only seen him once, and he asked me if I had any commands for England? "Sir," says I, "there has nobody paid me that compliment, but whom I have taken at their word. I have just got a flower here I intend to send home; if you will carry it I will be very much obliged to you, and if it is any trouble to you, I hope you will as freely tell me." He said it would be no trouble, so I got a box in all haste, and gave it him; but I thought he looked as if he did not expect I would give him any commands. He said he was sorry it was not prettier. "It is going," says I, "where it will be accepted, and I shall send a prettier next time."

We took the diligence, which held six: it is like a very clumsy, long-bodied coach, with a good seat behind, and four little seats like arm-chairs down on every side, and open to where the horses are yoked, which makes it pleasant, as you see before you, and everybody is drawn forward. We were five, and we got in a grave-looking man in a lay habit; Mr Calderwood took his nap, and the man took out his book, and mumbled close at his prayers. "What can this man be?" thinks I; "it is so common for the clergy to travell in their dress, that it cannot be one

of them, and yet he is so handless-like, that he cannot be a body of any sort of busness." But when Mr Calderwood had taken his sleep, and fallen to the man, he soon found he was a channon of Tirlemont. These bodies look very foolish-like in common clothes. We dined at St Tron, and the bairns and I walked about a little, and went into a shop. Whiles the woman was showing me something, she started, and clapped her hands with joy, and when I looked behind me, there stood a young-like lad, who did not appear to be above eighteen, in a monk's habit; this was her son, who that day had got on the habit of St Benedict, for his clothes were quite new, and [he] had just come in to let his mother see him. The wife turned him round and round, and severall lasses run out of other rooms into the shop, and they all laughed and fidged for gladness. I asked the woman if she had any more children; she said she had one other son; "God help you," thinks I, "what effect has custom!" But the woman, I suppose, thought her son's bread was baked, for the Benedictines in that town are very rich.

We slept that night at Tirlemont, and next day dined at Louvaine. After we past Louvaine, we turned off the road we came from Antwerp, and left it upon the right, and came to a height, from whence we had a prospect of this country, which is vastly pretty, full of towns and villages, and finely cultivated. The French has not left a tree betwixt this and Louvaine, on the road. It was a fine day, and there you would have thought that all the Capucines had broke loose, for they were marching in sixes and sevens with their gowns tucked up, great fat carles, with faces as red as scarlet. Peg Rainy, it seems, at first called these vermine, so the bairns cried out, "O! see, Mrs Rainy, there is more vermine; I suppose Bruxells will be so troubled with vermine that you will not can live in it." There was every little bit a chapell, set up like a sentry-box upon the road. "But they are really cleanly bodies though," says Peg; "there they have their commodities set up for the use of the travellers:" at this they set up such a teshee. "They's chapells!" say they, "and a fine dressed-up Virgin in every one of them, and a

tirless door to let her be seen!" But every one passed by, and we saw nobody praying at them: if they had been for the other use, they would have been better occupied. When we came near Bruxells, the trees were left standing, which made the road very pretty; the town had ransomed them and their park from the French, in which there is some very fine timber.

We arrived here* the 24th of September, and were recommended by Sir James to go to the *oberge*, called *Le Main D'or;* it is keept by two girls who speak a little English. We were very well lodged, but our dining-room had no fire, and the house was distant one part from another, and would be very cold in winter. We had four rooms for three guineas a month, and we made an agreement, that whiles we staid, we were to pay twenty skillens a-day for breakfast, dinner, tea and supper, including lodging, and we were to provide fire and candle, wine, &c. Mr Calderwood declared himself for a private house, and everybody advised us to stay there, for there were no furnished houses to let, and the servants were so bad that we would have great trouble keeping house. My sentiments were, that if we were to put up in a publick house, we could not be better nor cheaper, and that, as we were well, it was best not to be in a hurry, for then folks took up with what they could get, and folks saw they were in necessity, but that we should settle as if we were to stay still, and look about us at leisure; so every time I went out to take a stroll through the town, I looked for lodgings, but found none tollerable. I one day saw a ticket on a house, and went in; I was met at the door by a well-looked little woman, big with child. She showed me one of the worst houses ever I saw, and a dark, neck-break stair: at last she carried me into a room, where was a young man in his night-gown and cape; he looked as if he thought shame, and the lady always bid him *parlly*. At last he spoke English, and told me he was an Irishman, and that he would be glad to know in what he could serve me? I told him I

* At Brussels.—[*Ed.*]

was looking out for a furnished house; he said that was what could not be got at Bruxells, he beleived, but he would make it his busness to inquire. Accordingly, he came next day to wait on me, in very good dress. I told Mr Calderwood my adventure; "I'll lay my life," says he, "he is little worth, for I remember, when I was here long ago, I met with a man, who, I think, was [of] the same name, and who, I suppose, was his father, and was warned to have nothing to do with him." "Oh," says I, "you're ill-minded; this is a silly, flea-lugged-like lad, and I'm easy whether he is good or ill, if he can find me what I want."

When he came to see me, he told me he could show me some houses, but not furnished. "Would you," says he, "take one a little bit from the town?" I told him I had boys to put to school. "O! then," says he, "this will fit you exactly, for it is in a vastly pretty village, about an hour from the town, in which there is a gentleman keeps a school, and takes in pensioners, and there is a vastly pretty house just by it: it is on the side of a canall, and the boat goes twice every day to town." I had no mind for a house in the country, but had a curiosity to see it, as I had often heard Lady Fanny say she never found any place answer the description given of it; so I said I would take a coach next day, and take the air that length, and asked him to go with me and show it me: so, accordingly, we went, and the road was one of the prettiest ever I saw; we had, the whole way, the canall on the one hand, and trees on the other. At last we came to two houses, prettily situated on the canall, with fine gardens and water-works, but these were taverns for the folks of the town to go out and dine in, and there was a road turned up, which led to the village. The coachman said he could not go up there for dirtying his coach, so we came out and walked. We first passed a very good-like house, which he said was possessed by an English family; after that we went through the church-yard, after that through severall little kaill-yards, and over stiles, till we came to the house, which was prettily situated on an eminence, from whence you saw about you, but hardly, it was so smothered with trees. It was a little thing like a summer-house,

two rooms below and two above, but so thin and slight, that it could not be inhabited in winter. The village was a few scattered houses on the side of a height, and no street but the road through it, some throw-fair for carriages, very deep and dirty. I went to see the school, and there were a parcell of boys that looked like the poorer sort; they had, up stairs, two unplaistered rooms for them to sleep in, with ten beds in a room; the boys' beds were, some of them, all blooded with their fighting. I told him that would not answer my purpose: however, I did not grudge my travell. As we returned, the meadows all about were smoaking at a great rate, which showed me I must choise my habitation in the high part of the town, as the low part near the canall must be very damp. He then carried me to a house that was to let, in a pretty good part of the town, but it stood in great need of repair, and had a bad dark stair and bad windows; so I still delayed being in a hurry.

Next day, as I was going about, I asked for something in a shop, and they said there was in that house just by a woman who spoke English; I went into the house, and this was a tavern, keeped by another Irishman, called Davies. The woman asked me to come in, and we conversed a little; I told her I wanted a house furnished; she said such a thing was hard to be got, but that she would enquire: I asked her if she knew my Irishman, his name was O'lelly? "Yes," she said, "and his father before him, who was a very little worth spark;" and she feared the son was not much better: so I found Mr Calderwood had been right as to the man. He had married one of the principall *burgois* of the town's daughter, and lived in good enough credit, but I suppose was idle and extravagant. This woman likeways offered me the assistance of herself and her husband; and, accordingly, the husband came next day, and told me of a fine house, &c., for an absolute trifle, as a man who had it was going to the country. I sent Peg Rainy next day alongst with him to see it. It was far down, in the low part of the town, near the canall, which is not reckoned healthy; and, as Peggie was going up the stair, Mr Davies took her by the doup, on which she flew in such a passion,

that she had almost thrown him over the stair, and home she came in as great a feugh. "I saw," says I, "he was a ree-brained divell, but thought nothing of it, as all the British are so when they come abroad." This house was well enough furnished, and the meer trifle was L.36 sterling a-year.

By this time Mr Nidham, who was not in town when we came, arrived; so the first thing was to fix the boys. He went and asked the Jesuites if they would take them into their colledge, which they said they would do; which we looked upon as a favour, as they teach for nothing, and strangers have no title to their labours, as they pay no part of their establishment. By this time Mr Calderwood had got the first of his cold, so could not go out, and I went with Mr Nidham to the colledge, to see the prefect of the studies, who was extreamly civill, and said he would order that particular care should be taken of them, as they did not understand the language, till which time they could not make so great progress; and, in order to obtain that the sooner, advised me to board them out in a *pension* which was hard by, and keeped by a preist, who made it his whole busness to attend his boarders, and assist them in their lessons: but, as it was proper to have one who understood their own language, a lad I had got to come in to them was to go to them at that house. He sent for the preist, who came and carried me to his house, and, indeed, a neater tickled up little thing I never saw; I beleive it was all in the compass of a good room, in which he had kitchen, parlour, two bed-chambers, one above another, and two little ones for his boarders, which were other three. The one was to be for us, with two tent-beds, and all hung with pictures, as was all the house, and carved, painted and gilded at a good rate, and canary birds in fine cages hung all through it. I thought they would be very well with this orderly, nackety body; I saw nobody in the house, but a carefull-like body like old Cristy, who minded them: the board was but L.16 *per annum*. I told him they were not to go to mass when the school went at ten o'clock, but to go out to his house, and, as the eldest was of a delicate

stomach, he was not to eat meagre ; if he did not incline to give him meat, he should dine with us on meagre days : to all which the man consented. Next day I went again to see what beding they were to have, and found the preist abroad, and another woman than the one I had seen the day before (who was the housekeeper) at home. I told her the same thing, and she asked if they were not catholick ? I told her, no ; at which she cast up her eyes and crossed herself. "Ho, ho," thinks I, "this will not do ;" I bid my interpreter, who was the lad that was to come in to them, to tell her they were not catholicks yet, but they were young, and she would make [them] good catholicks ; as, by the time that would be in her power, by their understanding her instructions, my intentions would be fulfilled in putting them there. But, in short, as I guessed, the next day the preist came, and told me he could not take them.

I found we had lost no time, for the colledge was just to meet next day, so we made all haste to get them the badge of students, like Gil Blas, only, instead of a long black cloak, they got red ones down to their heels, with gold embroidered button-holes, which is the badge of gentlemen. So to school they went, and were put into the first class, as the want of the French keeped them from going higher. As the fathers had not examined them, but probably beleived they were to begin the Latin, I desired the prefect and the rudement father to come and see us, that they might know the exact length they were come in the Latin. That day Jamie had thought fit to make a quarrell with Peggie Rainy, and in the scuffle had broke his forehead. Willie came in, and answered what questions were asked at him, but for James, he was not quite composed ; I told him, if he did not appear, as he was little they would certainly begin him at the ABC. This had some weight, and after getting his face washed, and a bit of paper battered on his forehead, he appeared, and read and answered with as much assurance as if nothing had happened. The fathers made great lament for his fall, which he let pass. I called for a glass of wine, but when it was brought in, the carles started

as if they had seen the divell, and told they could not taste it, as it was against their rules to eat or drink in a publick house.

After this point was fixed, and the *pension* misgiven, we knew whereabouts we must have a house, viz., as near the colledge as possible. I had such a sufficient insight as to my country folks, that I intended to give them no more trouble; and, impossible as it seemed to take a house and furnish it, without the assistance of any one who knew the town, or understood me, yet I resolved to attempt it: for I found a furnished house in Bruxells was exactly like the commission old Lady Minto got from old Jerviswood, viz., to get him a fine house at the Cross of Edinburgh, with a large garden behind it, that he might both have the pleasure of seeing the street and walking in his own garden;—and a house we must have, as the coldness of the inn had given Mr Calderwood a severe cold, and twenty coaches past under our bed every night, besides, as many more as were in the town past by our windows. The lad who attends the bairns is called Stapleton; him I took with me, and first came to the colledge, and from that struck up to the airth I would choise to live in, which was high, upon what is called a mountain here, and the mountain *de quater vents*, equall to what we call with us "where wind and weather shears:" this great mountain is, I think, as high above the low part of the town as the Cross is above the Canongate; a good part of the town [is] still beyond it, and from the colledge it enters up a very good street, the steepest part of which is like the steep at the Nether-Bow. Up that street I went, (for the Scots folks as naturally climb up as the goats do,) and looked on every hand for a house to let. When I was just dispairing, near the head of the street I saw a billet, and rung the bell. Nobody answered; at last a well-dressed officer looked out of a window, and told us to call at the house over against, who had the key: which we got, and I found a house I had no notion was to be had in Bruxells. For the large houses are all inns with open courts and galleries, and every room a stair; and the small houses are like those in the

Cowgate, where you see the hair-pickers sitting with leaded windows; and neither great nor small will vent, which obliges them to use stoves: nay, these stoves will not vent at the chimney, but are often let out in a hole in the outer wall, at the cheek of the window. This is such a calamity in this town, that even the prince in his house is smoaked to death, and he got a doctor over from London, who declared the disease incureable, from the situation of the town, which I think is as good an one as can possibly be. To my great joy I found that every room in this house would vent, as they were concaved like ours, and would burn with coall grates. I have drawn a plan of the house, which is much better than description, and you will see that, whereas we show our knowledge of mathematicks, by casting all our buildings into exact squares, they choise to show theirs by variety of angles; not one corner is of the same angle with another. Whenever a street makes a turn, sweep go about the houses built upon it, as if it had been turned after they were all set; but, however foolish-like it looks on paper, it does not appear so ill to the eye. The rent of this house, I was informed, was one hundred and ninety-one gilders, which, in our money, is little more than L.15 sterling, and that the house belonged to two girls, one of which was in a convent. What started me most was the bare plaister wall, which, by the bye, are not plenty here, neither are plaistered roofs, which it by good luck had.

Before I could determine about taking it, I must enquire the price of furniture, and, first, if I could get anything reasonable to cover the walls. All the folks here use either arras, gilt leather, or flowered wax-cloth, all which are both dear, and not worth carrying to any other place. However, I soon found I could get English paper, though the lowest price was a crown the peice, but by great mercy the rooms were neither large nor high in the roof, and I found I could get a rush matt, five English quarters broad, for about fourpence the yard, which would be chair-back hight, and would both save paper, and save it from being rubbed and dirtied. As for timber things and kitchen things in sort, smith and wright work were all to sell ready made, of the simplest nature,

and cheap, and everything of furniture kind very reasonable, as these trades who make furniture are in their greatest infancy you can imagine; but, as nobody has better, it has no mean look, and is neat and simple. There is a mystery to me yet in this: in no place labour (if you hire it by the day) is dearer than here; a gilder, which is their 20d. and about our 19d., is the least any tradesman takes to do anything by the day, and this is a stated rule here. And yet every peice of work that man makes is cheap; for instance, a chair, with one carved bar close to the bottom behind, eight other turned bars, the stoops and four cross bars in the back, a rush bottom, and stained red or yellow as you please; these you buy for nineteenpence [of] their money. As I found things in generall cheap, especially these I could not carry when I left the place, (I was indifferent what portable goods cost, as I could send them home by sea,) I resolved to take the house, so must find out where the landlady was; so got [to] the convent, and went to her. She was a girl about fifteen, a pensioner, however, she must come to the grate; she was a snack little lassie, and told us her sister was come to town, and I must speak to her.

No sooner was it reported that we were to take a house, than I had offers of assistance from severall British, who told me I would be ruined to buy furniture; I must hire, and they knew honest people who would hire the furniture of a house by the day, week, month, or year. To them I went, and found what they had was old, and that they hired by the peice, that bed and that, such and such a thing for so much the month. "Will you sell me these things?" says I. "O yes." "Well, I will buy this and that; what is the price?" "It is so much." So, after priging it down to the lowest, "Now, what will you hire me this for?" I found that these honest people demanded only eighty per cent.; so I thanked my advisers, and told them I would buy, and, if I gave it in a present at my departure, I would be a gainer.

The only thing I wanted was a woman interpreter, who had no interest in what I did; though the girls in the house where I lodged could speak a little English, yet they were interested in my staying with them, so

I would not trust them. As I was going alongst the great market-place, where there are severall shops, out comes a little odd-like woman, and runs to me. "God bless your soul," says she, "my dear lady, I see you are English, and so am I; for as poor-like as I look, my father is very rich, but he has turned me out of doors for marrying a second husband; indeed, I have pleased my eye and vexed my heart! I was a Jew, and (I beg pardon, my dear lady) I am turned Christian, and for that my dady will not see me." "Madam," says I, "as you took me for English, you might beg my pardon for being Christian; but, as I am a Scotswoman, and a Christian too, there is no occasion." "I see," says she, "you are a stranger, and are looking for something; I have been but six weeks in this place, and know but few: but, whatever you want, I am ready to serve you." "Madam," says I, "can you speak French or Flemish?" "God bless me," says she, "was not I bred in Holland, and have resided long in these countries, and can speak it as well as English, as does my husband there. Poor little fellow! I wish to God anybody would take him for a vallet; nobody need be ashamed to work, but he looks so simple and foolish, that, when I reprove him for anything, he looks like a fooll. He overturned, the other day, a panfull of grease in the fire, and had almost brunt the house. 'You brute,' says I, 'get you out of my sight, or I will throw you in the midst of it!' But I vow to God, madam, I was never so much ashamed in my life, for the landlady where I stay was sick, and her doctor was by, who I did not think understood English. 'Fye,' says he, 'madam! is that a stile to talk to your husband?' 'Come here, my honey!'" says she. I looked about to see this man that had pleased the eye so much, and, behold! a little, silly, dadling, naisty body, with a coat which had belonged to a man of six foot high upon him, by all the world in person and dress just Loan Stain, that drove an ass with heather brushes. All this passed in a breath in the market-place. I told my Christian what I wanted, and that I would be glad of her assistance; she showed me a shop who sold beds, matresses, and blankets, and told me, on the road to it, that

her father was *banquier* to the King of Prussia, and worth a mint of money: "He says I robbed him, but I took nothing but my own; what! was he to keep my money? I broke up his closet, and took out the rights of lands in this country, to the value of twenty thousand gilders, and now he is at law with me for my own. I made my complaints to the Elector of Cologne, and now I have made it to Prince Charles, who has promised me justice, and gave me six ducats. I cannot work, and my affair will be long in dependance, and my husband can do nothing to assist me: I wish to God anybody would take him for a vallet." I went to the shop she showed me, where I made agreement for beds, or rather matresses, blankets, &c., and, finding I could furnish at a reasonable rate, I resolved to take the house, and to buy everything new, with no other assistance than my Christian interpreter, who, though she was not legally sworn, took care to confirm everything with "as I hope to be saved." She espoused my interest with so much violence, that, if I had any dispute, she was ready to pluck out the eyes of my antagonist.

We must now seek out the sister who let the house, and ordered, according to custom, a contract to be drawn, which both parties was to sign, and next day was appointed for its being finished. We went back, and there was a lawyer with a contract in Flemish; the lawyer said the lady must hear the contract read, and make any objections to it she had. He was told the lady did not understand one word of it. He was a scatter-brained-like fellow, and when he heard I did not understand it, he gaped and stared like a mad body, and said he could not let the house to one who did not understand the bargain they were making; he was acting for the orphans, and we were strangers whom he did not know. The Jew understood him that my want of Flemish was his objection, and that he doubted his payment, at which she flew into such a passion, cursed and railled at the lawyer, and there insued such a dispute, that I hoped it would come to blows. I beleive the lawyer and she both thought I was mad, for, instead of being concerned for my honour, I laught till I thought I should have died. After she had abused the

lawyer, she turned to me: "He is a damned impertinat rascall," says she; "I am ashamed to repeat what he says; he says you are a stranger, madam, and severall people in this place are not what they appear to be; and, if there be a house to be had, madam, I would not have you to take it." "Madam," says I, "tell the gentleman he says nothing but [what] is just and reasonable, and that I have a good opinion of his honesty from his not trusting me; I desire no security but my money, and I will pay him just now the whole or any part of the rent he pleases; but, as there are some things to be performed on his side, I desire, for both our security, that the upholstrer sign the contract in my stead, and I [will] take the house from him;" for you must know at this time Mr Calderwood was laid up with his swelled face and blister, but it would have been the same, for I found that neither my upholstrer nor lawyer understood French. This overture composed all differences, and we paid a half-year's rent in to the upholstrer.

This was the 4th of October, and I went about, or Peggie, and attended Mr Calderwood by turns, and, against the 14th, we were settled in it, and everything ready for us. The folks I found were honest in some things, and not in others, but that this was not cheatry, but allowed advantages, such as taking as much as they could in bargain, and where a conditionall bargain was made, to take any advantage they could get; for instance, whatever I saw and bargained for I had at a just price, and whatever was bespoke I was imposed on, but this was only in the bedsteads and chimney-grates. The first were ordered otherways than the fashion here, and the grates were a thing they had never made before; but I found, where they could best impose on me, they were very honest. Till then I had never dispursed any money, but left it all to John; here the money altered, and such a power of variety of coins, that nothing but custom can make one know it. They count all by gilders or florins, yet have no such peice of money; it must be made out of farthings, called *liares*, or *orchies;* peices of twopence-halfpenny; of threepence-halfpenny; of fivepence; of sevenpence (called a skillen;) of tenpence-

halfpenny; of fourteenpence (called two skillens;) of two and a half; of five and a half; of ten skillen and one penny, three of which, when put together, makes thirty skillens, which is a pistoll; and a placket, which is threepence-halfpenny. Then for gold, they have ducats, which are five florins, eighteenpence; soverings of eight florins, sixteenpence-halfpenny; and double soverings of seventeen florins and seventeen-pence. In all this variety of money I found I could trust them intirely, and severall times I paid more than I should, and they came back and told me they had got too much; this I thought was honest, from folks who had me to hunt out to pay me back. The people here cannot count by pen and ink, it is all in their head, or by a book which is very usefull; it tells you how much one peice of anything is from one yard to a thousand, at any price from the lowest, which you know by turning up the price it is. I shall send you the inventory of the furniture, I cannot specify now the price of everything, but such things as I remember.

Now, as for this town, it is not what you would call pretty when compared to the Dutch towns, but, compared with some others in this country, it is. The streets are all good, well paved and open, and severall very airy squares in it. The great market is like four times the bigness of the Parliament close, including the ground which the new kirk takes up; the one side of it is almost taken up by the town-house, which is a large square building, and an open court within it. This is a very fine ornamented building, and either has been, or has been intended to be more so, as there are places for statues which are not occupied. St Michael, the patron of the town, is above the door, gilded, overcoming the great dragon; the roof is very steep, and three rows of garet windows within the roof. The great fair, which was since I came here, holds in it, and in the market-place; there was a terrible crowd, and all this building was employed by the shops, but I saw nothing very curious, nor very cheap, except carved work, looking-glass frames, and small picture frames, crucifixes, &c.: but what I would fain have bought (could I have got them easily sent you) were breckets for candles or flower-

pots, very well carved, unpainted, for tenpence-halfpenny the pair. From this great square a street goes off at every corner, and all round it are shops; and, indeed, for shops, this town surpasses any one I have seen: it is a mart for Dutch and English goods, for Germany and the country round about, as it is impossible that the town can find them busness. All the streets everywhere are lined with shops, except the doors which enter to private houses; smiths, wrights, shoemakers, and every trade have their shops and work-houses to the street, and there are very few little lanes which lead from one street to another. It covers a great deall of ground for its inhabitants; there are not above 57,000 people in it; but it is uncompactly built, and the houses have a good deall of waste ground within their entries, like courts, and passages besides: the churches and convents take up a great deall of ground for few inhabitants.

It is vastly well supplied with water, and the fountains are, some of them, very pretty: the oldest, and what is greatly valued by the town, is one called *Manicky Piss*. This is a little gilded statue, about the size of your Jamie, making his water into a bason; round this is a rail of iron, and a place for one to put in a thing to take the water. When the French took the town, they imagined that *Manicky* was certainly made of gold, and they stoll him; upon which the town was in an uproar, and complained to Marishall Saxe, who ordered him to be replaced; and, to make up for this outrage, gave him a compleat suit of clothes, with a hat and feather, in which he is drest on St Michael's day, and the day of the Holy Trinity. In a square called the *Sablong*, where the soldiers are reveiwed, and where a guard is kept, there is a very fine fountain, built by the town very lately, from a thousand pounds the old Earl of Elsburgy (who resided many years, and died here) left for that purpose. It is still a sort of mistry to me from whence the water in the high part of the town comes, as it seems to be much higher than any ground about it; and, besides, the outsides of the rampards, and the fortifications and fossies are cut so deep, that I should think they would

cut off any springs. I do not see any reservoirs of water, which a town that is fortified should not be without, if their fountain heads be not guarded from the enemy; but this, and many things else, I may come to the knowledge of, if my own countryfolks, of whom there are a good number here, employ their time in making any observations.

The grand church is a very large building, dedicated to Saint Gudel; I cannot say I ever heard of him before, unless it is an old beddel at Liberton kirk, who has been cannonized. I do not know exactly how many convents are in the town, but I imagine not so many in proportion as in some other towns of less note. I went one Sunday evening to the Begines' church, and through the Beginage; this foundation, if it be right imployed, is the only one I would adopt of all the church catholick. In this a woman may go and live, if she can mantain herself either from her funds or work; every one of them has a house and a small garden, and it is a little town within itself, narrow little streets, and cross lanes, and vastly clean. They have liberty to go about, are under no vows, and they may marry; only are to keep regular hours, as a gate shuts at a certain hour, which keeps them all in. I went to see them in church, where every one had a white vaill, which is just a peice of holland, about the size of a small table-cloth. I beleive there might be about three hundred of them; a preist was giving the benediction, and there was no other man in the whole church. There was one came about gathering charity in the midst of the service, but she came very ill speed, for severalls gave her a nod to go on. I have observed before the cheapness of charity in all these countries, but I did not reflect upon it. I thought an English shilling would be the least I would have given in a stranger church at home, and regrated I had not a two skillen peice to give, so gave one skillen: after I had given it, she came to the girl in the house I then lodged in, and whispered something. "What does she want?" says I; "would she have more?" "No," says she; "she wants to know if you will have your change." "No," says I, "she may keep it all;" but she could not beleive but it was a mistake

in language, and came back again: in short, she, I suppose, had never seen silver in her ladle before. I walked through the Bigenage after the musick was over, and waited till they came out, that I might see their faces; and such a parcell of old, ugly, squinting, crooked, limping creatures I think I never saw. "God be thanked," thinks I, "that here is a cavy for you, for I'm sure no other country could affoard such a collection. Marry! indeed you may marry, if anybody has a mind for you! there is no need of locking you up." And they make good use of their liberty, for, wherever you go, they are there. I have heard likeways, that it appears they have made no vows of chastity, and that, when the English army was here, there were some diseases amongst the dragoons which they could not account for, as they had only dealt, they said, with the clergy-women; but, whether this is true, or only a protestant lye, I know not. I went into one of their houses, where two sisters and a neice lived together. Their house was just like a ship-cabbin; three little rooms below, one of which served for a kitchin, and they had rooms to sleep [in] above; it was very neat, and they showed me severall sorts of works they imployed themselves in, such as gum-flowers, purses, and such things, but none very elegant. I asked them if they made the religious orders: they showed me only a Capucine, which was very well execute as to the figure, but I did not think the dress exact, (for you must know that severall orders differ widely from others by perhaps the cut of the cowll, whether it has a narrow point or a round;) besides, his clothes were made of silk, which would never do. She said she could make them all for me, but I had found I must not bespeak anything in this place, for, had they been never so ill, she would have made a sad complaint, if I had not taken them.

A great part of their work is grounding lace. The manufactory of the lace is very curious; one person works the flowers, and they are all sold separate, and you will see a very pretty sprig, which the worker gets but twelvepence for working. The merchants have all these people imployed, gives them the thread to make them, then they lay them ac-

cording to a pattern, and give them out to be grounded; after this they give them to a third hand, who hearts all the flowers with the open work: this is what makes that lace so much dearer than the Mechline, which is wrought all at once.

On Michaelmass day there was a grand procession through every street of this town, and all the windows were covered with green boughs. The town obliges all the begging orders to march at the procession. First came the officers of the town, drest in old crimson velvet robes, trimmed with silver, down to their heels, and at the bottom a girth, which held them out like a hoop. They carried St Michael their patron, and the arms and ensigns of the town. Then came the trades, and each trade had its ensign carried before it. Then came the friers; and first the Capucines; secondly, the Minums, who are in black like Capucines, but a different cut of clothes; thirdly, the Dominicans; then the Carmelites, who have Besse's white capucine over their black gowns, and amongst them there was the fattest swelled carles ever I saw; fifthly, the Franciscans, who are drest like the Capucines, but have no bairds, and they were a set of poor, whinsing-like bodies; they were not so numerous as I imagined, for, in every order, one with another, there are forty a-peice, lay brothers included, which made two hundred: next came the clergy, that is, the seculars, who were not so numerous neither, if they were all there; they had on their robes in which they officiate, excepting a particular robe which is put on when they are to touch the host; these robes were surpluses of stripped musline: then came the magistrates of the town; and, last of all, came the high preist, carrying the host under a canopy; every now and then, once in every street, he came from under the canopy, and held up the host, at which everybody kneeled. This procession, on every side of the street, was lined with the principal burghers of the town, who carried wax candles: but I was told that this show was not so fine as St Christopher, who is the tallest man they can get, and he walks upon stilts, such as the country folks wade the water with, and carries a boy on his back; and the prince

makes St Christopher a present of about L.10 for his trouble. Mr Nidham carried me with the boys up to a window to see the procession. He laughed at it very easily: "Well," says he to the boys, "what do you think of this?" They thought shame to answer, as they durst not laugh at it. "You won't see the like of that in Edinburgh." "No, truely," says I, "they would expect the devil was to drive up the rear there."

We pay a great many taxes to the church in this house, but they are all very small, and they tell what they must have. They will come, "One *liard* for a man who is to be hanged to-morrow;" this is to pay for his getting out of purgatory. Every Sunday, "*Deux liards* for the passion of the *Bon Dieu*," "*Un sous* for the Capucines," &c. All the tax common inhabitants pay to the government or town is one pistole from the landlord, and another from the tennant in the year to the queen. As for living here, it is very reasonable: all sorts of meat is very good, and is threepence-halfpenny the pound; the fowls sixpence and eightpence, according to the goodness; partridges are fivepence or sixpence the peice; the pidgeons fourpence, sometimes less, but they are the largest I ever saw, and as much meat upon them as on an ordinary chicken; the fish just as they are plenty or scarce; oysters twentypence the hundred, and mussles very cheap; and the red herrings are very good and fat, not so dry as with us, nor so salt; all sorts of garden things very good and cheap; butter the finest can be eat. There is a kind called prince's butter, which sells at fivepence the pound; this butter was famous when King Charles was in exile, and, as he was fond of it, it got the priviledge of a particular stamp, with an imperiall crown upon it, which it still keeps. The other butter, some of which is as good, sells for fourpence and fourpence-halfpenny the pound. The candle is but our four shilling the stone; great and small have cotton wicks, they are all dipped, none moulded; but, as people are always so contentious, that they cannot enjoy anything that is cheap, to prevent themselves from the benefit of it, nobody burns anything but wax when they have company. The wax-candles,

the best is twenty-eight pence the pound, others twenty-five, but not good. Fireing of all kinds is the dearest thing here; coals are six florins the thousand, they come from Namur: there are two kinds, called fat and lean coalls; they burn best together, for the fat burns so slow, that, if you do not take care, it will die out, and the lean burns like a tar barrell. The wood is likeways dearer, at least it would be to us, who must have at least four constant fires, but we burn wood in the kitchin: the use of it, and [what] makes the folks here use it is, that when they want a fire, they have it imediatly, and it goes out when they are done with it; whereas, when you once lay on a coal fire, you must burn it out. Everybody comes in to us is like to be brunt to death, but I find they like it very well. In all the shops, and in most of the houses, they use stoves, which, as we are coal-masters, I will say nothing of; and, least anybody grudge not being let into this secret for their comfort, they do best with wood, but our stoves in Edinburgh, last winter, were all out in their contrivance, which may be set down to the account of want of observation; so, since they have not profited by their own travells, they shall no profit by mine. I have often heard it said, that, when one saw an usefull contrivance, they are apt to think, "I wonder how I have done all this time without that;" but the only thing has struck me in that way has been the charcoall, and I do wonder it has never made its way to Scotland, where we have so much wood that no use can be made of. I sent John and the bairns to see a charcoall kiln when at Spaw; it is a very simple operation; it was such a road I could not go in a machine, which I regrated. I do think it is the most usefull thing I have met with, and it is certainly with great labour that our cooks can dress so many dishes without it, as you know we cannot have in any kitchin above two stoves, because they must vent up the chimney; but with it you may have twenty in the midst of the floor, and unless it is to boill a large pot or roast meat, there is no use for a fire in the kitchin grate. They have not the least smoak, and, in your new house, any place you would have keept warm in winter, and wanted to dry, without bestowing a great deall of fire

upon, only set a choffer with it into the room, and it will keep it in a constant gentle heat. I do not know how far the Newcastle cinders may answer in place of it, but it is worth the while to try. All the women here use stoves for their feet, and it is only for want of charcoall that the kaill wives in Edinburgh have suffered so much cold.

All my volumes end abruptly, and so must this, as Lady Nelly goes to-morrow, and is to carry it, so [I] must haste to my inventor and plan I promised you. I have not time to look over nor correct the last pages, which you will do before anybody else see [them.] I have only one thing in my works which any great author has had before me, that, like Shakspear, I write without a blot, that is, without correction or second thought; for, as an author I have heard quoted by Mrs Murray says,

First in my head, then to my hand,
Then to my pen, when I
Am upon paper dribled out
Most dentely.

Now, my dear, I must finish my journall for this period, as Lady Nelly goes to-morrow morning, and this with her. All I shall say by way of conclusion is, that travelling may be an advantage to wise men, and a loss to fools, and the weight of anybody's brain is well known, when they are seen out of their own country. The proper use of it is to learn to set a just value upon every country, or the things they possess; and I beleive, when accompts are ballanced, the favours of Providence are more equally distributed than we rashly imagine; what one country wants another can supply, which links men into one common society; and it is curious to observe the contrivances they fall on to supply those wants either cannot be purchased, or are too expensive for the generality. The people on the continent have their minds more at large with regard to the rest of the world than those in an island; they have opportunity of converse with all nations, which takes off prejudice, ex-

dered, a dish of tea perhaps on one end of the table, and a pack of cards on the other, that they had been playing at, and I dare say they had old clothes enough to mend. I talked to Madam Beatoun of them, and said it was a pity they were so poor, and so many of the British here, who, if they were spoke to, would contribute something for them; she said, if such a thing was offered, they would go mad. She had once mentioned at a distance, that it was not dishonourable for a young lady, such as Miss, to do any little thing, such as washing lace, or plating caps, &c.; but it was all that she escaped without a quarrell. The lady said she was much afraid, when she applied to the Queen for a pension, that her majesty would have offered Miss the post of one of the chambermaids of her private apartment; some daughters of inferior rank had accepted, but, as Miss was a collonell's daughter, she could not do it without disgracing herself; and, after much argument on this, and other heads of the same nature, Miss declared she would rather starve in a garret. This lady has been over all the world, France, Italy, all Germany, Hungary, and Bohemia, and a good deall of England, and speaks all languages, and so does the girl. The woman herself is indolent, peevish, low-spirited, and discontented, and plagues the poor girl to be a nun, which she has no taste for. She was bred in a convent in Hungary, where she would have her to go again, but she will not hear of it.

The day I was there last was on the 30th November, St Andrew's day, which was observed by the British and Irish here by wearing a cross, and our lads were not a bit more interested in having their crosses made, than was the oldest in the town about the same affair. I had severall messages the night before, that the crosses had come home without the thistle, as the person employed could not make it; but it was too late for me to give the pattern, so they must go without it, which was sad. The Lady and Miss said they were very melancholly that day, as it remembered them how often they had been merry upon it. Her husband had been governour of Ostend, and that being near the Dutch garrisons, the Scots officers had them always at that day's entertainment, which was

very splendid. These officers' wives lead an idle, gamesome sort of life abroad; all the British, when abroad, are very fond of their countryfolks, and are always together; so, when they come to be left in a way that cannot support that, it makes them very miserable.

Madam Beaton I have often mentioned, but never had time to give her a chapter. Madam Beaton is by birth Irish, and was a squire's daughter near Cork; that being a plentifull country, and cheap, she learned good living early, and speaks yet with a relish of Irish turkies, capons and fish. She came to England when about seventeen, has been well-lookt, and was married to one Major Ducary, in Lord Stair's regiment. He brought her to Scotland, where she stayed some years, I beleive, and where she was acquented with every mortall, and remembers them all most exactly. Whilst she was at Glasgow, her husband died, and she says the civility and kindness shown her from all ranks on that occasion was what no country is capable of but Scotland. She was left with one son. She married again one Collonell Beaton, who was an Englishman; he was an old batchelor. I don't think she speaks with so much *gout* of him as she does of Major Ducary. She had no children to him, and, whether he left her with mony or not, I know not, but she has, with her pension, about L.200 *per annum*. She had lived likeways a merry sort of life, was much at London, and in a sort of circle of her own, and in use, as the phraze is, to keep good company. This was a little too expensive for her, as supper-giving was in fashion amongst them, and whist was beginning to rise considerably in its price: she could not think of a smaller town in England, where there was no court, and only those whom she had considered as the second rank of people to converse with: my lord and lady had been so long used to shine out and furnish conversation, that she could not be interested in the affairs of meaner people. About this time, when she was just ready for a disgust, her only son, who had gone abroad with Lord Cathcart, died in the expedition; this afflicted her so that she could neither keep company nor be alone. An English lady, who had been a freind of

hers, was in Holland since the Princess went over, and she thought she would go to the Hague. There was a court and company whose names sounded great, and she could go to court at little expence. She lived there for some years; her freind died, and this was a new affliction; then war came on, and severall of her old crony officers killed, and this was a new heart-break. She then set out, and tried different places, first at Ghent, and then here, where there were some folks she knew; and here was a court, and she got herself introduced, upon the footing of going there on what they call common days; but for what is called galla days, there are none admitted but the nobility of the country, who wear a court habit, and are called appartment ladies. This dress is like what you have seen in old pictures, or on the stage, in tragedy; it is a black silk gown, made like a girl's robe, coat laced behind, and puffed in the sleeves, and to it is wore a very rich pittecoat. A countess I am acquented with is one of those ladies, and goes to court on great days in her dress, though she lives in a *pension* for L.16 *per annum*. This *pension*, I beleive, I mentioned before, but you must exques repetitions, as I observe no order of time exactly, though I give my works the name of a journall. But, least it has been in some letter to another, I shall tell you, (as I will have occasion to speak of it by the name of the *pension*,) that it is originally a foundation for a charity school for girls. The woman who undertakes this gets a large old mansion, which she lets out to folks who take a room, furnish it, and board with her, and provide everything but dinner and supper. There is eighteen of them, only one of which I can speak to, but I am acquented with severalls. This is called a retreat; and these retreats and monastries are reckoned genteel here, and they often make a good figure in romance, but, in reality and practice, they are very poor, dirty holes: but hunger and cold are in no disgrace in these countries.

But, to return to Madam Beatoun: she has lived severall years here. She speaks the French most fluently, but they tell me it is the sadest language she makes it ever was, regarding neither noun nor verb, mood

nor tence, masculine nor feminine ; these she says she can never remember, and without that the French is no language. She said, at Spaw, there was no matter for the rain, she would cover herself with her navell, meaning her umbrella, wanting this, a madam's navell was to cast off the rain. She has a little neat house, has a maid of this town, and a boy who sowes point in the forenoon, and waits on her in the afternoon. There are two houses where assemblies are keept for cards, viz., Coubensall's, the minister from Vienna, and a Count Colenberg's ; but there they play high, and Madam by that is excluded, as the devil has hanged a dog before her door, for she never holds a card, which is a very considerable affliction, as it in a manner prevents her from enjoying her favourite amusement, as she cannot affoard to lose every night. But what I think is most surprising in her chusing to stay here is, that she is the bitterest and most inveterate Irish protestant and whigg ever was, and her religion and politicks, especially at present, are so opposite to the folks she lives amongst, that she dare not open her mouth upon that head ; everything which is joy to them is sorrow to her, so that a woman who loves cards and politicks, to be debarred both, is certainly a hevy dispensation : if it was not the want of a court, no place would make her so happy as Edinburgh. I have often said to her, I wondered when she was in search of a residence, it never came in her head to go there, where she knew so many folks ; she says she wondered often at it herself, but busness first carried her to Holland, and she came by degrees to be used to these countries.

Another acquentance of mine is a Madam Jolly, English by birth ; her father, an officer in the Dutch [service,] married a woman of this country. He dying, the mother bred the children popish, and lived here ; she married an officer of this service, who was very extravagant, and left her very little. A brother she had in this service and she lived together after her husband's death, till the brother died ; and now she lives in the *pensions*. She is a very fine, sensible, merry body, and loves the cards dearly, and has great luck. She is a very moderate papaist. She had for-

got her English, but has got it so well again as to speak it pretty well. She told me, when she came over here she was nine years old, and her mother's friends would have her baptised again; that the preist was against it, and said she was well enough baptised, but they insisted, and he baptised provisionally, that, "if she was not baptised before," &c. "I remember," says she, "he put salt in my mouth, and I spit it out; so, to make me keep it, he gave me sugar." Though baptism is as much a sacrement with them as with us, yet the church allows it to be administrated by anybody, the father, mother, or midwife, in a case of necessity, otherways, it being administrated by a preist who had no ordination, such as they call [that of] the church of England, would be no baptism at all. The church of England, with their ordination, which they think so much of, and will not allow to us, is all pulled down by the papaists; which always puts me in mind of Mr Logan, and somebody else, who advertised against each other about the true Anderson's pills. I found that Madam Jolly was very ill versed in controversy, for she said that we and they differed in very few things; the most materiall was, that we beleived Jesus Christ to be the son of Joseph and Mary. I told her she was mistaken there, for our faith in that particular was the very same; and when I told her the beleif and discipline of the protestant churches, she said she thought our way was a very good way. She did not much admire, she said, the way of praying to saints, and that she often said to a young lady in her *pension*, who, says she, has a great deall of piety and very little sense, "Why do you go to St Peter and St Paul? is not there the *Bon Dieu* in the sacrement shown you every day, and many times carried past your windows in the street? why don't you pray to him?" "Can you not," says I, "pray to the *Bon Dieu*, though you do not see him in the sacrement? you are very sure he hears you, but are not sure the others do; and I am sure," says I, "if there were no more petitions offered to St Peter and St Paul than what comes from Bruxells, (which is every hour of the day and night almost,) these poor saints would have little enjoyment of heaven, if they were obliged to hear them

all." She said that was very true, and therefore she gave them very little trouble. I asked her if she had any curiosity to read the Scriptures? She said, no; for there might be things in them she did not understand, and that it would trouble her if it was so. She told me the confessors never visit here, except when folks are sick, and cannot go abroad to them; that hers was an old Jesuite whom she had confessed to many years, but she was not acquented with him; that when her brother was dying, his confessor came to him, and she said, "Oh! Father, take care of my brother, for he has lived much in the world, though he has never been a bad man." "No fear of your brother," says he, "these are the people I like best to confess; it's your nuns and your *filles devots*," says he, "that we are plagued with, [and] all their triffeling nonsense." "Dear," says I, "what can the poor nuns have to confess?" "Oh!" says she, "a great deall; if an evil or an idle thought come in their head, they have nothing to divert it, and there is nobody so ambitious of finery and dress, and, after they see one drest body that comes to visit them, they think upon it, and upon the fashion, and then they will confess that such a gown, and such a cap, and such a ribbon imployed their thoughts."

All the British in this town (that is, the women) are mostly what I call adventuresses. There is a Mrs Child, a divorced wife, married to one Child, a man of fortune in England. The Duke of St Albans lives here with a strumpet, who is at present lying in of a daughter. There is a Mrs Pope, whose husband is an officer at Gibraltar, and she in the mean time travelled for her amusement, and has found a gallant here, one Sir Lambert Blackwell, a man of fortune, who, as his family is increased, is furnishing a large house; then Miss Townsend, who run away with an officer who has a wife, was here for some time, but is now, I beleive, living at Antwerp. I have no great ambition to be acquainted with Madam Beaton's princes, nor with my own countryfolks; the first I cannot speak to, the last I will not speak to. There are three girles in this town, I regreate, from their charracter, that I cannot speak to, as

they are Scots; these are daughters of one Generall Gibson, near relations of Dury's, being neices to Clerk Gibson, whose father was governour of Courtray the last war; and when the town was taken, he was blamed, they say unjustly, and lost his command. He had, it seems, married a woman of no rank; her father was steward to the Duke d'Aremberg, and had a very good income, but by this marriage the girls lost their rank of gentlewomen, and cannot be admitted in fashionable company. They stay with their uncle, who has the same office, and has each of them a pension of L.25 *per annum* from the Queen. They can speak no English: everybody commends them for very fine girls. They wrote home to their uncle upon their father's misfortune, but he, it seems, would do nothing for them, till they should change their religion.

The folks here are quite mad upon gentry: if an English peer comes here, who has married a low woman, which is often the case, he is received at court, but she cannot; and there is a poor unfortunate prince in this town, whom I pity from my heart. This youth was unhappily led in to marry a servant girl; he had an office about the court here, which he immediatly lost; he was degraded from his rank and put in prison, in order to make him disown the marriage, but he would not. He was at last set at liberty, and allowed to live with her, but banished this town. He has since got leave to reside here, but is no more a prince, and no more a gentleman; and she is only called Madamoiselle Caterin, and his children have no rank. All the coaches pass his door every day to the court, where he dare not go, and though this, to be sure, gives him often a sore heart, yet he lives very well with his wife. He has never condescended to keep low company, and therefore keeps but few; but Madamoiselle Caterine cronys with the burghers. Perhaps it may be the best thing ever could happen to his children, for they are now in a capacity to make a fortune by honest industry. It is very odd that the nobility has never found out and defeated this politick of their princes, to keep them poor and dependent, and, if they had anything to depend upon, I would think the less of it, but here they have

nothing to look for, as all the revenue the Queen gets from this country is no more than mantains the troops she keeps in it, (which is about 18,000 or 20,000 men, at ten farthings a-day the common men, and, I suppose, the officers in proportion,) and the officers and expenses of the court here, which cannot be very great. The Prince loves company, and is very agreeable, but it is pretty much in the stile of a private man. Of this ten farthings a-day, the soldier pays four to those who bake and bring them their bread, and to a barber to dress their hair, and order their mustachos, so that but six remains to live upon. Very few of them marry, and, considering by this and the church, how few people propagate, it is surprising how populous this country is. I do not see how it can bear more taxes than it has, for they have no trade by sea, and severall hardships put upon everything goes either out or comes in.

There is a fine cannall, which carries goods down to Antwerp, but then they are to take out of one boat into another severall times from Antwerp; they will sometimes be ten days of going down to Holland, where they must be shipped. They must be taken to a fort at Antwerp, called St Phillip's, and there they must be examined, unless they have first been shown, and inventured and valued at the custom-house here. When anything is to come up from Holland, the person it is coming to here must send a note of the goods to St Phillip's, and, if there is anything but made clothes or things used, they must there pay a duty. All these hardships are imposed by the Dutch, who sit like a salmond-cruve at the bottom of the Scheld, and let nothing pass. To encourage this country to trade, there was a tariff of fixed duties to have been settled at the treaty of Utrecht, but, as they could not agree, it was referred to commissaries; of this number was Blair's uncle, John Drummond, who tarriffed all his days. Then the war came on, and, at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, it was again referred to new commissaries, of whom Andrew Mitchell was one, who tariffed at Bruxells for some years to as little purpose: the Dutch triffeled, and so, I suppose, did the commissioners, so that the thing stands as it did forty years ago. All that this country

sends out is corn, linnen, some tapistry and lace. There are some silks manufactored at Antwerp, but, for everything else, they bring here all the manufactors of other countries, which are alone for home consumption. All sorts of silver and gold dress, and silks, and women's dresses, are all from Paris, all West India goods either from France or Holland, all East India from Holland, and all but a few woollen goods from England.

The ground about this town is very dear, like fifty shillings the aiker, but it is very rich, and all sorts of vegetables are cheap, and the poor live much upon them, and their fast days use them to it. They make no use of oat-meall, but a brown sort of wheat bread; the oat-meall is only sold for water-gruell, and is keept by the apothecaries, or some shops who sell things not a-kin to it. I pay fourpence for every pound of it for the boys' pottage; the folks with you would think we were all starving if they heard [of] thirty-two pence the peck of meall. I began to think vegetables a more holesome diet than I did, and the folks in this place would make one beleive that eating was but a custom; for they are very fat and honest-like, and twice a-day is the most any of them eats, and on meagre days even that is very slim. They take nothing but some tea, without milk or sugar, to their breakfast, dine at twelve upon some boiled turnips and sallad or potatoes, and take a bit of cheese and bread, with a drink of beer at supper, but eat none with their tea in the afternoon. This is those who cannot affoard fish on fast days; the poor are allowed to eat the inwards of the cattle on fast days. When we came first to this house, we got an old woman, till we were provided in a servant, and Peg Rannie thought she would be very kind to her, and gave her plenty of milk and sugar to her tea, but she complained to Mr Calderwood that they spoilt her tea by the milk and sugar.

The monastries give away all the fragments of their tables to the poor, which makes many of them depend upon it, and not work. Severall of the orders, who are very fat, never taste flesh. The begging of the monks makes begging here not dishonourable, for you would be sur-

prised to see such well-drest beggars; besides that, I beleive the commons send out all their children a-beging. There are many, very able to work, has no other imployment; you will see them standing at a door, and touting a *Pater noster* through the key-hole. I was coming up a little street one day, when a very decent, well-drest man took off his hat, and made me a bow, and said something softly; I imagined he had some prohibit goods to sell, and made him a curtisy, and asked him what he said, and he asked charity for two children he had: I thought as much shame as if it had been me that was begging, but, having learned the way of the place, I gave him a farthing, for which he was very thankfull. I very often surprise a poor old body, whom I see working a stocking, or doing anything of work kind, by giving them a placket, which is three-pence-halfpenny, at which they clap down on their knees, and pray in Latin till you are out of hearing. The Latin prayers have cost me severall pence, for the bairns were so fond of making them pray, that all the copper money was lawfull prise whenever they got their hands over it, so that they never set out without half a dozen at their taill. I asked somebody who knew, why there were folks in such good dress begging? They said it was the fashion over all this country for people to travell for nothing, and anybody who could not affoard to go in a carriage, if they had busness from one country to another, never thought of money to bear their charges, but begged everything they got; and the folks on the road had learned to think themselves obliged to feed and lodge them for nothing, just as the lasses at Moffat think themselves obliged to carry the men over the waters.

The value of money is not diminished here by paper credit, nothing but specie goes for anything; the silver is of a very bad quality, and the old gold is better than the new. Money going out of the country for so many things, and coming in for so few, makes money of more value here, in some respects, than it appears to be by the prices of most things; but these things are brought from countries where it is more plenty than here, so cannot be sold so cheap as the produce of the country, so that

the value of money can hardly be perceived in anything, so much as in what you give for nothing, which is certainly as little here as anywhere. Labour is not cheap, because those who labour most have wherewithall to purchase foreign commodities, but to give away a skilling here for nothing is as much as giving half a crown with us, which is the only way I can judge of the value of money here, when it has no connection with other places. Our house stands upon a street which has a considerable slope; the first snow that fell, the boys made a slide upon it, and hurled one another down on boards and little stools, as it is almost the only place of the town they could have that diversion. There gathered a good number of genteel-like lads with muffs and ruffles, like about fifteen or sixteen years of age; they made a prodigious noise, and I sent out the maid, who could speak to them, and begged the favour they would go away; they cursed and bullied, and still held on. All means being tried, I was quite in despair, as the snow seemed to lie with a strong frost, and this would be a sad life; at last I thought I would try, be their rank what it pleased, my English key, as I call it, which had opened everything for me yet, and sent out the maid again to tell them, if they would leave their slide, I would give a skilling: at which they fled as the devil had been at their taill, and returned, some with hammers, some with shufles and padles, and to the slide they fell, and picked every bit of it off the street, the skilling being first depositate in a neutrall person's hand.

There lives in this town one Mr Hope, an Englishman, and near relation to Mr Fox, our late prime minister. This man, at the age of twenty-one, came to be master of his fortune, which was L.1500 *per annum*. He set out in the common course of young men of fortune, and, in a short time, impaired it greatly by keeping the best company, and, to repair it again, he set up for member of parliament, which finished him very soon. You will think it little wonder if upon this he took low spirits, and, after his freinds had settled all his affairs, and got him, out of the wrecks of his estate, betwixt L.30 or L.40 *per an-*

num. He came abroad, travelled about from place to place till he had forgot his misfortunes, and, some years ago, he settled here. He has a room which he furnished for himself, and this room is his whole house; he mantains himself in everything without boarding, dresses his own meat, buys everything for himself, and requires no assistance from anybody. In the forenoon he puts on his frock, and goes to market, and is Mr Hope's man; in the afternoon he is very genteely drest, with a sword, (which nobody can stir over the door without here,) and is Mr Hope himself. His acquaintances say, that sometimes they see him pretty often, and other times not in six months; that I suppose is just as he is in the humour, for he lives intirely to his own taste, and subjects himself to nothing that is not agreeable to him. It seems he was in a visiting humour when Sir James was here last winter, for he came to him often, and I got a letter to him from Sir James, but it was severall weeks before I could find him. At last I got the letter conveyed to his hand, and have had two very short visits of him; he is one you must not press or invite, because he says he has a great deall to do, and cannot give up his time to others. His house is at the one end of the town, and he has a garden at the other, to which he goes severall times a-day, and works it himself, and is, they say, very curious in this particular. He keeps the hours of this country, and dines at twelve o'clock: however, as I suppose he took a fondness for Sir James, he dined with him often; but then he must show he was so much on a footing, that he must dine again with him, so invited him, and severall others, to a very genteel dinner, which he had drest himself; notwithstanding of which, there was he, drest out, and the dinner upon the table, ready to receive them at the time appointed. He keeps a close correspondence with England, and is still much interested in the politicks, and gets over severall of the new books, and all the magazines.

The thing which will look most wonderfull to you is Mr Hope's cookery, as it conveys the idea of a well-drest gentleman broilling over a fire, but you must know that the dearness of fireing here has made the

folks very ingenious to save that article, and by a stove either for wood or coall, they can dress, in the best room in the house, upon this stove, a roast, a boill, a fry, a stew and a bake. But I told you before, that I would not publish that secret; neither am I affraid that any of our travelling gentlemen will bring it home, except your brothers, who, by their youth and insignificance, have an opportunity of making minute observations, which are overlooked by those who are only received in every house in a drawing-room, and there imployed at cards; whereas the others get leave to stroll about, and look into every corner.

Since I have mentioned them, you must allow me to notice to you an observation of Willie's, which I did not think unjust, though it was a reflection on ourselves at home. I had often observed in the park here, a kind of hut, round, and thatched down to the ground, just like a great bees'-scape. As it was always shut, I could never see what was in it, till this day, that he and I went to take a walk in the park, and it was open, and a man working in it; I asked what it was, and was told it was the Prince's icehouse. I said to Willie that I wanted to see it, as I had heard of a gentleman in Scotland, who had laid out a great deall of money in building one; so we examined it, and found it was a pit, dug ten foot deep in the earth, upon a situation which sloped behind, I suppose to carry off any water that might gather from the ice melting; and that, in this pit, the thickest ice they could get was put in great lumps, a row of it and a row of wheat-straw, till it was full, and then covered over with the straw, and this hut was built above to cover it; and, instead of being cold, it was hot when you put your head into it. "That is a very simple contrivance," says Willie; "but I suppose the man who built one in Scotland would be a curious man, and these very curious people with us are like the man in Guliver, who built a miln at the foot of a hill, and brought the water from the hill top in leaden pipes to make it go, for, if you were to ask Mr Grey how to make an icehouse, he would say, it must be first hewen stone, then covered with lead, and for the roof a marble arch, all for coolness, and would never think of a com-

mon hole houked in the ground, and a straw cap on the head of it." I could not but laugh at this, as it was really true, in our imitations of things in other countries, rendered useless by being made so much better than they ought to be. If a man has a mind to make a thing he has no exact pattern of, but that he hears is practised abroad, the true way to hit the thing is to make it at the very least expence possible. I have seen none of their hot-houses here, but, if they are as simple (as I suppose they are) as their cold-houses, they may be made and mantained at very little expence, and pine apples may become as plenty as onions, by the use of a coall stove or a peat one.

I am now a good deall reconciled to that sort of heat a stove gives ; it makes a large room much warmer than the greatest fire can do; but [they] are not in the shape of urns, as if they contained the ashes of their dead friends; neither are they put in the place for the chimney, but in another part of the room, and have a communication with the vent ; and there they stand, either like a sort of obelisk, or like a pedestall with a statue upon them. I have before mentioned the bad contrived vents in this town, but there is one thing I think very odd, and that is, that there are many rooms which never smoak but at twelve o'clock, when the sun is at the highest, and shines down upon the chimney: there is one room in this house which does so; the way I found it out, I asked the Flemish maid we have, why she had not lighted the fire? She said she had not done it before twelve, so that it might be well kindled when the sun came about, and she let it stand till it was past the chimney head. I thought that had been a fancy of her own, but, going that day to pay a visit to Madam Jolly, she told me she was glad I did not come sooner, as she had been obliged to let her stove go out till the sun was past, and that it was a common observation here.

There was a gentleman paid us a visit on our first coming here, one Mr Whitnor, an English Roman catholick, who has an estate of about L.700 *per annum*. This man was married and had a daughter, and his wife being dead, in order to educate his daughter, as all these people

are, he brought her over here, and put her into the English nunry, where his sister was, and severall others of his friends. He has a brother, confessor at the English nunry at Ghent, within a day's journey. To be as near his daughter as possible, he boarded himself with the convent; that is to say, the confessor has a table, and some of the secular officers dine with him, and it is common for people to pension and eat with them, and lodge in detached places about the convent. Here Mr Whitnor lived some years, and only saw his daughter at the grate, which was oftener than he saw his sister, who is a nun; as the pensioners have more liberty, but not to come out, but to come when they are called for to the grate. His daughter, it seems, died, and then all his connection and attachment to the world was at an end, and he resolved to settle there for life, and, as he was but ill lodged before, he pulled down his apartment and built it anew.

He invited me to come and see the nuns, which I never did till lately. A day and hour was appointed, and Madam Beaton, Madam Jolly and I, went there. Mr Whitnor received us in a very good warm parlour, with a good coall fire. The grate into the speak-room is part of that parlour wall; a curtain was pulled aside, and Miss Whitnor, with two other nuns, came to the grate. Mrs Whitnor is a very decent, sensible woman, about fifty, and is the prioress, the next office to the lady abbess, and it is supposed will succeed her, who is now eighty-seven years old, and confined in winter to her appartment. The other two nuns were young, the one a grave-looking, modest-like lass, the other a very canty, merry quean as ever I saw, but none of them handsome; they had no vaills on their faces, like the Antwerp ones. They are Benedictines, and I think their dress very becoming; they had upon their heads a thing first like a night-mutch, without a border, which covered their hair, and seemed to pin close below their chin; above that was a thing like a hood, a little looser, but still very strait to their cheeks; above that they had a brow-band, which came piquing down before, betwixt their eyebrows, and up on every side, so that it stood hollow above, like a large

French plaite; above that was a vaill, like a cambrick napkin, of black thick crape; and within that, a white peice of cambrick, and this was pined on their heads. They had a collar which came round, like what you have seen coming down from their shoulder to their breast, but, instead of being plaited like the ruffs of old pictures, up and down, it was plaited across or round, according to its shape, as nicely plaited as ever you saw the sleeve of a man's shirt. Their gowns were black and long, and wide in the sleeves, and they had a thing called a *scapulair*, which most of the religious orders, both men and women, have, which is a thing of the same cloth with their clothes, like a slavering bibb, which comes down to their feet, is girt in with their belt, and into which they put their hands, and serves for a muff, as the muff is so necessary a peice of furniture in this country, that there is not a beggar but what has a muff. And, by the bye, it is very droll to see the gentlemen walking with a great muff in hard frost, and at the same time not a hat upon their heads, and a lady walking with a furr capucine, her hair curled and powdered, with a little cap, or perhaps but a point, and nothing more on their heads.

But to return to the nuns: they opened the grate, and conversed very cheerfully with us. The heartsome lass (I have forgot her name, but she is a gentleman of London's daughter, who is rich) has two sisters in the same convent, and had once two aunts; I should have said three aunts, for she has two there yet. She seemed to be very well pleased with her manner of life, though she thought it was strict. They told us they rise at three o'clock in the morning, and have first an hour of private meditation; then are called to prayers till six; then another hour of meditation and private devotion; then breakfast; then to the work-room for two hours, where they must not speak but on recreation days, which are according to the time of the year, seldomer or oftener, as it is a feast or fasting season. Then they dine about eleven, and go to the work-room again. The time of dinner they dare not speak, but have some one of them reading the lives of the saints to them,

which is done likeways whilst they work. On certain days, they may come from four till six to the grate, if any freind want to see them, and go to bed at seven o'clock at night. As for their diet, they have four meagre days a-week, besides three weeks of Advent, which is just now before Christmas, and nine weeks instead of six in Lent. In summer, they are allowed to walk in the garden on recreation days, and to speak at their work, which this young one spoke of with great relish; then they have some jublee days, when they are allowed to be merry, and to play themselves, and dance, I suppose to any musick they can make amongst themselves. They are never allowed to see one another in private, and can have no discourse but in the work-room; they have a porteress who sees every one to her own cell at night; and, when they are sick, they are brought to an infirmary room, where they are attended by physicians. None of the pensioners are allowed to go into the nuns' wards, nor anybody whatever. They wear no linnen, nor sleep in it, but in sheets of sarge, and have no fire but in the work-room. The lady abbess orders all in common matters, but the Bishop of Mechlen is over her in extraordinaries. He is very strict, and they told us that an English lady, who came over here and turned catholick, and pensioned in their house, begged of the abbess that she would allow her to see the cells of the nuns. The lady abbess wrote to the bishop for his leave to grant that, but he said he would willingly give her two pounds of his blood, but could not grant that. "Poor old creature," says the nun, "if he had had two pound of blood to give, he would not have denied that." They told us of another English catholick lady, who came over to try how she would like to be a nun; she was about forty, and a widow, but she could comply with everything but the silence, and speak she often would, and was reproved. The lady abbess, in a grave lecture upon that subject, told her, "Our founder St Benedict says, that women should be silent." "Your founder St Benedict," says she, "was an old fool for saying so; what did he think a woman's tongne was made for?" So she tired of them, and they of her; so they parted.

We drank tea, and they chatted very merrily, and all the time Mr Whitnor was just delighted. He looks upon them all as his children, and jokes, and is very merry with them, and always, when he speaks of the nuns, he says, "we," and the lady abbess, "our reverend mother." He is a well-bred, precise sort of man, and an intelligent, bookish man, but he has that sort of want of apprehension, that I told you I found in many of the English, I should rather say comprehension. For he was telling me the state of the convent, as to offices in it, and how they were filled up when vacant; that the lady abbess was chosen by the nuns by ballot; that every one put in any name she pleased, and the two who had the most votes were put in again, and she who had the most was chosen; and, if they could not agree, the bishop named one for them: I asked him if the office of lady abbess was of that nature, that a nun might say she was ambitious of it, or was it supposed that, out of modesty, she was to decline it, like the bishops of England, or the Speaker of the House of Commons? But, let me put that question in what light I could, the devil a bit he could understand what I meant; and all that I learned was, that if she was chosen, she could neither decline the office, nor demit it, nor could be turned out for any naturall inability; but, whether it was an honour to be aspired to, or too great an one for a modest person to think themselves worthy of, it is not my fault if I cannot tell you.

There is, below the abbess, many offices, which are all filled up the same way. The prioress has the affairs in all seculars, to order the money and outgivings of all kinds; then under her are provisors of meat and drink, pantry and cellar-keepers, &c., and under them lay sisters, to go to market and cook: over the kitchen is a nun officer, and they have five or six tables to dress for, every day. There is the reverend mother's, the nuns' profest, the novices', the pensioners', the confessor's, and the lay sisters'. They have about twenty-nine nuns, fourteen pensioners, and twelve lay sisters. Their revenue is about L.500 *per annum*, whither it is in lands or money, I know not; but I suppose it is in money, as

every nun gives in a portion of about L.400 or L.500. Madam Beaton told me she saw a girl professed there who had L.1500, which they got, and she died in about a month after, and was laid in her coffin in the chapel, with her vows in her hand, the same day month she was professed.

Mr Whitnor carried us to his apartment, which he has built adjoining to the convent, and there he has a very pretty room, most finely ornamented with pictures and mirrour, and a great deall of curious fine china. Off that room, on the one hand, is a small bedchamber, very neat, and off the other is a closet or dressing [room,] all round with books, fidles, and flutes, as he is a great musician. He has a pretty garden at a little distance from his house, which he has full of fruit and flowers. I saw an everlasting flower in his house, which is very pretty; it is the female piony, with a scarlet flower and a black berry, which keeps the coulour all the year after it is pulled. His servant has a room near him, and his companion, the confessor, has his house adjoining. He keeps the convent hours, has severall cronies with whom he meets at a millener's shop near, which he calls his coffee-house. The woman gives him coffee every day at three o'clock; from that he walks or pays a visit; and in this way has Mr Whitnor lived now these one and twenty years. He seems to be very happy, and, if the want of care can make him so, he may. That giving up of the world so much amongst the Roman catholicks, makes them divest themselves of care much easier than we can do; and there is a certain desire of ease, and what I may call a selfishness, that the English has, which is unknown to us, that makes so many of them give up their country and freinds with greater ease than we can do, either to wander about amongst strangers, quite alone, or to sit down amongst them, and care for nobody. Whereas the Scots folks are continually labouring and fighting for somebody whose interest they espouse, so as to make it trouble them as much as it was their own. When our children are off our hand, we take up our grandchildren; when we have none of these, then there is brothers, nephews, and cousines, whom we love and they care not for us, with whom we vex ourselves. However, if our

intentions are good, I must give this humour the preferance, as I think there can no life be agreeable to God which is not usefull to man; and, if I was Mr Whitnor, I would rather bring up some young family for the world, than clok over a parcell of barren nuns, and take sometimes pleasure and sometimes trouble.

Since this is the chapter of the nuns, I must tell you that I saw one professed soon after I came here. It was in the convent I wrote you I had gone to speak to the girl about this house; it was not her, but another, who was daughter to some of the principle people in this town that is not the nobility, but in the town's people are included the law, and all other professions which bring in money. What made a great crowd run to this profession was, that Madam Coubinsall, the minister's lady, was to attend her, and give her away, as they call it. The parrade came: and first, she was preceeded by severall little girls, one of whom carried a basket with something in it, I suppose a crown of gum-flowers, which was afterwards put on her; then came Madam Coubinsall, finely dressed, leading her in. The bride was dressed in a white silver tiusia, a suit of blonds, and a large bouchee. The altar is railed in, and a space about it for the company who attend; it was guarded by two hussars, to keep out the crowd. The high preist, who was to profess her, was an old reverend-like man, and, when dressed in all his robes of gold and silver, was as like old Aaron as ever I saw anything in my life. At the end of the arrea about the altar was the grate of the convent, within which were all the nuns and pensioners. I never heard of a nun to be professed, but what was a vastly pretty girl, about seventeen, who was going in against all her friends' will: this one did not answer this charracter, for she was about thirty, not handsome, being black, with a very low forehead, and, in short, one who might be spared. Her parents, they said, was against it, but I imagine they always say so to make the nun's merit the greater. Her nun's clothes were laid upon the table behind which she sat; it was the white vaill she was to take, that is, she was to enter her noviscet, for there is here no publick ceremony in

takeing the black vaill, and last vows, for that is done within the convent, after a year's wearing the white, in which time they can repent. First, we had musick and anthems, then we had prayers and mass: Aaron was supported by two preists, as they appeared by their robes, but the one was only a deacon, and the other a sub-deacon. The sub-deacon was a young fellow, who had a merry side of a face and a sad; that which was next the preist was very grave, but I thought he smiled with the other: I suppose these youths soon learn to look more ways than one at a time. After the mass, a Capucine, with a red beard, went up to the pulpit and preached. The Capucines are commonly imployed to preach, but the method here is not to stress themselves by saying too much at once; and this, I think, your minister may addope, though it is done by the papaists. He first made an introduction to his discourse, then sat down and took a snuff; in the meantime, we got a tune on the organ, but, since you have no organ but Miss Thomas's, you must use what you have. Then he got up, and made a discourse, upon the subject, I suppose, of the vanity of this world, then sat down; and, after another tune and another snuff, he got up again, with an address to the bride, on the wisdom of her choice, and incouraging her to keep to her threap. He had a good deall of action, but stiff; he clinched his fist all but his little finger, and what with his demonstration with that, and the gaging of his beard, I would certainly have inclined to laugh, had I not been like to be pressed to death by the crowd. After the sermon, the bride received the sacrament, kneeling at the altar. I must not here omit to remarque the sincerity of the catholic ladies' devotions; they had books in their hands, and their mouths were going very fast, at the same time they were smilling and curtesying to one another. The poor bride was very serious, and never looked up. After all the service was over, Madam Coubinsall took her by the hand, and led her out at a little door by the side of the altar, into the convent, where she was undressed, and she returned in a black plaid, which they call here a *voill*, and is what everybody who is not drest, or the common people, walks the streets in.

When she returned, it was not into the chapell, but to the room the nuns were in, within the grate; she came forward to the grate, in which a small door opened, and she put out her head, and the preist put on her cap and her brow-band, and then on her gown, and then pined on her white vaill upon her head, and the crown with the gum-flowers on the one side of her head, as neatly as if he had been bred a milliner. After she was dressed, I thought she looked better than before, as the brow-band hid the lowness of her forehead. She kneeled down at a table, and prayed; then they put a lighted wax-candle in her hand, and with this she walked round and kissed all the nuns, who welcomed her to the society; and, after this, she kissed all her freinds, and bid them farewell; then she came to the grate, and kissed all those who had not gone in with her, and shaked others by the hand through the grate, and curtsied to all the company: and this she did with the greatest face of joy, laughing and smilling to every one. After this, the curtain within the grate was drawn, which closed the ceremony.

When Lady Helen Dalrymple was here, we went to the comedy, of which the people here are very fond, for what reason I know not, for they say they are very bad actors; but there is no other diversion, except sometimes a concert, upon the footing of ours in Edinburgh. All their dancing meetings are in masque; there are some given gratis on court days. The method is, they go, after paying their court, home to undress, and put on their masque habits, at eleven o'clock at night; at twelve they meet at the house where the plays are held, but it is floored over the pitt. There the whole riff-raff of the town comes, and dances away, and makes a prodigious crowd. They take off their masques when it turns hot, and what diversion that must be, to be mobbed by taliors and mantua-makers, I cannot understand. My mantua-maker, who is far from being in such a genteel stile as many of her trade in Edinburgh, asked me if I was at the ball at court last? I said, no. "But I was there," says she, "and my two daughters, and danced till five in the

morning." "And with whom did you dance?" says I. "With all the great counts," says she, "and the Prince, and all the great ladies."

The plays here are seldom one play to an end, but bits of medley acts of different kinds. The play I saw was of that nature: first, we had a thing of one act called The Mistakes, which consisted in nothing (by what I could understand and was explained) but what happens very often, the mistakes of messages, and wrong delivery of letters. Next came such another in the Chinese taste, in the fancy of our oracle; and at the last was performed what they call a Chinese masque, which was a very pretty show. At the far end of the stage were so many benches, raised one above another, and people dressed in Chinese habits set on them, which looked so like the great china shop I saw at Amsterdam, that I daresay it has been coppied from it, or some such; at the sound of the musick they began to move, first their hands, then their heads, and then got up, and jumped down from bench to bench, till they came to the stage, and then they danced in all the various shapes you can imagine. They had amongst them a set of tumblers, and danced on their hands, and their feet up, then they all danced what the bairns call *co-cuddy*, and then on their hands and feet, like so many frogs. Then came a procession of the emperor and empress, carried in chairs on men's shoulders, and so many candles carried before them; and this was so like St Michaell, that I declare I thought shame to look about to Mr Nidham, who was sitting next me, till he said, "Here now is a Chinese procession." Then came the emperor's children, in a car drawn by a little horse, and, in short, the oddest sort of variety one can imagine. I admired the ingenuity of the contrivance, and laughed at the oddness of the thing, till I was like to die: we had carried the boys there, who were highly diverted.

The Prince was there, and his sister Madam Roiall, as they call her; she is the head of the channonesses at Mons, and comes here upon any great court days. She is a good, grave-looking woman, and sat and

knoted all the time, like my Lady Ross. The Prince's box is, as it were, where Lady Bredalban's is, but goes back behind like a closet, and has a table with candles upon it. All the other boxes are fitted up like the Dutchess of Hamilton's, with red English paper, and the pillars betwixt them painted. There are three stories of boxes, which makes it high in the roof, and looks neat, but it makes it look larger than it is. I said, when I went in, that it was a very neat house, but small, at which Captain Hew [Dalrymple] took me up with a very great sneer. "Small," says he, "madam, do you know it is as big as the playhouse at Drury Lane?" "For that I shall not say," answered I; "but it is very little bigger than the one at Edinburgh;" at which he gave a prodigious laugh. "The Scots folk," says he, "are so nationall, that they expose themselves by it when they come abroad." "I have seen nothing, since you will have it, to make me otherways yet," says I; "I think it shall not be to the city of Bruxells that our country need to yeild in building; and in stone and lime, and good will to use it, it need to yeild to none; and I will lay you any wadger that it is not six foot every way larger than what I say; but, if anybody here is to be imposed upon by ornament and novelty, it should be these children," says I, "and not the like of you, and I referr to them, who has seen the other." They both declared, that when they looked up, it appeared larger, but when they looked down to the arrea of the pit, it was no larger. "Does not that show you," says I, "that the eye is deceived by the hight of the roof, for, when that is not seen, the true dimensions appear: but how much do you think, then, it is larger?" "Oh!" says he, "forty foot." "Forty foot!" says I, "you are well qualified to build a house indeed! Neither of the two is anything like forty foot." I was so inraged to hear an old idiot speak such nonsense, that I was resolved to have the dimensions of both taken to confute him; for which reason you will get me that of Edinburgh, from my Lady Bredalban's box to the Dutchess of Hamilton's, and from the front of the stage to the front box, that I may compare them; and likeways the distance from one door of the stage to another, as I have

made a guess of this by the curtain; it is made of a red stamped English stuff, which is scrimp three quarters wide, and there are ten breadths in it, which makes about nineteen foot. If the folks in Edinburgh ever build a playhouse, I think the dimensions of this, and the fitting up, will answer them as well as they could wish; it is warm and compact, and good for hearing, and cheap; for, if they take their own ideas of such a thing, they will spoill it by making it too good. The Prince is very fond of the comedy, and stood on his feet the whole night, and laughed most heartily. I did not think any of the ladies here very handsome; they are all big-faced and flaby, nor much of any of the gentlemen I saw.

Captain Hew[a] and Lady Nell made a good figure here; she told everybody she was to winter at London or Bath, he said he would go to Scotland before the end of winter, and Anne [the chambermaid] told everybody that they were going straight to Edinburgh. Mr Ferguson called there one day, and they were denied, for sometimes they were visible, sometimes not, and Anne came to the door to him. Says he, "Well, you'll be a travelled lady when you have wintered at Bath and London." "Dinna beleive that," says she; "deil a bit we'll halt or we be in Auld Reeky." Lady Nell bought a gown, and quarled with the talior that made it; the captain bought some cravates, and quarled with the woman that made them, and she scolded him like a tinkler; he bespoke a sute of blonds in a shop, and went off without taking them. In short, he went upon the supposition that, as he was an Englishman, he was supposed to have so much money, that he was to be imposed upon in everything; whereas, the people of this country have as much deallings with the English as with anybody whatever, and deall very much in the English way, at a word, that is, the folks of any busness. But there are some

[a] Hugh Dalrymple of Fordel, fifth son of Sir John Dalrymple of Cranstoun, Bart., married in 1754 Lady Helen, youngest daughter of James fourth Earl of Wemyss, by Janet, daughter and heiress of Colonel Francis Charteris of Amisfield, and sister of Lady Frances, the wife of Sir James Steuart of Coltness. These ladies and their sister Lady Anne, wife of John Dalrymple of Bargeny, are repeatedly named in these pages.

folks who gather so much wisdom and experience more than they have use for, by being abroad, that they cannot carry it all, and therefore part often with the usefull to keep the superflous, or else the superflous renders the rest useless, which I am afraid was the case with the captain. They lodged in the house we had when we came first, but all the complaints of hunger, cold, and ill service, and imposition, were made to me upon that house. I told them just what I paid, and they thought it very [un]reasonable; that I had never travelled before, and therefore just trusted to providence, and gave folks what they asked; and I had been very lucky, it seemed. And when they cast up to the girls, that they had served us better than them, they denied the fact, but said they would rather keep us for nothing, than them for never so much. "Ay," says Lady Nelly, "Mrs Calderwood is a good-natured woman, and does not give herself much trouble upon those heads." "Well," says they, "madam, and she was well served, you own; and where is the occasion to give yourself trouble to be ill served?" There was a poor lame officer who lodged above them, and he limped on the floor, and they got no sleep with this. The captain told me he had sent up a most bullying mesage to him, telling him that he did not understand the noise he made, and that, if he continued, he would be under a necessity of making him explane the meaning of it: I suppose this, if it was delivered, was in English, as I never heard the answer. When they left this, they took commissions to England, as they were to be there soon, but at the same time left word with the banker to send all letters to Ostend which should come before the 16th of December, when they left this, the 10th of November. But Anne, who was the secretary, told (as I afterwards heard) that they were to wait for my Lady Weems from France, who was to go to Scotland with them, as she had a great deall of money; but it seems her ladyship has disappointed them, for I do not hear she is at London with them.

One of my acquaintances in this town is my Lord Bellue, an Irish peer: he was first married to my Lord Nithsdale's sister, by whom he

has a daughter ;[a] he has since that been twice married, and has one daughter by one of these wives, and is now a widower. He was bred a papaist, but his mother, it seems, set on the protestant heir to pursue for his estate, and he was obliged to change his religion. This, to be sure, was a great shock upon him, and gave him low spirits, but it is lucky that he is very easy as to the point of religion, otherways it might have had a very bad effect. He has been travelling these three years for his health ; he does not like to live in England or Ireland, and it is such an oppression upon his spirits, that there is so much ill management in the publick affairs, that he cannot bear to see it. He is a great jacobite, and he dares not speak out, and the Pretender is in such distress, that in short he is miserable. I tell him I wish I may never have the toothack till I be troubled about the publick. At the same time, I can speak as much jacobitism as he pleases, and he is very fond of me, because I tell him fine stories about the Highlanders and the Pretender in the time of the rebellion, and all the ill prats of the Duke of Cumberland. I tell him to come to Scotland, and he will get as many jacobites as he can set his face to ; and he laughs and is so merry, and then comes a deep sigh, "Oh ! this is a foolish world, a mighty foolish world !"

There is a young Irish gentleman, and his governour, who has been with him all this last summer ; his name is Butler, and he has a very good estate in Ireland, and they say is to be married to my Lord [Bellew's] second daughter. He is a very good French sort of lad, and very well cut out for diverting himself, which I always thought a much more usefull talent than many others which are more esteemed. The young ladies, by their mothers' contracts, my lord is obliged to educate Roman catholicks, which is no hardship on him ; for which purpose he has them

[a] John Lord Bellew married, in 1731, Lady Anne Maxwell, daughter of William the fifth and attainted Earl of Nithsdale ; her mother was Lady Winifred Herbert, daughter of William Marquis of Powis, whose energy and bold ingenuity effected her husband's escape from the Tower after his condemnation.—See her own narrative of this romantic incident, in the Transactions of the Society of Scotish Antiquaries, vol. i. p. 523.

both in a convent at Louvain, within a few leagues of this, and he comes and goes as he likes to see them. Mr Butler's governour is one Mr O'Farle, a very canty, merry body; I knew he was a preist, and asked a lady lately in this town, what sort of preist he was? She told me he was a *Recollet*. "A Recolly," says I, "what the mischeif put that in the body's head?" You must know this is a sort of Capucine, a reform, as they call it, upon that order, by some she-saint who shaved their beards [and] paired their coull round in the point, which is all the difference. Ever since, I have been always like to laugh every time I looked at him, and always when he comes to see me, I think I see him sitting with his bare shaven head, and his capucine; but I suppose he is now spoilt for that purpose, by living well, and travelling about these twenty years: but the papaists are such odd bodies, that ten to one he will creep into that shell at the end. At first I thought it impossible that the men of sense could really be papaists in the full extent, but I find that those I could have wagered upon are as bigotted in every point as any old wife of what religion soever: and it is very just what Mr Dempster said, that they were just Don Quixots; whenever you touch that, their brain, you would think, gives way. The carnvell is now approaching, and I suppose we will have a strange mixture of religion and madness; but I hear it is not to be held by the court in the common form, as there are so few men here.

It seems almost every man of fashion is a soldier, for, since the army marched out, there is not a man, they tell me, to be seen, but the British, at any of the card assemblies. I have been twice at Count Calimberg's, where indeed there were very few folks, either men or women. This man is an old bishop, and an old generall, so that you may say, as the bairns' guess says, "the bishop, the generall, and the count, each pulled a pear." I do not know which of these characters he possessed first, but he was a Lutheran bishop in Saxony, where his estate lies, (now at the mercy of the King of Prussia,) and he lives here, and has the rank of a generall in the imperiall service, for Madam Beaton calls him "your excellence." He has a very fine large old-world house here, very indiffer-

ently furnished in everything but mirrors, and some pictures; there are some of the first that exceed any I have seen, and to which Generall Anstruther's, which he cannot get fitted for largeness, is but a keeking-glass. And, to give you a notion of the taste in furniture here, in the room the assembly holds in, there are window curtains of English stuff, originally a sort of gray, about the substance of a timen or crape, both dirty and moth-eaten, cain chairs, and no cover at all upon the floor. I heard this family often spoken of, and the ladies called the old countess and the young; the count has a son in the army, and, when I went to see them, I supposed the eldest was the old man's wife, and the youngest his daughter-in-law. All the time I sat and played at cards, I thought it must be so, for the old countess was too young-like for the other to be her daughter, and what could tempt the lass to marry such an old man, and watched to hear if I could learn anything about the husband of the other, and wondered if they had any children amongst them; but behold, it turned out that both the countesses were the old man's daughters, and he had no wife, nor they any husbands. "What a foolish fashion is this," says I, "to call a poor lass hardly thirty, an old countess; if I were her, I would make you all startle!" "Oh!" say they, "if they were twenty daughters, they are all countesses, and the sons are all counts." "But can't you say Countess Mary and Countess Anne, &c.?" "Yes," say they, "if there were a great many, but as they are but two, we say the old and the young."

The ladies in this place are the greatest workers ever was; the Countess Coubensall works at her tent, after her assembly is gathered, till they sit down to cards, and the daughters at a stocking, or embroidering ruffles. But what is a great work, and what the Countess Calimbergs were doing, is pulling the gold and silver threads out of old silks, lace, or ribbons, and striping out the silk thread out of the gold or silver; and when they have none of this to do, they take their old silk gowns, and cut them down, and pick them asunder, thread by thread; and silk, this way done, is sent to Paris, and sells for so much the pound,

and is wrought up again in a sort of wadd, for lining clothes with : there is a lesson of shrift to you ! Madam Beaton, who is very carefull of the honour of the nobility here, informed me that these countesses were not doing it for themselves, but for their women. Madam is doubly carefull of this, ever since I told her I had met in a shop with a prince buying callico. "O !" says she, "he has been wanting some fine chinzes, for they all use that for their camp furniture." "No, truly," says I, "I saw him price none above sixteen pence the yard." This was very true ; two very well-looked officers came into a shop where I was, and looked at callicoes about that price : they bought none, and, after they were gone, the people told me they were the Prince De something, and the Count De another thing, but I never remember the folks' names here, let me hear them never so often.

The old Dutchess of Aremberg is a-dying, which I am very sorry for, because on such occasions the bells ring so that you cannot hear what you are saying. The day of the year the Archdutchess died, the bells began at twelve at night, and rung twenty-four hours compleatly ; the Prince went out of the town that day, but I alledged it was to be free of the bells. There is a baron died the other day, and has left an heiress of L.3000 a-year ; she says she will never marry, because she is not pretty. The old man died as it were to-night, and he was buried next morning, which is the custom here.

There has been a great stir at Ghent lately : a young man from England, who, they say, had run away with money from a merchant at London, whose clerk he was, came over to Ghent, and gave it out that his freinds had cast him out, because he had turned a catholick. This, you may be sure, gained him great favour at Ghent, and the Jesuites of the English colledge there admitted him into their number, where he behaved very well. It is a rule in all religious houses, that there must be no reparation made upon them when they threaten to fall, but the part deficient is deserted till it tumble down, and, so long as it is building up again, the house is open to all comers. This happened to be the case

with the English nunnery there. Part of it fell down, and at that time many folks took the opportunity of coming farther ben than they could ever do before. Whilst the masons were imployed in building, they were under the direction of a nun, who was the prioress, and this Jesuite pretended that he had great skill in archetecture, so offered his advice, and came often to see how the building went on. During this time the prioress and he draws up, and how he brought it about is not known, but he gets a lay habit for her, and another for himself, and one morning they both walk off. They were very soon in the Dutch territory, so out of danger, and there they were married, which made both nuns and Jesuites look very foolish.

We had here lately two deserters from the King of Prussia; the one was a Scots tallior, the other a London tradesman. The Scots folks have an excellent nose to smell out their countryfolks, and they came to this house. The tallior was a tall, clever-like fellow, and stood so upright, and held out his toes and up his head so well, that I asked him if he had been at the dancing school? "Truly, madam," said he, "I was never at the dancing school, but a good rung laid alongst my shoulders when I held down my head, made me soon learn to hold it up." The English lad looked very humble, and regarded the other as much his superior in wisdom and good behaviour, so the tallior was spokesman. He told us he had gone to London, to work at his trade, and a gentleman offered him L.10 if he would go over a trip to Holland as his servant; to which he consented, and, instead of Holland, he carried him to Hamburgh, and gave him over to the Prussian officers recruiting there. He had served these two years, and was so lucky as to come off safe from the battle; eight days after which, he, with a party of fifty men, and a serjeant, were sent out a foraging, and all but the serjeant deserted. They were of all different nations, and had been trepanned in that way. These two had come together, without a farthing in their pockets; but they did not go pennyless from this, for the Scots gave for their countryman, the English for theirs, the folks here because they had deserted

from the King of Prussia; and they were introduced to the Prince, who gave them each a ducat, which is the premium given by the Empress to every Prussian deserter. There came lately to Vienna another deserter, who demanded an audience of the Queen. He told her he was a Fransiscan friar, and, as he was travelling, he met two gentlemen, who were very civill to him on the road for a day, but the next day they told him he must unrobe, and take a musket. The poor friar offered every argument he could use, and told he could be of no use, but they told him they would soon make him learn the trade: so he was obliged to comply. For four years he had not an opportunity to desert, till after the battle; they did not beleive him, and made him do his exercises, which he performed so well, that then they thought he was a soldier, and no friar, and, to prove him one, they made him say mass, which he performed with equal dexterity: and many such, they say, the King of Prussia has in his service, and, if he would kidnap only them, he is to be exqused.

The politicks here is, that the King of Prussia has accused the Empress of designs to destroy him and the protestant religion, that she had made an alliance for that purpose with France, and that he, upon that handel, which he himself contrived, had done what he has done, as he accused the King of Poland of being in the plot; all which they say is false, and that he behaved very cruelly to the Saxons. And many a story of that kind is firmly beleived, one of which I shall mention, to give you a swatch of the rest: viz. that he killed the whole cats in Saxony, and made the Saxons buy mouse-traps of him at an extravagant price. If they were good mouse-traps, I should not grudge him double the common price for them, for we are like to be devoured with mice, and can neither get a cat nor a trap worth a farthing. They tell me that it is not a common complaint here, for there are but very few mice in the town: I tell them that the mice must be protestant, by their being so plenty in Saxony and in this house, where they know there are no fast days. Pardon this degression, and my speaking of cats and kings in the same

page; but when kings turn mice-catchers, it must diminish their dignity. The King of Prussia says, on the other hand, that the Queen made a defensive alliance with France, and that she was getting herself ready for next year, and, in the meantime, was sowing suspicions privately from court to court, so that they might come to his ears, and give him the alarm, that he might be the first aggressor, and then France was obliged to join her: and that the Queen of Poland and the Empress, being both great bigots, had contrived to fall upon him and destroy him; that then the Saxons, being under a popish king, and no protestant power able to defend them, the protestant religion would be suppressed, not only there, but in the whole empire.

My oppinion of this story is, that the Queen, though a great bigot, had other motives than religion to attack the King of Prussia; that she certainly intended to fall upon him as soon as she was ready, and that the King of Poland was to assist her; and that Prussia, by being first ready, has prevented her; and that he has cried out religion, as folks do fire when they want assistance; and that this has not been a sudden impulse of his, but that he has laid his scheme some time before, to make religion a handle to exequte what he intends. Some say, it is that a protestant emperor should be chosen time about with a popish; but I think this is too distant a prospect for him, who is no younger than the present Emperor, and it must be [necessary,] in the first place, to make himself able to effect such a law being made. Whatever he intends to effect by it, it appears to me to be no new scheme, for, when did we see kings make such a work about their faith, when nobody was asking them any questions about it? It is severall years since our newspapers were full of the King of Prussia's confession of faith; in this point he was Calvinist, in that he was Lutheran, in another he agreed with neither. He tolerated all religions, and built a fine chapell for the papaists, ordered all his soldiers to go to their respective churches, when, at the same time, I suspect he was much of Coully Kan's mind, who made first the Alcoran, and then the New Testament be read to him, and, after hearing

both, declared he would make a religion better than any of them. I hear he is adored in Scotland for being the head of the protestant religion, but I wish he may not be like many an honest man's head which has led his body a gray gate; not but his intentions are good, but who can depend upon executing their projects?

The world is not as it was long ago, when one man could raise his fortune, and pursue and execute his schemes in a few years. The states of Europe are now so fixed, that it takes more than the life that any single person can promise, to plan and execute anything out of the common road; and, if he should arm the protestants, and bring them over to his party, his death, or the failling of any scheme, will leave them in a very bad state. We will not find it in Britain, but it will be found most surely elsewhere. Many towns in Germany are half and half, who live very peaceably together at present, but if set by the ears, must fall heavy on the protestants, who are the weakest party. I wish the protestants very well, and therefore beg the King of Prussia (unless he can promise upon at least thirty years' life, success to all his undertakings, and that his heir shall follow his plans exactly) not to meddle with them, at least those who are subjects of another prince, and whom he has no hopes of becoming master of. Now, I will tell you what I think he might exequte: the Saxons are protestants, and have a popish king who is otherways provided for; he has shown he is not able to protect them, so that, if the King of Prussia could make them beleive he has abdicated the crown, they may call a convention of the states, and call a king of their own religion, and let him be head of his own protestant subjects, but not of any body else's.

So much for the German politicks; as for the English, we have that only on hearsay. But there is a gentleman come here from Hanover, and says that the people there are inraged to the outmost degree at the English for treating their troops so ill, and think it very odd the King did not pay for quarters to them out of his own pocket. "The devil or the French take them all by the back," say they, "since that is the way they treat their friends!"

The King of France and his parliament have fallen out most terribly; he finds now that he must exert his authority, as he finds, since they are not satisfied with the Pope's decision: it is not religion that is the motive with them, but that they intend to extend their civill powers a little farther, and only made use of religion at first to increase their party. I never understood this French dispute till I came from home, so I suppose you may stand in need of the same information; it is extremely simple, and what may have happened, and I beleive has happened, in our own Generall Assembly. The Jansenists, some years ago, wrote some books, in which they drove some points of divinity further than the church approved; for instance, the point of predestination, so far as to take away all human liberty, just like my Lord Kaims. The Pope and Councill took this into consideration, and they condemned these points as hereticall, and the act that was passed against them was called the bull *unigenitus*. The Jansenists stood to those points in spite of that bull, the crime of which was, not in the points in dispute, but in not submitting to the church; upon which the other party denied them the sacrament, and, of consequence, absolution, whilst they were refractory to this bull, and, of consequence, rebels to the church. This refusall of the sacrament, you know, made a great disturbance, and, at last, it was referred to the Pope, whose decision, I suppose, you saw lately in the newspapers; that, if any man, after admonition and being told his danger, would take his hazzard to himself, be it said, "let him receive his own damnation, and his blood be on his own head." This everybody thought would end the dispute, but it has not; and now the King is resolved to exert his authority, and it is thought he will have the best of it.

The people here expect they are to have a French and an English army in Cleves, this spring or summer; it will be a great pity if I should be in the Low Countries in time of war, and not see an army, and, if they be within a hundred miles, I shall see them. The troops who marched out here have suffered greatly from the cold; severall poor boys, about fourteen and fifteen, were sent off with them, and they write that

the frost made their eyes water, and that it froze upon their cheeks: I suppose the poor soldiers were greeting for cold.

The folks here are very easy about their children; so soon as they are able to learn anything, the boys are put out to *pension*, and the girls to a convent, and they never ask after them more. When the boys are able to carry a musket, away they go to the army, or are put into a colledge for the church, and the girls wait on in the convent till some men marry them, and if not, they remain and take the veill. If married, they turn out (if at the court) whatever anybody is at the pains to make them. If they die before they come to any of these periods, the parents bury them the next day, and, to divert their greif, their freinds carry them to the plays and all other diversions; at no time a parent puts on mourning for a child, because they gain nothing by their death. It is a brave school a forreign service for datted youths! When I came here, there was a prince lying in irons, which I beleive I wrote you; not a callico prince, but really a great German one.

I have got an opportunity of sending this by Billy Gordon, who goes over; it comes alongst with your robes, which are very genteely made.[a]

I wish you all a happy new-year.

Bruxells, 28th December, 1756.

[a] The volume concludes with a list of commissions of no interest, which, with an inventory of furniture in the house at Brussels, are omitted. No more of the narrative has been found.—[*Ed.*]

THE

COLTNESS COLLECTIONS.

PART THIRD.

MEMOIR

OF

SIR JAMES STEUART DENHAM, BART. OF COLTNESS AND WESTSHIELD,

COMPILED FOR

THE LADY FRANCES STEUART,

HIS DISCONSOLATE WIDOW.

M.DCC.XIII.—M.DCC.LXXX.

Farewell my dearest Son. Ja: Leonard Denham

THE LIFE OF SIR JAMES STEUART DENHAM OF COLTNESS AND WESTSHIELD, BART.

Sir James Steuart Denham, the only son of Sir James Steuart, Bart., Solicitor-General for Scotland, was born on the 10th of October 1713. His mother was a daughter of the celebrated Sir Hugh Dalrymple of North-Berwick, who sustained the office of Lord President of the Court of Session at Edinburgh, with eminent reputation, for thirty-six years.

At a proper age, young Steuart was put to North-Berwick school, which might, probably, derive some preference, from its being in the vicinity of his grandfather's country seat. The character of the master was that of great severity; notwithstanding which, his pupil, by his amiable disposition and behaviour, gained so much upon him as soon to become his principal favourite, and to be capable of obtaining whatever he chose to request. He was, at the same time, equally beloved by his schoolfellows, who beheld without jealousy, and even with pleasure, his influence, as it was exerted in rendering their situation more comfortable and cheerful. The qualities for which he was particularly distinguished at school were, a lively sensibility, and a penetrating spirit.

It was customary for a play to be sometimes acted by the scholars.

Once, when the tragedy of Henry the Fourth was represented, the part of the King was allotted to our young gentleman, although he was not entitled to it by seniority of years, or by his standing in the school. He was, however, esteemed deserving of the honour, from the brilliancy of his genius, the strength of his memory, and the gracefulness of his person.

In 1727, when Mr Steuart was fourteen years of age, he was sent for to Coltness, to receive the blessing of his dying father, whom he succeeded in title and estate. From North-Berwick he was removed, first to the schools of Edinburgh, and then to the University of that city, where he was so much distinguished, both by his capacity and application, that he was the boast of the professors under whom he studied, and reflected no small degree of credit upon their instructions.

During the time of Sir James Steuart's attendance on his academical course, he lived chiefly at his house of Goodtrees, the vicinity of which to the College of Edinburgh enabled him easily to go thither in the morning, and to return home at night. Here he had the company of his mother and sisters, and hither he was permitted to bring such of his fellow-students as had recommended themselves to him by a similitude of genius and disposition. Two young gentlemen, in particular, who often resided with him at Goodtrees, were Mr Hercules Lindsay, afterwards a professor in the University of Glasgow, and Mr Steuart, afterwards Dr Steuart, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh. With these gentlemen Sir James contracted a most intimate friendship; and they prosecuted their literary pursuits together with uncommon vigour and alacrity. This diligence of application had no effect in lessening Sir James Steuart's natural vivacity. When, agreeably to his usual custom, he had spent eight, and often ten hours a-day in close study, he was the delight of his family and companions by his sprightly and cheerful conversation. At different times he made short excursions with his young friends, in which he gave himself wholly up to innocent amusement and pleasure. During the college vacations, he sometimes went to Hamilton Farm, where his mother, for the sake of finding employment to her mind, had taken a coal-work,

and sometimes to Coltness. At each of these places, when his intended visit was announced, his coming was eagerly expected, as it formed a kind of jubilee in the neighbourhood.

Previously to the intimacy into which Sir James Steuart had entered with the gentlemen already mentioned, his mother had taken care to place about him different young persons, either to be the companions of his diversions, or to read with him, and assist him in his studies. To each of these he behaved with an affability and a kindness which entirely conciliated their esteem and affection; and with one of them he contracted a most close and tender friendship. This was Mr Alexander Trotter, son of Mr Trotter of Kettleshields, and a near relation of Sir James. Mr Trotter, being seized with a disorder, was cut off in early life, and died at Coltness. During his illness, he made a promise to Sir James Steuart, that, if it was possible, he would come to him after his decease, in an inclosure below the house, which in summer they had frequently made the place of their study. It was stipulated between the two friends, that Mr Trotter should appear in the dress which he commonly wore, and that every other circumstance should be exactly conformable to what had usually happened when they met together. Sir James Steuart laid a greater stress on this engagement than sound reason and judgment will warrant: whenever it was in his power, he never failed to pay a stated attendance at the inclosure. This practice he continued even when his walking was rendered extremely incommodious by the debility arising from violent attacks of the gout; and, till the year of his death, he lost no opportunity of visiting the place, and challenging the promise of his friend. The inclosure was his favourite walk; he caused a seat to be erected at the head of it; and he returned from time to time, extremely disappointed that his expectation of Mr Trotter's appearance had not been gratified. It would be easy to show, were it necessary, that such an expectation could not be justified by any conclusion of philosophy, or any principle of religion: but wise and good men are not exempted from errors and weaknesses.

The course of Sir James Steuart's education was directed by his mother and tutors, with a view to his engaging in the profession of the law. In the prosecution of this end, he was permitted, after he had gone through his academical lectures, to pursue his own plan of study; and such were his judgment in the choice of the proper methods of information, and his application in the improvement of them, that, at the age of twenty-one years, he was entered advocate at Edinburgh with the greatest applause. Soon after this event, and before he applied himself to the practice of the bar, he was advised by his friends to make the tour of France, Spain, and Italy; an advice which was well adapted to the liveliness of his disposition, and to his eager desire for enlarging his sphere of general knowledge.

Though Sir James Steuart was young when he set out upon his travels, the great object of his ambition was, to derive from them every possible advantage. He learned, with uncommon facility, the languages of the several countries through which he passed. Wherever he went, he studied the manners, customs, laws, and spirit of the people; examined into the state of science among them; and paid particular attention to the nature and forms of their respective governments, and to the history of ancient and eminent families. Being possessed of an elegant taste, nothing which related to classic antiquities, painting, architecture, or other branches of the fine arts, escaped his notice. The knowledge he had acquired, and the anecdotes he had collected, rendered him, through the whole of his future life, a most entertaining companion. Such was the acuteness of his memory, that, at the distance of thirty or forty years, he could describe the situation, state, and circumstances of the countries he had passed through, with a precision and vivacity not easily attained by those who had very recently trodden the same ground.

Sir James Steuart returned from his travels to Scotland a fine gentleman; a fine gentleman, it may truly be said, in the best signification of the word. He brought back with him none of the trifling qualities which frequently attend that appellation, but came home with the acquisition

of solid good sense, to which were added a lively spirit, a most attractive address, and a beautiful person.

It was the unhappiness of Sir James Steuart, that all these accomplishments were of no benefit to his personal interest. His family fortune being small, it was extremely desirable that he should endeavour to increase it, and to attain consequence in his country by a diligent application to the profession for which he was originally intended. His talents, his education, his connections, promised him, in this respect, every advantage of profit and of honour. But he, unfortunately, had contracted a certain dissipation of mind which prevented his engaging in any fixed employment. Of this evil he became amply sensible when it was too late to be remedied; on which account, it was his frequent advice to parents, not to permit their sons to make the Grand Tour if they were designed for business. Such a tour, he said, could only tend to inspire them with ideas unsuitable to their several destinations, and injurious to their prospects in life. If ever these persons could go into foreign parts with propriety and benefit, it must either be in their very early years, for instruction in the languages, or after they had arisen to eminence in their professions, and had become independent of the world.

A gentleman of Sir James Steuart's enlarged understanding and elegant manners could not fail of being earnestly solicited to make a part of every polite society. He was carried to Hamilton House, by the Duke of Hamilton, an amiable and accomplished nobleman, who lived at his paternal seat with great hospitality and dignity. With the Duke Sir James formed the closest connection; and the attachment he conceived to the Hamilton family was so strong, that he bound himself to the interests of that family with the whole bent of his soul, and maintained his affection for it to the end of life.

The Duke of Hamilton, at the commencement of his intimacy with Sir James Steuart, was deeply engaged in political contests, as was indeed the case with regard to Great Britain in general. His Grace's object, and that of his associates, was to carry on a powerful and success-

ful opposition against Sir Robert Walpole's administration. As Sir James Steuart's estate lay in the same county with Hamilton, and near to it, the Duke regarded him as a proper person to represent the burghs of Lanark, Peebles, and Linlithgow, and engaged to support him with all his interest. This offer was, however, declined by Sir James, from motives of a private nature; but, at the same time, he entered zealously into his Grace's measures, and exerted in favour of them the whole of his abilities and influence. Being endued with talents remarkably popular, he was pitched upon as the principal manager of the Duke of Hamilton's affairs at county meetings, and on other public occasions. When Sir James was warmly canvassing at Lanark, for the candidate proposed by the Duke, it was said to him, in name of the magistrates and constituents assembled, "Why do you not speak for yourself, Sir James? that would make all things easy."

In mentioning the politics of that time, it may not be amiss to observe, that Sir James Steuart was one of those who were carried along with the stream, which ran so vehemently against Sir Robert Walpole, on account of his excise scheme. The grounds of Sir James's opposition were but imperfectly considered by him in the violence of party. Afterwards, when he impartially examined the subject, he entertained very different sentiments. He then became fully convinced of the solidity and utility of Sir Robert's plan, and thought himself bound, in his work upon political economy, to retract his former views of things, and to bestow a high eulogium upon the ability and merits of that eminent minister and statesman. Sir James used constantly to say, that, upon due conviction, he could change his opinions with as much facility as he did his linen. Even in the heat of youth, and when he was the most actively busied in the contests of the age, he displayed a candour, openness, and liberality of mind, which excited the esteem of those who had embraced the opposite side of the question, and induced them to wish that he had been one of their own number.

In the winter of 1741, Sir James Steuart being in Edinburgh, with

Lord Elcho, eldest son to the Earl of Wemyss, renewed an acquaintance with him, which had been contracted when they were abroad. This acquaintance soon ripened into so close friendship, that they became almost inseparable companions. Lord Elcho proposed, in the ensuing spring, to pay a visit at Dunrobin, the seat of the Earl of Sutherland, where Lady Frances Wemyss, his Lordship's favourite sister, at that time resided with her aunt the Countess. Lord Elcho, being very sanguine in his attachments, was desirous of being accompanied by Sir James Steuart, and entertained a hope, that Sir James could not fail of becoming fond of Lady Frances, and of recommending himself to her affection. He thought them fitted for each other, by the graces of their persons, the elegance of their manners, the accomplishments of their minds, and the sensibility of their hearts. When the two friends went together for Dunrobin, they found the family a few miles nearer, at a house of Lord Sutherland's, named Cedar Hall. Here they were immediately introduced to a mixed and numerous company, who suspected Lord Elcho's design, and intimated their suspicion of it to Lady Frances. Her gentle and composed behaviour, in this large company, immediately made a most favourable impression on the mind of Sir James Steuart, which impression was speedily followed by all the tenderness of love, so that he had been but a little time at Dunrobin before he became an ardent suitor to her ladyship. But, though Lady Frances was by no means insensible of Sir James's merit, she did not hastily favour his addresses. She had a timidity with regard to entering into the marriage state, that was greatly increased by the observations she had made on the infelicity and anxieties to which that state is frequently subject; besides which, she was not one of those who would

"——unsought be won."

Though she was persuaded that the amiable disposition of Sir James Steuart afforded the most sanguine hopes of happiness; though she en-

tertained the highest opinion of his character; and though he urged his suit, and declared his esteem and affection for her in all the persuasive words which love can dictate, he was obliged to make three visits to Dunrobin before he could prevail upon her to assent to their union.

When Sir James Steuart had gained this grand point, he had another difficulty to conquer, before his marriage with Lady Frances Wemyss could be completed; which was, to obtain the consent of the Earl her father, and the approbation of others of the family. As Sir James's affection to Lady Frances increased every day in ardour, the more intimately he became acquainted with her; he had never felt himself so unhappy as during the time in which the attainment of his wishes was impeded by the prudential objections of the Earl of Wemyss. The smallness of Sir James's fortune was at first deemed an unsurmountable difficulty. In this exigency he again experienced the attachment of his friend Lord Elcho. His Lordship carried him to the Castle of Wemyss, to wait upon his noble father; and the visit produced the effect intended. The Earl of Wemyss was so highly pleased with the character, temper, and behaviour of Sir James Steuart, that he laid aside his opposition to the match. It was considered by his Lordship, that with such a man his daughter might be far more happy than with a man of much superior estate, who was not possessed of the same qualifications; and he farther reflected, that Sir James, by a diligent application to the practice of the bar, for which he had been educated, might rise to opulence and honour. The obstructions that, for a time, prevent the union of two minds which are fitted for each other, not only make that union more delightful when it is permitted to take place, but are calculated to render it more sincere, tender, and permanent in succeeding life.

As soon as the Earl of Wemyss's consent was obtained, Sir James Steuart hastened to Dunrobin, where his marriage was celebrated on the 14th of October 1743. All those who have been intimately acquainted with Sir James Steuart will acknowledge that there never was a marriage, the happiness of which was more complete. It was supported by

mutual love, respect, confidence, and unremitting attentions. Those vicissitudes of fortune, which, in many cases, disturb the enjoyments of domestic felicity, had no effect upon theirs. None of the adverse scenes through which Sir James and Lady Frances passed ever produced the least abatement of their tenderness; and it was always the endeavour of each to soften, to conceal, and, if possible, to forget the disagreeable occurrences of life. The person best able to speak upon the matter hath said, "I could wish to express myself truly descriptive of what I have so frequently witnessed and admired on this subject."

A few weeks after their marriage, Sir James and Lady Frances went from Dunrobin to Wemyss Castle, where they were received by the Earl with every mark of affection; and their time, while they staid, was spent in great festivity and pleasure. This place they quitted for Edinburgh, whither they were speedily followed by the Earl of Wemyss and his family. Here was a renewal of the most delightful intercourses and sociabilities, the remembrance of which still, I know, awakens the affectionate sensibility of the only survivor, who was deeply interested in them, to a degree undescribable.

During the course of the winter, Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart removed to their house at Goodtrees, to which they were accompanied by three of her Ladyship's and two of Sir James's sisters. In the month of August 1744, Lady Frances was brought to bed of a son, the present successor to the honours and estates of his father. This event was regarded by Sir James as a most precious fruit of the happiness he enjoyed, and served still farther to display the warm and tender feelings with which his heart was replete.

Sir James Steuart continued with his family at Goodtrees for one year. But this situation was by no means favourable to study or business. Its vicinity to Edinburgh, in conjunction with Sir James's sociable disposition, and his lively and engaging qualities, drew thither a perpetual concourse of company from that city. He received his friends with cordial hospitality, and gave himself up to the entertainment and

pleasure which their gay, their cheerful, and often instructive conversation afforded, and in which he sustained a most distinguished part. The time was charmingly spent; but, in the meanwhile, the application to the practice of the bar was forgotten.

We now come to an event which called forth Sir James Steuart's abilities, brought him into public notice, and had a considerable influence on the colour of his future life. The event we refer to was a contested election, in 1744, for the county of Edinburgh. It hath already been mentioned that Sir James's father, the Solicitor-General for Scotland, was understood to have represented that county in Parliament. However this may have been, it is certain that the right of the family to vote in elections, in consequence of the possession of the Goodtrees estate, had been for a long course of years acknowledged. This right was acquired by the Sir James Steuart who was Lord Advocate for Scotland; and though the value of the estate was estimated some pence below the legal standard, so slight a circumstance was disregarded, in comparison with that gentleman's eminent character and merit, and his name, in 1702, was entered, without hesitation, in the roll of electors, accompanied with an express declaration that his title had been properly established. Upon the Lord Advocate's death, the claim of the Solicitor-General was, in 1708, with equal readiness admitted. After the decease of this gentleman, in 1727, his name continued on the roll till 1734, when it was struck out as being that of a dead man; while his son's name was not inserted, on account of his being still a minor. However, this defect was supplied in 1742. At that time our Sir James Steuart claimed the rights of his father and grandfather, to which claim no objections being made, he was placed upon the list of the freeholders of Mid-Lothian.

The family of Dundas of Arniston had long been very popular in Edinburghshire; and had taken the principal direction in all the public business relating to that county. Mr Dundas had represented it in Parliament for several years, until, by attaining to be one of the Lords of Session, (under the title of Lord Arniston,) and afterwards President of

that Court, he vacated his seat, and Sir Charles Gilmour succeeded to it by his Lordship's interest. While Sir James Steuart was studying the law, he had been indebted to Lord Arniston for advice in the prosecution of that study, and he had contracted such an acquaintance with his Lordship's eldest son, who was likewise intended for the bar, that he used frequently to spend a week with him at a time at the President's family seat. Of these circumstances Sir James retained a most grateful remembrance, and he had always regarded Lord Arniston with sentiments of peculiar veneration. But no former attachments or friendships can stand against the violence of contested elections.

In the month of December 1743, Sir Charles Gilmour, the representative for Edinburghshire, was appointed one of the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations. This preferment having vacated his seat, he went down to Scotland in the beginning of the succeeding year, for the purpose of being re-chosen; when a warm opposition was raised against him, and Sir John Baird of Newbaith offered himself as a candidate for the county. Sir John, who was a relation of Sir James Steuart, took an early opportunity of asking, and of obtaining, the promise of his vote. Sir Charles Gilmour was powerfully supported by the interest of Lord Arniston, and parties ran very high on the occasion.

When the day of election came, Sir James Steuart heard the roll of freeholders read over by Sir Charles Gilmour, without his own name being mentioned. He immediately demanded the reason of the omission; when he was answered, that by the name of Sir James Steuart, which then stood upon the roll, was meant his father, and not himself. In reply to this, he plainly showed that it could be no other than his own name which had been placed in the list of freeholders in 1742, so many years after his father's had been struck out.

This assertion of his right produced no effect in his favour. When it came to Lord Arniston's turn, who was chosen Preses of the meeting, to read over the roll, he also omitted the name of Sir James Steuart; and the reason he alleged for it was, that Sir James had not established

his title as a freeholder who was qualified to vote in that county at the choice of a representative. Sir James pleaded that, by the new statute, then in force, no other title was requisite than that of his name being found standing on the roll of 1742, which had been last made up, and every page of which had been signed by Lord Arniston himself, who presided at that meeting as well as at the present. He farther contended, that several gentlemen, against whom no objections were now alleged, had been admitted on the same day as freeholders, though they had made out their right in no other manner than he had done. Sir James concluded with declaring, that if he should be debarred from the exercise of his legal privilege, he should be obliged to bring the matter before the Court of Session at Edinburgh; which, however, he professed before that numerous and respectable assembly, would give him the deepest concern. Lord Arniston persisted in his opinion, and Sir James Steuart's vote was rejected.

Several circumstances concurred to sharpen the passions of the contending parties. Sir James Steuart had not only promised his vote to Sir John Baird, but had taken a warm and active part in his favour. The principal management of the canvas had been assigned to Sir James; and he was not of a temper to omit any instance of attention or zeal, where the interest and honour of a friend were concerned. On the other hand, Lord Arniston was the grand pillar on which Sir Charles Gilmour's party rested for support. In fact, the contest was, whether his Lordship should continue to maintain the lead in a county, the affairs of which had long been directed, under Government, by him and his family with eminent reputation.

Sir James Steuart, agreeably to his declaration, brought his claim to his privileges as a freeholder of the county of Edinburgh before the Court of Session. On the steps preparatory to the hearing of the question, it would be little interesting to enlarge. The day of trial was a day of great expectation. Sir James, who, though he had been admitted as an advocate, had never yet appeared at the bar, was now determined

to plead his own cause; besides which, he had the voluntary assistance of some of the ablest counsel. Never was there a greater concourse of ladies and gentlemen on any such occasion; and the passions of all of them were warmly agitated, according to their different personal connections, and the different political views with which they were inspired.

Sir James Steuart did not, at this important crisis, disappoint the opinion which his friends had formed of his talents. He spoke with so much ability and elegance, with such energy and pathos, that he excited every mark of approbation and applause. When Lord Arniston took up his well frequented ground, great expectations were also raised; but, being a veteran in the law, his well known powers did not equally surprise the audience. His Lordship himself was deeply affected by the uncommon appearance made by a gentleman, who, some years before, had been in a manner his pupil; and his sensations seemed to influence his speech. He felt, he said, a tenderness for that young man as for his own child; and his grief, he added, at seeing him stand at that bar in opposition to him was such, that he could with difficulty refrain from tears. Sir James Steuart, in return, spoke of Lord Arniston with so much respect and affection, that the hearers were uncommonly moved and delighted.

Perhaps the Judges on the bench were never under more disagreeable sensations. Here was Lord Arniston, who was at the head of their own body, pleading at their bar; a circumstance, undoubtedly, of a very extraordinary nature. By a decision against him, they would in fact declare that he was ignorant of those laws of election which constantly came before him in the Court where he presided, and which laws, from long practice and experience, he was supposed particularly to understand. The different opinions on which their sentence was grounded may possibly be regarded as no small proof of the embarrassment of their minds. Some of them clearly decided that Sir James Steuart had proved his right to vote, in consequence of his name's having been placed upon the roll; but they would not assent to the penalty inflicted when any name

which stood upon the list was omitted to be read. This, they said, was too severe; and they were persuaded that Sir James himself would be of the same sentiment. Others of the Judges allowed of the privilege by the new statute, but objected to the claim of voting's having been made at so many years' distance. In the issue, Sir James Steuart lost his cause, though with what majority of voices we have not been informed. On the same day he gave a dinner to his counsel, at which he warmly acknowledged the friendly and gratuitous assistance he had received from them; and was as cheerful and pleasant as if success had crowned his efforts. Never was any one defeated in a court of judicature who gained greater honour and applause in his defeat.

The abilities exercised by Sir James Steuart in this trial, and the reputation he had acquired by it, again inspired his friends with an agreeable hope that he would now become fully sensible of the advantages which might be derived from applying to the practice of the law. But they had the regret of finding that no such good effect was the result of his late exertions. He returned again to that more unsettled and pleasant mode of spending his time in which he had heretofore been involved.

Sir James Steuart's life, with regard to his habits of study, may be divided into three periods. In his early days his application was so intense, that few could be said to equal him in the ardour with which he pursued the attainment of knowledge. As he approached to middle age, he betook himself to the gay, the lively, and the pleasant, and adapted his comprehensive genius to the entertainment and enjoyment of every form of polished society. When he came to more advanced years, he resumed his studious inquiries with a vigour which has seldom been exceeded, and with a perseverance that continued unabated to the close of his life.

In the winter of 1744 and 1745, Sir James Steuart determined to remove with his family from Goodtrees to Coltness, where lay the greater part of his estate, and where he would have an opportunity of extending his interest and influence in the county with which his ancestors had

been principally connected. Distant as Coltness was from Edinburgh, Sir James's social attractions drew after him a number of accomplished persons of both sexes, who, for the enjoyment of his company, left with pleasure the gaieties of the metropolis. In this retirement, however, he had, upon the whole, a far greater degree of leisure than he had been master of at Goodtrees; and his mind was happily disposed to improve the advantages of his new situation. The domestic felicity arising from his lady and his child was felt by him with rapture; and he was beginning to turn his thoughts to important literary speculations, when he was laid under the unfortunate necessity of quitting this scene of tranquillity.

In the summer of 1745, Lady Frances Steuart fell into a bad state of health, which obliged Sir James to carry her and his family to Edinburgh, for the sake of medical assistance. This was the summer in which the Pretender landed in Scotland. The design had been communicated to Sir James Steuart by some of his friends, who had marked him down as a person that was well qualified to give his advice and his aid in the undertaking. But when the enterprise was mentioned to him, it met with his absolute disapprobation. His good sense and penetration easily enabled him to discern the impropriety and absurdity of the scheme, and his answer to this purpose was explicit; nor did he receive any intelligence of the Chevalier's landing till that event had been accomplished.

It was a most unhappy circumstance, that Sir James Steuart was unavoidably confined to the city of Edinburgh when the little army of the rebels, with their leader, took possession of that city. At a time when every considerate person who was at liberty quitted the metropolis, it was impossible for him to take the same step. Lady Frances Steuart lay ill of the small-pox, and her life was pronounced to be in imminent danger. In this situation Sir James, having his mind somewhat weakened by domestic distress, being surrounded by friends, and even relations who had embraced the Pretender's cause; and, perhaps, not yet wholly recovered from the irritation of spirit proceeding from a sense of

ill usage in the lately contested election, was induced to make concessions which, in another state of things, his superior understanding would have firmly rejected.

Sir James Steuart did not permit himself to take an active part in this troubled scene. Upon reflection, he determined to retreat from Scotland, and to retire to France, whither Lady Frances followed him as soon as her health enabled her to undertake the journey and voyage. This was in the beginning of the year 1746. As she went abroad with a strong hope that Sir James and herself would speedily return to their native country and their former happy habitation at Coltness, she left her child to the care of an aunt of Sir James's, an ancient lady, and one of the worthiest of women, [Mrs Mure of Caldwell.]

The event of the battle of Culloden obliged numbers of the Pretender's infatuated adherents to take refuge in France. Among these were several friends and relations of Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart. In preparing the bill of attainder, which was of course to follow in Great Britain, it was reported that the strictest scrutiny would be made into the conduct of every person who, in any manner or degree, had given countenance to the late rebellion. What might be the result of such severity, especially if it should be aided by the influence of personal hostility, Sir James Steuart could not tell. It was thought proper, therefore, that he and his lady should remove to a place where they might receive frequent and early intelligence of what was passing in England. Accordingly, they quitted a beautiful and comfortable retirement at Fonteney aux Roses, about six miles from Paris, for Sedan; which, though by no means in itself an eligible situation, was accommodated to the immediate purpose they had in view.

When the bill of attainder was brought from London, Sir James Steuart had the satisfaction of finding that his name was not included in it, although he was informed, upon undoubted evidence, that his behaviour at Edinburgh, while the rebels were in possession of that city, had undergone a severe examination, and that every method had been used

to ascertain his culpability. From these circumstances, he flattered himself that the time of his return to his own country was not far distant.

A bill of attainder is usually followed by a bill of indemnity, in which the names of the persons who are excluded from the benefits of the act are of course inserted. Sir James Steuart had the mortification of finding himself in the list of these names. Considering that he had not been included in the bill of attainder, this was undoubtedly a great hardship; and it is supposed that the dislike and resentment arising from former political contests had an undue influence on the present occasion.

It was the advice of Sir James Steuart's friends at home, that, as things were now situated, he should take no other measure than that of continuing quietly abroad for three years; at the end of which term, provided there were no farther proceedings against him, it was understood that any charge of treason would expire by law. To this advice Sir James and Lady Frances readily submitted. Being both of them yet young, they determined to endure the time of exile with a becoming cheerfulness, and to render it as agreeable as possible by sending over for their son from Scotland; and, by retiring to the south of France, they had the choice of living under a fine climate, and in a beautiful country. This plan they accordingly put into execution.

The three years which were hoped to be the termination of Sir James Steuart's banishment were not permitted to expire in his favour. From the cause already assigned, repeated and successful efforts were used to keep him at a distance.

In consequence of an application from Scotland, a Court of Oyer and Terminer was appointed to be holden at Edinburgh. Its principal design is said to have been, to prevent those who had been excepted out of the act of indemnity from availing themselves of the privilege they would otherwise have of returning to their native country at the end of the time before specified. This procedure might have appeared less severe, had the persons against whom it was intended never been subjected to a scrutiny into their past conduct. Sir James Steuart's behaviour had

already gone through the ordeal of a severe examination. No evidence could be produced against him, but that which had then been heard, and which had been deemed insufficient to include him in the act of attainder. But it was the purpose of his enemies to leave him in a state of criminality and banishment. When this purpose had been attained, by a bill of indictment being found against him, the Court of Oyer and Terminer was broken up, though inquiries still remained to be made before it into the conduct of some gentlemen who had actually appeared in open arms on the side of the Pretender. What farther aggravated the affair was the haste with which it was transacted. Sir James Steuart himself was at too great a distance to receive intelligence soon enough for answering any valuable end; and even his friends upon the spot had not time sufficient to take the necessary measures for endeavouring to ward off the blow.

By this unfortunate event, the State was deprived of a most able and active citizen, who was inspired with the virtuous ambition of serving his country. Although, by an unhappy concurrence of circumstances, Sir James Steuart had been betrayed into an imprudent step, his sentiments were by no means hostile to the legal constitution of Great Britain. To that constitution his ancestors had been zealously devoted; and, notwithstanding a single aberration, he was far from having discarded the principles of his family. With the highest gratitude, therefore, would he have embraced an opportunity of returning to the full exercise of his duty and allegiance.

The disappointment arising from the proceedings of the Court of Oyer and Terminer at Edinburgh was great, and was sensibly felt by Sir James Steuart. But he knew how to sustain adversity with dignity; and he was endued with that felicity of disposition which did not permit discontent long to lurk in his bosom. He soon recovered his accustomed tranquillity; a tranquillity which he found of infinite consequence to his own enjoyment of life, and which made all who were connected with him feel themselves happy in his society. In domestic union, in the company of his lady and child, in every display of affection towards them, and in

every degree of attention to their comfort and welfare, he experienced satisfactions that amply compensated for the disagreeable incidents to which he was exposed. An equal return of tenderness was exercised on the part of Lady Frances. It was their mutual endeavour to alleviate, and, if possible, to hide from each other, the strokes of calamity, and to seize and heighten every circumstance which was calculated to administer pleasure and delight.

Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart, being now fated to a long residence abroad, they fixed upon the province of Angoumois for the place of their retreat, and continued there nearly seven years. They lived, by turns, at Angoulême, the capital of the province, and at a very beautiful habitation in the country, distant about six miles from that town. It was in the country that they spent the chief of their time, upon account of the convenience it afforded to Sir James for the prosecution of his studies, which he now resumed with an ardour that was probably invigorated by the interruption they had so long received. Here it was that he laid the foundation of his great work on the Principles of Political Economy.

By way of relief to the uniformity of their mode of living, and to give additional vigour to their health and spirits, Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart used to employ part of the summer in making small excursions to the neighbouring districts. In these excursions, it was their object to visit such places as Sir James had not seen before; and, in the choice of their little expeditions, they had always a view to what was likely to be most pleasant to each other. If their fortune did not afford that luxury of equipage, or that crowd of attendants by which British travellers are often distinguished, their journeys were accomplished with comfort and contentment to themselves, and with a gentility of appearance that bespoke respect and approbation wherever they came. Though, in their several tours, they did not omit seeing the houses and parks of the principal nobility and gentry, their attention was chiefly confined to the face of the countries through which they passed, and to the disposi-

tions, manners, and customs of the inhabitants, and especially to what was peculiar in any of these respects. Besides their summer excursions, Sir James and Lady Frances occasionally diversified the scene by making visits to Paris.

The town of Angoulême, before Sir James Steuart fixed his residence there, had been very little distinguished by travellers who came from England. Indeed, it could scarcely be said to be known, in comparison with Montpelier, Toulouse, and other cities in the south of France. This might partly arise from an opinion that the climate of the country was not equally steady and serene, and partly from its lying much out of the common course of the polite tour. But Sir James Steuart thought himself very fortunate in his choice. Angoumois he found to be one of the finest provinces in France, comprehending in it every quality which can recommend a situation; such as beauty, plenty, cheapness, and good company. In the last article, he was convinced that it was superior to places far more celebrated. He and his lady soon became intimately acquainted with the most respectable families of the town of Angoulême and its neighbourhood; and the intimacy was improved to such a degree of mutual confidence, esteem, and regard, that, if our two residents had been natives of the province, they could not have been treated with greater friendship and affection. Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart had, both of them, a happy facility in accommodating themselves to the dispositions and manners of the persons among whom they happened to dwell.

The place they lived in, when they were not in the town of Angoulême, was called Guissal. Of this they had taken a lease; and so eagerly did the peasants around them exert their endeavours to be serviceable and obliging, that Sir James and Lady Frances seemed as if they were encircled by their own tenants. In a retreat which was remarkably beautiful, no pleasure was wanting but that of their friends at home; and even this satisfaction they had sometimes the happiness of enjoying.

From Guissal they one year made an excursion, in a litter drawn by mules, through the hills of Auvergne to Lyons. This was a part of France entirely unfrequented by common travellers; but Sir James Steuart considered it as better calculated, on that account, to gratify his curious disposition. He was not disappointed in his expectations. He found, both in the natural history of the country, and in the manners of the inhabitants, many objects highly worthy of his attention; and he was not a little delighted with his tour.

During the time of his residence in the province of Angoumois, the Parliament of Paris received an order of banishment; and three Presidents, together with more than twenty Counsellors, were sent to the town of Angoulême. It is well known that the gentlemen of whom that illustrious court of judicature is composed rank among the most eminent persons in France for their profound knowledge and their great eloquence. Sir James Steuart lost no time in availing himself of the improvement and pleasure which might be derived from an acquaintance with these honourable exiles. His offers of friendship were embraced with the greatest ardour, and were followed by the most perfect mutual esteem. From the conversation of these gentlemen, Sir James acknowledged that he gained much important information with respect to the state of France. When they were recalled to Paris, they went in a body to his house in the country, to pay him a visit, and to express their sense of his civilities and his merit.

It was while Sir James Steuart was an inhabitant of Angoumois that he first appeared in the world as an author. The subject he fixed upon was important, and his manner of treating it reflected credit upon his abilities and learning. Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology, which was published in 1753, had been productive of a great literary controversy, both in France and England. In England it was principally attacked by Mr Arthur Bedford, and in France by Mons. Fourmond and Mons. Freret. Various writers besides, both at home and abroad, opposed Sir Isaac's system. On the other hand, it has been embraced and maintained by

men of the first talents and literature; and, though some considerable objections may be made to it, is capable, at least, of a very plausible, if not of a decisive defence. The two great grounds upon which Sir Isaac Newton went, the calculations of astronomy and the course of nature, displayed the capacity and extent of his mind; and the principle he built upon, with regard to the succession of kings, which the ancient historians had confounded with the generations of men, cannot easily be weakened. Convinced of the truth of the new chronology, Sir James Steuart wrote a vindication of it in the French language. Nor was this the only instance of his zeal in the cause of his illustrious countryman. As the subject was then warmly controverted, he supported the system of Sir Isaac Newton in all the critical journals and periodical publications which France at that time produced. Thus actively and usefully was Sir James Steuart employed during his residence in the province of Angoumois.

The time now approached in which it was proper for young Mr Steuart to partake of the higher modes of education. Being eleven years of age, he stood in need of a greater variety of masters than the town of Angoulême afforded. Sir James, therefore, and Lady Frances agreed to remove to Paris as the place where they would be able to meet with the best preceptors of all kinds. When they arrived at that metropolis, they found, to their great concern, that a war was upon the point of breaking out between England and France on account of the encroachments of the French upon the boundaries of the British Colonies in North America. In this state of things, Sir James Steuart resolved to quit Paris as soon as possible. Whatever offers might be made him, or whatever seducements might be set before him, it was his firm determination to enter into no engagements, and to perform no action that should be hostile to the interests of his native country. Whether he would at any time be permitted to return to Great Britain he could not tell: his fate in this respect it was his purpose to bear with becoming magnanimity; but his son, he said, should not, so far as he could pre-

vent it, be a sufferer for his father's misfortunes. The privileges of an English subject he considered as the best inheritance young Mr Steuart could receive; and he was determined to do nothing that should have the least tendency to deprive him of that inheritance. Accordingly, Sir James Steuart took the earliest opportunity of removing from France to Flanders; and it was his design to stay in that country till he knew to what course the affairs of Europe would probably be directed.

It was found necessary at this time by Sir James, that Lady Frances should go over to Great Britain to transact some business relative to their private concerns. In every circumstance of his life he placed full confidence in her activity, prudence, and affection; and he had never occasion for any other agent. While Lady Frances was absent, Sir James lived privately at Brussels; and when she returned, which was not till the spring of the year 1756, they determined to spend the summer at the German Spaw. At that place they had the happiness of meeting with several friends who were peculiarly dear to them, and from whom they had long been separated.[a] This happiness they tasted with a relish which was not a little heightened by its being so seldom enjoyed. Sir James Steuart had also the good fortune to cultivate an acquaintance with some persons of consequence from England, who, struck with admiration of his character and talents, promised to do him all the service in their power at the British court, and were not forgetful of their promises.

When the season of the Spaw was over, Sir James and his lady resolved to go farther into Germany, and to carry their son, the principal object of their tenderness and solicitude, to a German university. This scheme, however, they could not put into immediate execution. When they had reached Francfort on the Maine, the winter set in with so great severity as to impose upon them the necessity of spending the whole of

[a] Particularly Sir James's sister, Mrs Calderwood, and her family, whose visit is alluded to in Part I. of this volume.—[*Ed.*]

it in that city. Here they took every opportunity of obtaining information concerning the different universities of Germany, and here Sir James Steuart engaged a master to instruct him in the German tongue. Of that difficult language he soon acquired such a complete grammatical knowledge as to be able, not only to read it with facility, but to write in it with correctness and propriety. Having learned it so late in life, he never attained to that perfection in pronouncing it which he possessed with regard to the French, the Italian, and the Spanish. These three languages he spoke with so much purity and readiness, that the natives of France, Spain, or Italy, could not have known him to be a stranger.

As Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart had no intention of making any settlement at Francfort, they were not desirous of seeking out there for a large acquaintance. Nevertheless, they spent their time very agreeably, and had as much company as they wished. Francfort is a city which enjoys many advantages with regard to society, arising from the nobility who reside there, and from the opulent families of the great trading merchants. Wherever Sir James and Lady Frances chose to be introduced, they were received with signal marks of politeness and esteem. One connection which they formed at Francfort afforded them peculiar pleasure. This was with Mr Burrage, the English Envoy to the small courts on the Rhine. Mr Burrage conceived such an attachment to Sir James and his lady as to pay them every kind of attention and respect. He was a plain but sensible man, and had an extensive knowledge of the different States of Germany, a circumstance which rendered an intimacy with him the more desirable to Sir James Steuart at a time when he wanted to fix upon the most proper place for his son's education. So high was the opinion which Mr Burragé formed of Sir James's abilities, that he earnestly recommended him to all the English travellers of rank and distinction that came in his way ; entreating them to exert their influence with the Government at home for the restoration to his country of a most valuable citizen, who would be capable of rendering it very important services. Sir James Steuart, who ardently

wished to devote his talents to the benefit of Great Britain, neglected no opportunity of soliciting a return; and he had powerful friends to plead in his behalf. But still, from a concurrence of circumstances which perhaps it is better to suppress than to enlarge upon, the affair continued to be attended with difficulties and obstructions.

While Sir James Steuart was at Francfort, he was so happy as to gain considerable information upon commercial subjects, of which he made good use in his Principles of Political Economy. When he and Lady Frances left that city, their departure was greatly regretted.

After making proper inquiries into the characters of the several German universities, Sir James Steuart pitched upon Tubingen, in the duchy of Wurtemburg, for the place of his son's education. Two reasons determined him to this choice; the reputation which the university sustained on account of the excellence of its professors, and its being at a distance from the seat of the war which had then broken out in the northern parts of Germany. Tubingen was at that time scarcely frequented by any other strangers than such young gentlemen as went thither for the purposes of study; and very few families of consequence resided in the town. Its accommodations were bad, and it was destitute of many conveniences which would be desirable to persons of the least distinction. But all these circumstances were overlooked by Sir James, in consideration of the main end he had in view. Besides the recommendations already mentioned, he knew that the place would afford an opportunity for acquiring a perfect knowledge of the German tongue, as no other language would be spoken there in any house but his own.

When Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart arrived at Tubingen in 1757, they found it to be a small town, ill-built, and wholly unprovided with the elegancies of life. It was with some difficulty that they could procure a tolerable habitation; but at last they obtained as good a one as the place could furnish, and it was their disposition to be satisfied with moderate conveniences. The country around Tubingen is beautiful, affording a variety of walks, which are agreeably diversified by meadows,

by rising grounds covered with verdure, and by the prospect of magnificent woods. The river Neckar runs through the town. Walking was the principal amusement of the inhabitants, from among whom Sir James and Lady Frances selected a small number of acquaintance, who were much to their taste. Indeed, Sir James, during the whole of his exile from his native country, was never more happy than in his present situation. His time was pleasingly divided between the prosecution of his studies and the company of the professors, some of whom he found to be gentlemen whose genius and pursuits were exactly conformable to his own. Others of them were eminent proficients in the profoundest parts of science, nor were there wanting men among them who had a great and extensive knowledge of the world. When the university hours were over, the professors used to repair to the house of Sir James Steuart; and the evening was spent in a mutual communication of their ideas on the most interesting and important subjects.

One grand topic of conversation was administered by the politics of the times. The state of Europe, which was involved in a general war, and the particular situation of the King of Prussia, who was surrounded by numerous and formidable enemies, afforded ample room for inquiry and speculation. Tubingen was not ill situated for receiving intelligence either with respect to the operations of the contending armies, or the negotiations that might be carrying on in the several courts that were concerned in the quarrel. The professors maintained a large correspondence abroad, and had the public papers sent them from every country. By these means Sir James Steuart and his friends became as well informed of the transactions going forward as was possible for persons who were not actually upon the spot. The movements of the different armies were accurately marked upon the maps; and conclusions were drawn, and sometimes little bets laid with regard to the course of future events. Many years afterwards, Sir James has often surprised officers who had been employed in the war, with the exact account that he was able to give of their military expeditions, and the reasons on which they were founded.

At the university there was a young man of consideration and good character, whose manners and conduct were so much approved of by Sir James Steuart, that he engaged him to live in his house, for the double purpose of reading with his son, and of assisting to write with himself in the hours of application to the Political Economy. The gentleman, whose abilities and behaviour fully justified the expectation formed of him, is now, or was not long since, in office in the Council of Montbielard, and was said, some years ago, to have an intention of publishing a French translation of Sir James's great work. Whether the design is likely to be carried into execution, or has actually been executed, has not come to our knowledge.

Sir James Steuart had much reason to be pleased with the advantages with regard to education which Tubingen afforded. Besides the stated professors, teachers of different arts and sciences resided in the town, being pensioned by the Duke of Wurtemburg, who was desirous of establishing the character of the university, and of rendering it a place where every species of instruction might be obtained. At the same time, the students had very few avocations to divert them from their literary pursuits. There were only three families of rank who lived at Tubingen. To these the young gentlemen of the university were freely admitted; but this circumstance, while it contributed to the polishing of their manners, presented no opportunities for dissipation.

By degrees Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart extended their acquaintance beyond the confines of the town. It is usual for the German nobility and gentry to continue for the whole year fixed to the places of residence where their domains are situated. Hence it happens that many very ill inhabited towns are surrounded by an excellent neighbourhood. With the families of distinction near to Tubingen, Sir James and his lady contracted at length so great an intimacy, that they might have spent their whole time with them in the country; and more delightful company they could not have wished to enjoy. They had the honour of being introduced at two of the most amiable courts in Germany, those

of the Margrave of Baden Dourlach and of the Prince of Hohenzollern; and their reception at each of these courts was too agreeable and flattering not to leave in their minds sentiments of gratitude and respect never to be effaced. At one court, where they had the happiness of spending many weeks, they had the offer of being presented with an excellent house, in a beautiful town, adjoining to the palace, together with every other advantage which could make the situation acceptable. But, however desirable such a proposal might in itself be, they were obliged to decline it, because the business of their son's education rendered it necessary that their chief residence should be at Tubingen. In their small and homely habitation at that place, they were frequently honoured with visits from persons of the greatest distinction.

Among the students of the university there was a Prince of Berkenfeldt, of the Palatine family, who came to the house of Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart, at all hours, and on all occasions, with as much freedom and familiarity as if he had been their child. As he was nearly of the same age with young Mr Steuart, and pursued the same course of studies, so close a friendship was formed between them, that they became almost inseparable companions, and lived together like brothers.

It belonged to the office of the professor of theology at Tubingen, by commission from the Duke of Wurtemburg, to make a progress in the summer through the whole duchy, for inspecting the state of the schools, and inquiring into the methods in which they were conducted. Upon one of these occasions he was accompanied by Sir James Steuart, with the express condition, that on his account no difference should be sought for in point of accommodation and entertainment. The professor took care to regulate his business in such a manner, that at nights they might lodge at the habitation of the clergyman of the place where they stopped; and, in the daytime, they contented themselves with the provisions that could be found at the public-houses, which, as might be expected, had little to recommend them in the unfrequented parts of Germany. Sir James was highly pleased with the excursion. Besides enjoying the

professor's company, who was a gentleman of an enlarged understanding and amiable dispositions, he acquired a knowledge of the country, of the modes of education, and of the characters and customs of its inhabitants, which he could not otherwise have attained.

Another summer Sir James Steuart and his lady made a journey from Tubingen, through the Tyrol, to Venice; but the motive which occasioned it was very unpleasant. It was on account of Sir James's health, which had been greatly impaired by successive attacks of the gout in his stomach. During the whole time of the tour he was in so feeble a condition, that he could not gratify the desire with which he was always ardently inspired, of seeing everything worthy of notice that lay in the way of his travels. It was a particular mortification to him that he could not pay a full attention to the various and striking subjects of curiosity which Venice and its environs afforded. The imbecility of his body, contrasted with the vigour of his mind, Lady Frances has often represented as forming, in her eye, an object equally beautiful and affecting. In a number of instances he obliged the weakness of his frame to submit to his anxiety for visiting the scenes by which he was surrounded.

While Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart were at Venice, they experienced, in a very extraordinary degree, the humanity and benevolence of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. This celebrated woman, being informed of their afflicted situation, flew to them with eagerness, and, quitting all other company, made it her sole business to administer to their consolation and entertainment. For this she was admirably qualified by a fine genius, an uncommon knowledge, a retentive memory, and a happy facility of expression. Having lived many years at the court of London, and resided afterwards in different parts of Europe, she was well acquainted with the public events and intrigues of the times, and had a copious fund of anecdotes concerning the most eminent men of the age, whether in the literary or political world. Sir James Steuart could not avoid being charmed with such a companion, especially as Lady Mary's judgment was accompanied with a refined taste, and

her opinions of things were pronounced with a decision which rendered them very lively and forcible, if not absolutely convincing. Her temper was warm and keen, and, wherever she conceived an attachment, she carried it to the utmost height. Though she had never before had any acquaintance with Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart, her friendship for them partook of all the ardour of her disposition. She even entirely changed her own hours of living, that she might accommodate them to those which were suitable to Sir James's state of indisposition.

After a short stay at Venice, he was advised to remove to Padua, the air of which was represented as likely to be effectual towards restoring his health. To this advice he agreed; and, the very day after Sir James and Lady Frances had arrived at that place, they were most pleasingly surprised with the company of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. She had, without their knowledge, ordered a house to be taken for her at Padua, where she became the kind, the generous, and the constant support of their drooping spirits, and entered deeply into all their concerns. Her zeal was not confined to their immediate situation. Without any solicitation on their part, she employed all her power with her noble connections in England to facilitate Sir James's restoration to his native country. From a principle of delicacy he had not presumed, amidst so many other obligations, to mention the subject to her ladyship. Her active endeavours in his behalf, which she continued till her decease, became an interesting topic in their future correspondence.[a] The death of her ladyship, which took place before Sir James Steuart's return to Great Britain, was a very affecting event both to him and Lady Frances. Sir James used to say, that, when Lady Mary Wortley Montague was in spirits, he derived more enjoyment from some hours of her conversa-

[a] A very limited impression of twenty-seven letters, addressed by Lady Mary to Sir James and Lady Frances, was printed for his more immediate friends by their son, in 1818, under the eye of the late John Dunlop, Esquire, Collector of Customs at Port-Glasgow, accompanied by an imperfect version of the present memoir. These letters have been since included in Lord Wharncliffe's collection of Lady Mary's correspondence.

tion than he could have done from the most interesting and entertaining book that ever was written.

The air of Padua did not contribute to the restoration of Sir James Steuart's health; a circumstance extremely distressing to Lady Frances, whose fortitude never failed her in any calamity, excepting when she was under an apprehension of losing her husband. What added to their embarrassment at this time was their being by an accident deprived of the only servant they had brought with them from Germany, and in whose attention and fidelity they could entirely confide. They determined, therefore, to return to Tubingen; but Sir James made a point of taking Verona in his way, from the earnest desire which he had of seeing the famous amphitheatre of that city. Though the debilitated state of his body rendered the undertaking not a little difficult, nothing could divert him from his resolution. The moment he arrived at Verona, without stopping at a place of refreshment, he hastened to the amphitheatre, scrambled with his feeble limbs up and down through every part of it, and did not cease till he had fully satisfied his curiosity. There was a peculiar circumstance which gave him uncommon satisfaction on the present occasion. For some years before, a strong impression had been fixed upon his mind that he should never visit the amphitheatre at Verona. How visionary the impression was appeared by the event; and, indeed, nothing of that kind could have had any original foundation in the dictates of reason.

After staying at Verona only one night, Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart prosecuted their journey to Tubingen, where, upon their arrival, they found their son in perfect health. Contrary to expectation, Sir James himself entirely recovered from his indisposition in a few days after his return; to which his late tour had probably contributed, though the good effects of it had not immediately been discerned. It appears, from a passage in the "Political Economy," that it was in the year 1758 when Sir James Steuart was in Padua, and that, notwithstanding his illness, he could not be diverted from carrying on his great work.

In the latter end of 1760, the news arrived at Tubingen of the death of King George the Second, who had departed this life at his palace at Kensington, on the twenty-fifth of October. The same letters which brought the account of his majesty's decease informed Sir James Steuart of the peculiar misfortune which he himself had sustained by that event. The Earl of Holderness, one of the principal Secretaries of State, had interceded with so much success in his behalf, as to obtain permission for his return to Great Britain. His Lordship's interposition had been earnestly solicited by a gentleman of rank and benevolence, who, some years before, had met with Sir James at Paris, and who had strongly represented that such a citizen ought not any longer to be lost to his country. The Earl entered zealously into the business, and orders were given that the proper instruments should be prepared for the King's signature, when his sudden death put a stop to the affair. It was not to be expected, that, in the hurry of a new reign, when a variety of matters of the first consequence demanded the whole attention of the English court, that the negotiation in favour of Sir James should immediately be revived; though his present majesty, like his royal grandfather, had a mind too generous to look back with an eye of undue severity on the offences which had formerly been committed against his family.

Habituated though Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart had long been to calamities and disappointments, the stroke occasioned by the decease of King George the Second, at so critical a time, was felt by them with the greatest sensibility. To be deprived at once of a prospect so pleasing and so near at hand, gave them a pain they could not wholly conceal. Nevertheless, the patience and fortitude which they had so often been called upon to exercise did not fail them on the present occasion. Determining to wait with becoming resignation for more favourable occurrences, they soon recovered their usual tranquillity, and Sir James found great relief to his mind in the zealous prosecution of his studious pursuits.

It was in the beginning of the year 1761, while he was yet at Tubingen, that he printed a Dissertation upon the Doctrine and Principles of

Money, applied to the German Coin. The work was written by him in the English language, but was translated into High Dutch, and published in that tongue. It is an elaborate performance, and affords an ample proof of the deep attention that was paid by Sir James Steuart to the state of the countries in which he happened to reside. The original copy is now in possession of the family; but, as the subject, though partly of a general nature, is principally applied to the coinage of a foreign nation, it will scarcely be deemed necessary to commit the Dissertation to the press in England.

Among the persons with whom Sir James Steuart contracted an acquaintance during his early travels was the late Lord Viscount Barrington. The regard which his Lordship conceived for him was so great, that he was ready to display it on all occasions, and he never failed to concur in recommending him to royal favour. Lord Barrington being Secretary at War, Sir James solicited the good offices of that nobleman in procuring for his son a commission in the service of Great Britain. With this request his Lordship had pleasure in complying; and, accordingly, in the spring of the year 1761, he sent notice that young Mr Steuart was named to a cornetcy in the Royal or First Regiment of Dragoons, and that he was desired to join his corps in three months.

The promotion of their son put an end to Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart's residence at Tubingen. They quitted that town in the beginning of June, greatly to the regret of the inhabitants, and of the families in the neighbourhood. As the place had become a comfortable and pleasant habitation to Sir James and his lady, and they had been treated with every degree of kindness, respect, and distinction, they could not part with so many valuable friends without a sincere concern. An affectionate remembrance was always retained, on both sides, of the mutual intercourse and harmony in which they had lived; no British traveller ever went into that part of the country of whom earnest inquiries were not made concerning the health and welfare of Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart; and with some of the choicest of their German ac-

quaintance they had the satisfaction of afterwards maintaining an agreeable correspondence by letters.

From Tubingen Sir James Steuart with his family removed to Holland, where it was his intention to stay, while Lady Frances accompanied their son to London, in order to make the necessary preparations for his entrance into the army. Sir James could not part with his only child without the tenderest exercise of his paternal feelings. He gave to young Mr Steuart the soundest and most affectionate advices with respect to his conduct, and continued afterwards to do the same in a series of letters, which, if they were collected together, and united with other parts of Sir James's epistolary correspondence with his friends on various subjects, would form a very valuable publication.

Whilst Lady Frances Steuart was in England, she used her utmost influence with her husband's friends to revive his cause, and to procure his admission to the protection and favour of Government. The reasonableness of her request was allowed, and Sir James's merit was universally acknowledged, but there were some circumstances in the situation of the times which counteracted her zeal. She had, however, the consolation of being assured, that the failure of a compliance with her petition was rather to be regarded as a delay than a refusal; and, consequently, that hopes might be formed of future success.

Sir James Steuart resided at Rotterdam while Lady Frances was in England. When she returned to him at that place, they determined, for the sake of carrying on a convenient correspondence with their son, to spend the winter in one of the towns of Flanders. Antwerp was the city which they fixed upon for this purpose. Here, early in the spring of the year 1762, they received an unexpected visit from young Mr Steuart. The pleasure this event gave them was somewhat lessened by the occasion from which it rose. He was going to join the army in Westphalia, to which country, where the war was likely to be carried on with great heat, the regiment he belonged to had been ordered sooner than was expected. His parents, on account of their son's youth and inexperience,

could have wished that there might have been no cause for his being called into actual service, till he had been able, by a proper course of study, to attain a more accurate knowledge of the duties of his profession. Perhaps they did not sufficiently consider whether a young soldier could enter too soon upon the scene of action.

When their son had left them, Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart, finding their time lie heavily on their hands, and not having formed such connections at Antwerp as were capable of rendering the place sufficiently amusing and agreeable, determined to spend the ensuing season at the German Spaw. Accordingly, they went thither in the month of May 1762, accompanied by Sir James's sister, Elizabeth, a woman who was the delight of all who knew her, and by an intimate friend, whose occasional visits were always considered by them as among the most valuable consolations of their long exile.

The combined armies were that year at no great distance from the Spaw; and many French officers, who had been wounded during the former campaign, had resorted to it for the benefit of the waters. Though the British often constitute the larger part of the persons who frequent this celebrated place, they were now, on account of the war, much fewer in number than usual. Those who were there were people of note, and acquainted with Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart.

From the situation of the Spaw, it was easy to receive speedy information concerning the various movements and transactions of the contending armies; and the company would unavoidably be differently affected by the intelligence brought them, according to their political connections, and the nations to which they respectively belonged. So great was the ardour of Sir James Steuart's zeal for the honour and advantage of his native country, that he was highly delighted with every degree of success which was obtained by the English forces. On such occasions he could not conceal his joy, but frequently communicated it to the friends he met with, even upon the public walks, and though any French gentlemen happened to be present. In general, the openness of his temper

led him to deliver his sentiments freely upon the subjects which occurred in conversation; and, as he was known to have an extensive acquaintance with the state of Europe, his opinion of things was much asked and valued by the company at the Spaw. Perhaps, considering the mixture of people at that place, a greater degree of reserve in the communication of his thoughts would have been desirable.

The British visitants at the German Spaw quitted it this season sooner than usual; and Sir James Steuart, with his small party, would speedily have followed them, had he not been seized with a violent fit of the gout, which confined him to bed for several weeks. When the paroxysm of the pain was somewhat abated, and the disorder became fixed to the extremities, he used to observe that his understanding was never more acute and vigorous; and, at these times, he was particularly desirous of society, and especially of such society as could inform him of the course of affairs in the political world. In this respect, he was abundantly gratified by the company that still remained in the place. When suffering from pain, he had a pleasantness of humour about him which gave an additional brilliancy to his conversation.

The long confinement of Sir James Steuart, together with the departure of his most agreeable acquaintance, left him and his family in a very solitary state. As the season of the Spaw drew to an end, Lady Frances was anxious for a removal; and her anxiety was greatly increased by apprehensions she had formed with regard to her husband's personal safety. From the appearance of things at the wells, where she occasionally went in a morning, she was led to imagine that some hostile design with regard to Sir James Steuart was in agitation. Nor were her suspicions lessened by the affected solicitude with which certain French officers were continually inquiring after his health. One officer, in particular, used to go, several times a-day, to Sir James's apartments, and ask the most minute questions concerning the state of his strength and recovery. It appeared by the event, that Lady Frances's alarm was not groundless.

An order had been obtained from the French King to seize upon Sir James Steuart, and to carry him prisoner to a fortress in the province of Luxemburg. The persons who were charged with the command judged that, when Sir James should be able to sit out of bed, it would be the proper time to execute their commission. Accordingly, when that time came, they assembled and surrounded the house where he lodged with a party of two hundred men-at-arms, who had been kept ready at a small distance. An officer was placed at each door of the house, and two were stationed in Sir James's bed-chamber. Lady Frances, who was from home at the time of the arrest, was filled with inexpressible concern, when, upon her return, she found what had happened. It was with difficulty that she could be supported up stairs, and it became immediately necessary that some blood should be taken from her. When she was brought to herself, and her spirits were a little composed, she was led to the bed-side of her husband, who, though sensibly affected with the new calamity which had befallen him, did not lose the fortitude and dignity of his mind.

Before Lady Frances had come in, Sir James Steuart had seen the French King's *lettre de cachet*, by which it was ordered that he should be made a prisoner of France, and carried into confinement at Givet. In consequence of the same order, he had undergone a very formal examination by the officers to whom the seizure of him had been committed. The allegations produced against him were equally frivolous and false, and were supported by papers, the absurdity and inconsistency of which were apparent upon a very slight inspection. Among other pretended evidences of his criminality were two ill-written and ill-expressed letters, which were said to be addressed to a *Chevalier Stuart* at Aix-la-Chapelle. The date they bore was from Bourdeaux, but the post-mark indicated their having come from the army of the Lower Rhine. These letters Sir James was urged to explain, and to give information concerning the writer of them. But he strenuously asserted his ignorance with regard to them in every respect; and maintained that he held at that

time no correspondence with any person whatever in France. The letters, he remarked, were directed to him at Aix-la-Chapelle, where he had not been for several years, and to which city he had no intention of going. To this he added, that every man must be sensible that a correspondent upon matters of great consequence, and the discovery of which would be dangerous, would take care to be fully informed of the place of residence of the person to whom his letters were addressed.

A circumstance deserves to be mentioned, which showed that the design of arresting Sir James Steuart was of a very recent fabrication. He had formed an intention of proceeding with his family from the Spaw to Switzerland, for which purpose, on account of the war, he had applied to the French court for the King's passport to enable him to travel through France, and had obtained it without the least difficulty. This passport he had in his pocket at the time of his being arrested, and he produced it to the officers, who could not fail of being convinced by it that the suspicions entertained to his disadvantage were not of many days' duration. The malice of Sir James Steuart's enemies left nothing unattempted that might be expected to support against him the charge of criminal conduct. An order was obtained from the court of Brussels, in consequence of which his house at Antwerp was broken open, and every paper whatsoever carried away that belonged to the family. The same measure was taken with regard to some papers which had been left by him several years before at Paris. But these endeavours to find out a ground of accusation against him were ineffectual. After the most minute examination of his manuscripts and correspondence, nothing appeared which could, in the smallest respect, be judged offensive to the court of France, or to any court in Europe.

Though the officers who had arrested Sir James Steuart were fully convinced of his innocence, both from his own behaviour, and from the papers which they had inspected, it was not in their power to avoid executing the commands of their royal master. Some few of Sir James's friends, who had assembled on the occasion, advised that the magistrates

of the town of Spaw should be urged to remonstrate against such a gross violation of the law of nations, as the seizure of a gentleman without the order or concurrence of the prince in whose dominions he was arrested. There being, however, no reason to believe that the magistrates would dare to interfere in the matter, it was judged that an application to them would not answer any good purpose.

It was intended to carry Sir James Steuart part of the way, on the very same evening in which he was made prisoner. But the officers were so compassionate to the weak state of his health, and to the distress of Lady Frances, as to venture upon deferring their journey till the next morning. Neither was her ladyship prevented from holding the freest conversation with her husband concerning the steps which might be proper to be taken to extricate him from his present disagreeable situation. That she would choose to accompany him to the place of his confinement was little doubted; but, provided she should raise any difficulties upon this head, the officers were instructed to assure her that she would meet with every kind of civility and accommodation, and that a particular apartment was prepared for her reception.

Natural as it was to expect that Lady Frances Steuart would not fail to be the companion of Sir James in his imprisonment, she wisely formed a contrary determination. It occurred to her, that in that case she would be incapable of rendering him any effectual service. If she were shut up with her husband in the fortress of Givet, they would both of them be kept in ignorance of the charges that might be accumulated against him, and be rendered incapable of making the necessary applications in his favour. Their friends, too, would be ignorant of the causes of his confinement, and wholly at a loss with regard to the measures which it might be proper for them to pursue. Lady Frances's reasons for not accompanying Sir James Steuart to prison met with his entire approbation. The view of their separation was indeed very affecting to each of them, and it was particularly distressing to Lady Frances, on account of Sir James's weak state of health. But it was prudently resolved by

them that the smaller evil was to be submitted to, for the sake of avoiding a greater. To render Sir James's situation more comfortable than it would otherwise have been, it was at the same time agreed that his sister, who had been with him at the Spaw, should be the companion of his imprisonment.

On the next morning, a coach and four, which had been provided by order of the court of France, together with a party of armed men, attended at the door of Sir James Steuart's apartment, to convey him to Givet. Besides his sister, two French captains went with him in the coach. The fortitude of Lady Frances underwent a severe trial on this occasion. She was indeed at first overwhelmed with grief; but, soon recovering her presence of mind, she pursued a resolution, concerted with her husband, of repairing immediately to London, to solicit the interposition of the English court in his behalf. When she arrived in the metropolis, she lost no time in laying Sir James's case before his Majesty's ministers; in representing that he had suffered for his attachment to the interests of Great Britain; and in urging that he might be claimed as a British subject. Her representations were not ineffectual. The ministry were convinced that Sir James Steuart had been treated with an unjust severity, and readily engaged to exert their good offices in procuring his releasement.

The Duke of Nivernois was at that time in England as Ambassador Extraordinary from France, for the purpose of negotiating a peace. To him the Secretary of State applied in favour of Sir James Steuart, and strongly urged the injustice of the treatment he had received. The Duke, who had been informed of the affair previously to Lady Frances's arrival, had conceived the highest opinion of Sir James's character, and was fully convinced of his innocence. He was, besides, in himself a nobleman of great humanity and generosity. With the utmost readiness, therefore, he engaged to enforce the representations of the British ministry; but, at the same time, he candidly expressed his belief that Sir James Steuart would not be set at liberty till a peace was concluded. It

appeared by the event that the Duke of Nivernois was right in his apprehensions. The answers he received from the French court, though they made very honourable mention of Sir James Steuart, and were full of concessions that ought to have produced a different conduct, contained plain intimations that it was intended to keep him a prisoner till the treaty now carrying on between England and France was effected. Nothing was omitted by the Duke of Nivernois that might tend to soften the unpleasantness of this reply. He took particular care to lay before the British administration everything that was said to the advantage of Sir James Steuart's character; and he informed Lady Frances, from time to time, of the repeated orders which were given that her husband, during his confinement, should be treated with the greatest attention and respect. One good effect of the interposition of the English ministry was the obtaining of these orders. Lady Frances Steuart, having exerted herself to the utmost for procuring Sir James's enlargement, was obliged to wait with all the resignation in her power for the accomplishment of an event so interesting to her happiness. In the meanwhile, she had all the consolation that could arise from the affection and kindness of her friends in England. From the court of France she received letters, assuring her of her husband's safety; and other correspondents gave her the pleasing intelligence, that in that country the highest opinion was entertained of his innocence and integrity.

Towards the beginning of the year 1763, as soon as the peace was concluded, the Duke of Choiseuil wrote with his own hand to Sir James Steuart, acquainting him that he was at liberty. Upon this occasion the governor of the fortress acquitted himself of the order with great satisfaction, and made it his business to express, in the politest terms, how evidently the King his master was convinced of the mistake which had caused Sir James's confinement.

When Sir James Steuart was first kept prisoner at Givet, the treatment he underwent was very severe. He was closely confined in a dismal room, and no means of information were allowed him which could

enable him to penetrate into the causes of his present situation. More than once he was examined, for ten or twelve hours at a time, by men in high office, who were sent from Paris for that purpose. Insinuations were thrown out with regard to his personal danger, unless he removed the jealousies against him with which the French court had been impressed. Offers and threats were alternately tried; and one person of great consideration, who was formerly well known to Sir James Steuart, strongly advised him to enter into the service of France, with assurances that, in so doing, he might command his own terms. The examinations Sir James went through extended to a variety of circumstances, and he was cross-questioned with all possible rigour; notwithstanding which, he preserved invariably the composure and fortitude of his mind,—his answers being uniform, distinct, and resolute.

Lady Frances Steuart had complained to the minister of the Empress Queen at Brussels for granting the request of the court at Versailles, that the house might be broken open in which her husband and herself had lived at Antwerp, and where they had resided with untainted reputation under the protection of the government of the Austrian Netherlands. Monsieur de Cobenzel frankly avowed his regret at the uncommon complaisance which had been exercised on this occasion; but alleged, in his own justification, that the point had been insisted upon in so urgent a manner by the general who commanded the army of the French King, that a refusal could not be given without its becoming a matter of public offence. This minister, however, as soon as he saw the affair in a proper light, was anxious to render Sir James Steuart all the service in his power. It was owing to his representations that the concessions in favour of Sir James's character, which we have before mentioned, were obtained from the court of France, and the same representations, in conjunction with the remonstrances of the English ministry, contributed to his being treated, during the latter part of his confinement, with a far greater degree of lenity and indulgence than he had met with before. The intelligence of these agreeable circumstances Monsieur Cobenzel,

with great humanity and politeness, sent to Lady Frances Steuart by express. Sir James, having been acquainted by his lady with this gentleman's generous behaviour, waited upon him at the court of Brussels, to express the acknowledgments suitable to the occasion. In a conference which passed between them, Monsieur de Cobenzel informed Sir James, that when the hardship of the proceedings against him was urged to the French minister, his answer was, that nothing had been done but what might be expected from a wise, political nation. Indeed, an apprehension that, in the negotiations for peace which were then depending, Sir James's knowledge and advice might be favourable to the interests of England, and hurtful to those of France, seems to have been the principal, if not the sole motive of his arrest and imprisonment. The following fact will serve to confirm the truth of this observation. A French general said to a friend of Sir James, that the English, though a wise people, were strangers to the affairs of France, but that the Chevalier Steuart knew them "de fond en comble."

While Lady Frances Steuart was at London, she obtained the permission of government for Sir James's coming home to Great Britain as soon as he should be released from his confinement at Givet. This, however, was only a tacit consent; for, in consequence of the height to which political disputes were at that time carried, the administration would not venture to restore him by a public act. Lady Frances had entertained hopes that he would have been distinguished by a more ample restitution than really was the case; and with these hopes she had inspired her husband in the letters she had sent him during his imprisonment. As she knew that her pacquets would be opened, she had enlarged the more strongly on her agreeable expectations respecting Sir James's reception in England, with a view of giving him gre ter consequence in the estimation of the governor of Givet, and thereby of procuring for him better treatment.

After Sir James Steuart had been set at liberty, he lost no time in repairing to London. There he met Lady Frances; and the interview

between them, after so long a separation, and such a scene of anxiety and distress, was accompanied with all the exquisite sensibility and pleasure which could arise from a conjugal affection that had never been weakened by a course of years, or interrupted by the vicissitudes of life. Sir James soon discovered, by his dear lady's embarrassment, that she had not been able to accomplish her wishes and her hopes with regard to the manner of his return to Great Britain. The reasons of it were explained to him, arising from the party spirit of the times, and the necessity of waiting for a more quiet conjuncture of affairs; and he submitted to this new disappointment with that fortitude of mind which he had been called upon to exert under many other calamities.

It had long been the object of Sir James Steuart's ambition to be employed in some active service, for the benefit of his country. But, as circumstances were unfavourable to his expectations in this respect, he contented himself with recommending his son to his Majesty's protection, and determined to retire as soon as possible to Scotland. Upon his arrival in that part of the united kingdom, he was received with the affectionate congratulations of his numerous friends; and many others to whom he was not personally known testified their joy at his return, and solicited his acquaintance. When the hurry of the first civilities and visits was abated, he directed his principal attention to the management of his private affairs. He employed himself for several years in re-establishing his house and estate at Coltness, and in settling such a prudent and moderate economy in his family as might tend to repair the injuries his fortune had sustained. At the same time, his frugality did not destroy the hospitality or benevolence of his disposition. These were virtues which always predominated in the breast of Sir James Steuart.

The distance of Sir James Steuart from the seat of government did not prevent his using his utmost influence with men in power, to favour the promotion of deserving persons. To spirited young gentlemen, in particular, who were setting out in the world, and who needed protection and encouragement, he was a zealous and active friend. He as-

sisted them with his advice, recommended them by his interest, and rejoiced as sincerely in their success as if they had been his own children.

In the public business of that part of Scotland in which Sir James Steuart resided he took a leading direction. Whenever his health permitted it, he did not fail in the most punctual attendance upon meetings of this kind; and his opinions were solicited, honoured, and frequently adopted. It will not be denied to his memory, that many judicious and beneficial improvements were the result of his suggestions and proposals.

An amiable part of Sir James Steuart's character was his attention to the animal creation. At the foot of a large tree, near his house, he had a seat where he indulged his generosity to every living creature belonging to the place. It was a peculiar pleasure to him to deliver to each of them the food adapted to its nature; and it was not easy to persuade him that he sometimes carried his beneficence to an excess.

Sir James was always deeply interested about the state of the weather. In proportion as it was favourable or unfavourable to the good of the country, his spirits were visibly affected; and his anxiety on this head was so great, that he would frequently get out of bed at night to make his observations. Sometimes he would employ his servants in ascertaining, by suitable experiments, to what depth a necessary shower or fall of rain had penetrated into the ground. In this he was not influenced merely by personal views. His concern for the welfare of his neighbours was as strong as for his own; and, indeed, his solicitude with regard to the weather was a circumstance in his character by which he was distinguished, even when he was at the utmost distance from anything that belonged to himself.

Sir James Steuart, after his return to Scotland, employed much of his attention in the improvement of his neglected grounds and habitation; and, for some time, he pursued the object with all the keenness and spirit natural to his disposition. But, for several years before his death, everything gave way to the eagerness of his application to study. This matter he carried so far, that his lady and friends were apprehensive that

his health would be greatly injured, and earnestly entreated him to abate of his ardour. He was sensible of the propriety of their remonstrances; but the habit was too strong to be subdued or lessened. It frequently obtruded upon the seasons of refreshment, and the hours that should have been devoted to sleep. In process of time he became indifferent to almost every other amusement; and he even lost that ambition for being actively employed in the state, which had been the ruling principle of his life, and a capacity for which he had cultivated many years with the utmost zeal and diligence.

The public spirit of Sir James Steuart was not abated by the exertions of it being confined to his closet. His studies were always directed to the good of mankind, and not only their tendency, but their actual usefulness in this respect, will be confessed by every one who is acquainted with his writings. Considering the extent of his knowledge and abilities, several of his friends judged it to be a mysterious circumstance that he was not called out to some honourable employment. But this, perhaps, may be accounted for, partly from the unfortunate error of his early life, and partly from a secret opposition, into the history of which it may be prudent not to inquire.

Devoted as Sir James Steuart was to literary pursuits, no one could be farther removed from the least tincture of pedantry. In the intervals of his studies, his conversation was as free, as lively, as disengaged, as if no important object employed his attention: and from the pleasures of the social circle he would return with equal facility and self-possession to the most abstruse speculations. In the distribution of the hours that were dedicated to reading and writing, he was not systematically exact. Sometimes he would rise very early, and at other times sit up late, according as a new book excited his curiosity, or the occurrence of any new idea called for his investigation. He was not a desultory reader, but took care to be a perfect master of the books which he perused. In his own books he inserted marginal remarks, and in the books which were not his own property, he accompanied with observations in sepa-

rate pieces of paper. These observations were longer or shorter in proportion to the nature and importance of the work which was the subject of his perusal.

Sir James Steuart was not nice or curious with regard to writing-tables or other accommodations for study, but took everything as he found it. He wrote as readily and pleasantly on a bad, infirm table, and in an ill-furnished room, as if he had been surrounded with the most elegant conveniences. This circumstance, trifling as it may appear in itself, was of real consequence to him in the course of his travels, in which he was often obliged to make use of his pen under many disadvantages.

It was the desire of Sir James Steuart to communicate knowledge by every channel in which it might be conveyed, so as to be rendered useful to his country; and he was equally solicitous to receive as to give information on any topic. His attention was not solely confined to political objects. He was anxious to penetrate, as far as lay in his power, into the mysteries of Nature and Providence, but, at the same time, he was sensible that the full explication of these mysteries was beyond the ability of man. It was to another and more enlightened state that he looked forward for the complete display of the wisdom and goodness of the divine works and proceedings.

In what we are next going to relate concerning Sir James Steuart, he will be considered by many persons as chargeable with some degree of weakness. He could never be prevailed upon either to ridicule, or totally to reject, what are now usually deemed superstitious impressions. On the contrary, he appeared to respect them, and reprehended those who treated them with contempt. His vindication of himself was, that we are not sufficiently acquainted with the secret operations of the Supreme Governor of the world, to pronounce decisively on these matters. Nay, he even went so far as to give credit to certain means of curing diseases which will not have the sanction of the judicious and experienced physician.

It is more to the honour of Sir James Steuart to record that his piety

was unquestionable. He had a firm faith in divine revelation, and regarded it as every way worthy of our great and merciful Creator. In the consolations of this revelation he rejoiced; and the justice and beauty of its laws were the subjects of his constant admiration. Their excellence and their utility he took pleasure in expressing upon all occasions. With respect to literary publications that were adverse to religion, he not only declared his dislike of them, but was ready, in every company in which they were mentioned, to point out the invalidity of their contents. His system of divinity was formed upon a free exercise of his own reason, accompanied with a diligent perusal of the sacred Scriptures. To the opinions which he had adopted, after close inquiry and reflection, he firmly adhered; but his adherence to them was unaffected, and void of ostentation. He embraced them with the calmness of a philosopher, and not with the pertinacity of a bigot. His piety was manifested more in actions than in words.

Sir James Steuart has been heard to declare that he could entertain the same tender feelings for a friend, though at a thousand miles distance, and with no prospect of ever seeing him again, which he should have experienced in the closest personal intercourse. This was a singular instance of the sensibility and benevolence of his mind. When alone, he would often indulge his sympathetic imagination in contemplating with pleasure on the happiness of those who were dear to him, and in reflecting with sorrow on the situation of those who had met with disappointments and calamities in life.

A few years before Sir James Steuart's decease, the love of quiet increased upon him to such a degree, that he was not easily prevailed upon to quit his retirement. Solitude was preferred by him to every amusement which the public could afford, and he no longer sought gratification in a numerous circle of acquaintance. When, however, he occasionally fell into company, or where there was occasion for his exertions, his former keenness of spirit revived. He was as brilliant in his conversation, and as ardent in his benevolence, as ever. His reluctance to going from

some partly arose from the decrease of his bodily strength. Of this he became every day more and more sensible, and he would frequently insinuate the tendency he found in himself to his approaching dissolution. His intimations of this kind were, at the same time, most tenderly guarded, from delicacy to his dear lady, whose anxiety for the preservation of his health was always inexpressibly great.

Sir James Steuart was blessed with one of the finest constitutions, to which, however, during the ardour of his youth, he paid too little attention. He took violent exercise, and was neglectful of the necessary regularity of living. The consequence of this was, that he was early affected with gouty symptoms, which, for several years, treated him gently, but which at length degenerated into severe attacks, highly alarming to his friends, and particularly so to Lady Frances. Sometimes these attacks came upon him in very disadvantageous situations and circumstances. A case of this kind, very afflictive to his lady, occurred at Tubingen, where, as we have already related, they resided for a considerable period of time. During the winter after they went to that place, Sir James was seized in the most violent manner that he had ever yet experienced. For several weeks his life was in the most imminent danger; and in this melancholy crisis Lady Frances had no confidential friend from whom she could receive sympathy or assistance. What aggravated her distress was, that the physician who was called in could not express himself in any language that was known to her. The last dangerous attack of this kind to which Sir James Steuart was exposed was at Edinburgh, soon after his return to Scotland. At first the symptoms were very alarming; but at length they subsided to a swelling on his right leg, from which the physicians derived hopes that he might not be afflicted with a violent fit of the gout for several years to come. Though their hopes in this respect were not groundless, a weakness and valetudinary habit, and a succession of complaints ensued, which produced a gradual decline of nature, and gave to Sir James the intimations of his approaching dissolution. From the pleasant and manly sentiments and

expressions which occasionally fell from him, it was apparent that he looked forward to his decease with the most perfect composure of mind. He had the fullest conviction that the existence of man is not confined to this narrow spot; that the present state is only the infancy of knowledge, virtue, and happiness; and that we must look to another world for the complete enlargement and display of our intellectual and moral faculties. In these conceptions, and in contemplating upon the power, wisdom, and goodness, of the Supreme Governor of the universe, he found a rich fund of consolation and delight.

Though Sir James Steuart was free from acute sufferings, the state of his health was so uncertain and delicate, that he was scarcely ever at liberty to say that he was quite well. If, in his most cheerful and favourable moments, such a declaration escaped him, on the inquiries of a friend, he would immediately express an apprehension that he had gone too far in his assertion. Though, for many years, he was scarcely ever exempt from the painful feelings of bodily distress, he preserved, at the same time, such a pleasantry of humour, and such a vivacity of spirit, when in company with those he loved, that they were not sufficiently sensible how much he privately suffered, and how greatly he was upon the decline. This deception continued till near the period of his death. It was observed, however, by several of his friends, that, in consequence of his being attacked by a fever at Edinburgh, two years previously to his decease, his looks were changed very apparently for the worse. He now acquired not only a constant serenity of mind, but became unaffected by all the vicissitudes of life, and the interesting occurrences of the times; a circumstance the more remarkable, as he had formerly been known to be so much animated and taken up with what was passing in the public scene. It seemed, in short, as if both his body and his spirit were gradually detaching themselves from the world.

Not long after the disorder from which Sir James Steuart recovered at Edinburgh, he was again seized with a fever at Coltness, on which occasion his relation, Sir Stuart Threipland, a respectable physician in

the city just mentioned, came to afford his medical advice and assistance. Under the care of such a friend, who was well acquainted with Sir James's constitution, he was restored to such a degree of health as inspired Lady Frances with hopes that his life might be continued for a number of years. Her anxiety on this head was always inexpressibly great. Sir James Steuart's recovery, however, was slow; and, though he was so far restored as to be able to engage in his accustomed pursuits, he found some additional symptoms of weakness. He complained, in particular, of a giddiness and confusion in his head, the consciousness of which considerably affected his spirits. This was in 1779.

In the summer of the next year he set out on a tour of visits to some of his friends; and great expectations were raised that gentle travelling, relaxation from study, and change of air, might contribute to the restoration of his health in general, and especially to the removal of the complaint in his head. But, alas! how blind and abortive are the most zealous precautions and the wisest inventions, when the hour of dissolution approaches! Sir James was taken ill on his journey, and was obliged to be brought to Edinburgh, where he was attended by the principal physicians of the city, who succeeded so far, that he was recovered in a great measure from his immediate disorder. Some of his friends were sanguine enough to entertain hopes of a radical cure; but he himself had no such expectations. So far was he from being flattered with any new appearance of the prolongation of life, that he was fully persuaded of the contrary event, and perfectly resigned to it; declaring that he was prepared for whatever Providence should determine. Nay, he frequently felt a wish for the happy change. He looked forward with pleasure to that future world in which there shall be no obstructions to our complete progress in knowledge and virtue.

The same year (1780) Sir James Steuart was again obliged to come to Edinburgh on account of an unfavourable appearance in his leg and foot, which, indeed, had continued to swell from the time that he had been exposed to the last violent fit of the gout. During several weeks

that he was under the most skilful assistance which the city could afford, the disease varied in its appearance, being sometimes more and sometimes less threatening. Though Sir James underwent various chirurgical operations on his foot, which was laid open, he felt no pain from them. This he regarded as a bad presage, but showed great indifference with respect to the event. So little was he disturbed by the progress of his disorder, that he engaged in study as ardently as ever. A speculative friend having requested him to write a dissertation on the state of the French funds and finances, he readily undertook the task, and concluded it the evening before his last illness. Being seized with a fever, it was followed by a mortification in his foot, which eluded the utmost attention of medical friendship and skill, and carried him off in a few days. It was on Sunday, the 26th of November 1780, that Sir James Steuart closed his valuable life, to the sincere regret of his numerous relations and friends, to the just affliction of his son, and to the inexpressible grief of his beloved lady, who, to her dying hour, cherished his memory with an affection and tenderness that could not be exceeded.

On the Tuesday after his decease, his remains were conveyed to the burial-place of his family in the church of Cambusnethan, where they were interred on the following day. His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, and several of Sir James's illustrious friends, assisted at the mournful ceremony, and mixed their tears with those of his afflicted relations.

THE

COLTNESS COLLECTIONS.

PART FOURTH.

NOTICES

OF THE

FAMILY OF COLTNESS AND ITS DESCENDANTS,

COLLECTED FROM

ORIGINAL SOURCES,

BY THE EDITOR.

M.DC.XXX.—M.DCCC.XL.

FAMILY NOTICES.

SECTION I.—OF SIR JAMES STEWART OF KIRKFIELD AND COLTNESS, KNIGHT, LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH.

The birth and parentage of this gentleman, the founder of the Coltness family, have been detailed at the beginning of the Denham Memoir, and many curious particulars of his public and domestic life are preserved in the former portion of that narrative. The following additional notices have been gleaned from the council records of Edinburgh, and from family papers.

The first marriage of Sir James, mentioned at p. 16 of this volume, took place in 1630. On the part of Anna Hope, her brother-in-law John Fleming, merchant burgess of Edinburgh, bound himself in the marriage-contract that she "hes presentlie of money and merchand geir, in her buthe worke, the soume of 3000 merkis usual money of Scotland." To this fund James Stewart undertook to add 2000 merks, the whole being secured to the contracting parties for their joint lives. Henry Hope was a foreign merchant, and left four daughters, who were each entitled to about 1400 merks from their maternal uncle, Thomas Galbraith, merchant in Edinburgh, who died in 1620. The marriage-contract was witnessed by Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall and James Car-

michael of Westeraw, afterwards first Lord Carmichael, but they were not parties to it, as stated at p. 17 above.

The period and the circumstances under which Sir James obtained Knighthood are unknown: his first appearance in the magistracy of Edinburgh was on the 3d October 1648, when he was elected Lord Provost, and he was rechosen to that office on the following year. During 1649 and 1650 he represented that city in Parliament, and in the Convention of Royal Burghs, besides being Collector of the Excise, and Accountant-General for the Scotish army, up to the invasion of Cromwell.

The presbyterian principles, which had taken deeper root in Lanarkshire than elsewhere, found in the Allanton family staunch and zealous supporters, as the Denham Memoir has fully shown. To those principles Sir James owed his preferment, and it is curious to observe the jumble of loyalty and treason which consequently marked his magisterial career. One of his first acts as Provost was, to send a deputation "to goe down to the Canongait, and, in the counsell's name, to salute the Lord Cromwell, Lieutenant-General of the Englische forces." Eighteen months after, he officially presided at the execution of Montrose, for the high crime of obeying his Sovereign's commission; a duty from which his amiable character recoiled, but to which his political consistency, as an opponent of the "Engagement," was clearly pledged. This bloody tragedy was consummated on the 19th of May 1650; and, on the 10th of July, he headed a deputation of the town-council to Charles II. at Falkland, "to congratulat his Majestie's coming, and to invite him to this burgh," from the great church of which grinned the still gory head of his gallant Lieutenant-General. Scarcely had the Provost and his burghers time to experience the sensations of their new-born loyalty, when they were reminded of their recent "salute" by the approach of Cromwell at the head of a powerful army. Being probably of opinion that the Protector's memory might be less accommodating than their own, they seem to have despaired of success from a relapse into treason; and, after duly balancing the difficulties of their position, they resolved

to hold the city for King Charles. To provide for its defence, they, on the 31st of July, summoned "the neighbours" of the Cowgate to turn out "with barrowis, and grapes, and shovels, and carie the muk upon the streitt, and within the closes and stabills, and lay it to the Cowgait-port, to barricade the same, under the paine of five punds ilk persone absent." On the same day, hearing that the King was arrived at Leith, they sent a deputation to advise his speedy flight, and to offer him 20,000 merks "as a testimony of their humble respectis and loyall affectioun to his Majestie, and of their reddiness to render up their lifis and fortounes for his Majestie's service in the preservatioun of religioun, King, and kingdoms." But their confidence rested upon fools and fanatics, who threw away an easy victory at the battle of Dunbar; after which the magistracy of Edinburgh fled from their post, availing themselves of the Chancellor Loudon's prudent advice, who probably knew well that Cromwell and his veterans would scarcely be checked by the loathsome barricade at the Cowgate-port. During eighteen months no regular magistracy was in existence, and Sir James Stewart withdrew from civic honours until his re-election as Provost in 1658, and in 1659. On the Restoration, it devolved upon him to prepare an address to the King from the council, dated 11th May 1660, which will be found in Maitland's History of Edinburgh, p. 96. Notwithstanding the studied loyalty of its language, deprecating "the iniquity of the times," it failed in conciliating the royal favour for one so deeply involved with the covenanters as Sir James. His attendance at the council board was discontinued, ten days after the date of that address; he was imprisoned on the 14th July, and fined, as mentioned above at p. 37; and, at the October election, his place was filled up by Robert Murray. The subsequent proceedings against him are narrated at p. 37 to 39. It appears, from vouchers remaining in the family papers, that the sums of public money for which he was then called upon to account exceeded 200,000 punds Scots. The remission under the great seal, which he at length obtained, ran in these terms:

"LITERA CONCESSA DOMINO JACOBO STEWART DE KIRKFEILD, MILITI, DE EXONERATIONE CUNCTARUM EJUS PUBLICARUM INTROMISSIONUM.

"CAROLUS, Dei Gratia Scotiæ Angliæ Franciæ et Hiberniæ Rex, Fideique Defensor, Omnibus probis hominibus suis ad quos præsentes literæ pervenerint, Salutem. Sciatis, quia nos considerantes, ex renunciatione nobis facta per Commissionarios ad publica computa audiendum a nobis constitutos, de data tertio die mensis Augusti anno Domini millesimo sexcentesimo sexagesimo nono, Dominum Jacobum Stewart de Kirkfeild post indagationem compertum fuisse obnoxium non exiguæ monetæ summæ inibi expressæ, quinetiam eum (quippe qui nihil respondit) onerandum esse cum universo subsidio (*lie mantenance*) et publica moneta, in ejus generali et aperto computo contenta, sub ejus chyrographo exhibito, et per auditorem Thomsone anno Domini millesimo sexcentesimo quinquagesimo octavo reviso et computato; necnon præfatum Dominum Jacobum Stewart, solutione facta magnæ cujusdam summæ monetæ, transegisse et satisfecisse cunctis objectionibus motis, tum adversus ejus computa prius finita et clausa, tum pro quocunque alio quod de ea ratione et intuitu integrarum ejus publicarum intromissionum quovismodo peti vel exigi poterit. Igitur NOS, ex nostra regali equitate et munificentia, adhibito consensu Dominorum nostri Thesaurarii et Scaccarii Commissionariorum, ABSOLVIMUS ET LIBERAMUS memoratum Dominum Jacobum ejusque successores a prædicta renunciatione, et ab universis monetæ summis, quibus virtute ejusdem obnoxius reddi poterat, et ab integro tenore et effectu ejusdem, ac etiam ab universis ejus publicis intromissionibus et earundem computis, tum finitis et clausis, tum minime finitis et clausis, cum documentis eorundem: EXONERAMUS porro eum de eisdem in æternum, ac reponimus eum ad plenum beneficium nostri acti indemnitatis in quantum tangit et spectat ejus publicas intromissiones et computa earundem supra specificata. VOLUMUS etiam memo-

ratum Dominum Jacobum eatenus securum reddi adversus omnes mortales omni tempore deinceps; inque hunc finem antedictos Commissionarios vel eorum certum numerum (*lie quorum*) ejus prædictum apertum comptum et universa computa ejus intromissionum pariare et claudere, absque necessitate renunciationis quam nos tenore præsentium abdicamus: Ac ordinamus præsentes hasce literas nostras libris Dominorum nostri Scaccarij inseri. In cujus rei testimonium præsentibus magnum sigillum nostrum appendi præcipimus, apud aulam nostram de Whythall, septimo die mensis Januarii, anno Domini millesimo sexcentesimo septuagesimo primo, et anno regni nostri vigesimo tertio."

As a magistrate of Edinburgh, Sir James appears to have gained the good opinion of his burghers. In March 1649, he is recorded as having gifted to the college "ten great tomes of the Bible in diverse languages, printed at Paris." This was the Biblia Polyglotta of Michel le Jay, then worth about L.50 sterling; it is still preserved in the university library, with this inscription inserted in each volume:—

"D. JACOBUS STUARTUS
A KIRKFIELD, EQUES, URBIS FLORENTISSIMÆ
PREFECTUS CLARISSIMUS, HOC
VOLUMEN, CUM NOVEM FRATRIBUS,
ACADEMIÆ EDINBURGENÆ
DONO DEDIT.
ANNO DOMINI 1649."

On the 26th July 1650, the council, considering the many good offices performed by Sir James to the town, (especially in procuring from Parliament, for relief of their debt, additional imposts of eight pennies a pint on French wines, sixteen pennies on sack, and a groat a pound on tobacco,) granted the seat occupied by him in the east kirk, to himself and his lady during their lives. This was his second wife, Marion M'Cul-

loch, whose marriage is noted at p. 27 of the Denham Memoir. She brought him 10,000 merks of tocher, and her jointure of 12,000 punds, while he settled upon her in liferent his house in Home's Close, against the kirk-style, on the north side of the High Street, with all his household plenishing, and a jointure of 2000 merks, besides providing 40,000 merks to the children of the marriage; arrangements indicating a vast improvement in circumstances since his former marriage. The circumstances attending Sir James's death in 1681 are touchingly narrated at pp. 43, 44, of the Denham Memoir.

SECTION II.—OF SIR THOMAS STEWART, FIRST BARONET OF COLTNESS.

Sir Thomas was eldest son of Provost Sir James Stewart, and succeeded to his estate of Coltness. He is described by his brother James as "a good man, whose anxiety is the greatest burden to himself; besides, his temptations are many,—great disappointments in the world, many and growing children, much debt and other incumbrances, and he himself not accustomed to the management of these things." Ample details of his life, of his political and religious prosecutions, and of his advancement on the final triumph of his party, are given in the Denham Memoir, p. 52 to 98. The principal charge against him was his sending cold turkies, ale, and other supplies to the insurgents, before the conflict at Bothwell Bridge, (see pp. 75 and 81,) and the depositions and procedure on his trial are printed at p. 46 of the Appendix to Vol. VIII. of the Acts of Parliament, folio edition. Sentence of forfaulture for lese-majesty and perduellion was pronounced against him on the 27th May 1685, previous to which he had taken refuge in Holland, where he received the following letter from his brother James, then a fugitive at Utrecht. A curious illustration of the pliability of a political conscience is here afforded, by the advocate's plan for "giving the best colour" to a transaction, whereby the forms of law might be employed to evade its

spirit; though very good professional advice, this startles us when in juxtaposition with the evangelical exhortations upon which it somewhat rudely breaks in.

"SIR,

"It very much trubles me to hear that you are charged on your band to appear befor the councel, bot I am glad that you appeared not; for altho you be innocent, as I know, and that without extreme rigor this bussiness of resett, in such an epidemick evill as that rising was, (and after his Majestie's first indemnifieing, and then tolerating and suffering these concerned in it to live quietly in the countrey so long,) could not be prosequut, as we hear it is, yet it was certainly the safer and better part for you to withdraw. Bot, Sir, now it also is that God is putting you to the trial; and since I also hope it is for no worse cause then to see how far you will trust him, and devolve all your burden on him, I trust you doe it entirely. You had befor many vexing privat trubles, and may be with anxiety eneugh, and it is also plain that all these privat trubles must at present be much more threatning: bot sieing this is clearly from the Lord, and it may be to teach you a greater submission and deference to him, even in these things that formerly perplexed you, commit yourself and all to him quietly, and wait on him, for I trust he doth here and shall deliver you. I am heartiely sorry that I can make you so litle help or comfort at this distance, bot I earnestly intreat you to keep yourself from evill and violent hands. Neither wold I have you to reflect on what may be the imediat cause of your truble, as if the granting of that band, or any such thing, had occasioned it: these are but faschious thoughts, and you may be assured that as this trouble is from the Lord, so men wold not have wanted one occasion or another against you. For your affaires, I can at present say litle; the Lord may help, and make them possibly easy beyond your hope: but in case escheats come on, I think you should dispone to creditors, (one in name of the rest,) and make the deeds as perfect and valid by delivery and possession as you can; and if this can be done by legal di-

ligence, without a greater disorder in your bussiness, so much the better. The ladie's liferent may also be of good use to you, if you were agried with her, and have the disposal of it, and I am sure she will now be as condescending as you can desire, when she sees how matters go. As for North Berwick, you know the original publick infeftment is in Robert Lockhart's name, that all you have is a privat disposition from him, whereupon, except that seasin was long since taken, I think nothing has followed. Now, if William Lockhart, the Bailie's sone, either be or wold be air to his father, which I know he may be safely, and if he wold awn that right, and grant a new one in another name, it might be a good conveyance, specially if you can get the seasin, given to you in the English time, put out of the way. Bot all this wold be done by the consent of at lest Mr Peter, that no mistake arise on that hand. And if Will Lockhart (whose favour I doubt not) could be rightly made [air,] all this might be done in such a publick and seiming legal way, that, his understanding and yours not being understood, might give the best colour to the thing that I can think on. Bot in this you must imploy good hands to deal with him : I know Robert (your brother I mean) hes fashions of him, but I can only propose rauly, and cannot say what others may better doe that are with you. As for E. L. money, I know he will help you as you think fitt, albeit he hath payed ill, and there have been former conveyances in that affaire, that may be serviceable. Bot, Sir, the main is, that you put your trust and encourage yourself in the Lord your God, which I hope David also and the rest of your children doe. It will not avail them, bot provock more, that they be anxious ; bot the . . . of this rod to them is assuredly that they learn to be more sober, humble, holy and heavenly, and above all, entirely submitted to God's good pleasure. And this I trust God shall both teach them, and when he hath taught them, let them see both the good of the affliction, and its desirable and happy issue. As for my sister, she hath been befor tryed in a sharper maner, and hath had proof of God's help in due time, as she hath given prooff of her patience, which makes me hope that she is the freind the Lord

hath provided for you for such a day of adversity. I could say more on this subject, bot I desire rather to sympathize with you in a more reall concernedness, then to utter words here at ease. And yet I know not if I should call it so, for I am sure it were my best neither to be, nor think myself to be at ease, that greater truble, which I have reason to look for, may come with the less surprise: but the Lord who hath helped I hope will help, and give both to us and all his awn as they need in that hour. I am glad to hear that Sir John Harper is like to come so well off; I was at first alarmed both for him and you when I heard of his commitment, bot I trust he shall have no disadvantage by it. Sir, I have written formerly for my little daughter Anne; pray let neither my sister nor you hinder her, for her mother and I long to have her, and Manie is much the worse for want of her: if it be not a trouble, let my sister take Jamie in her place, untill the Lord give him some more strenth. If the Lord so order it, that you may think it your safety to be farder from home, you shall be most wellcome to me; we have house roume eneugh: and I intreat you to be cautious as to yourself, bot, above all, to waite and hope, for it may be this storm that blowes so hard will last the shorter. Whither I shall be demanded to be removed I know not, bot am very indifferent; I doe what I can to prevent it, as I have given no provocation to it. I wish I could committ myself and my way entirely to the Lord, as I desire you to doe; I am sure he wold direct my steps, and also show me his salvation. My wife most kindly and tenderly remembers my sister and you, and all yours: the good Lord help, uphold, and in his good time deliver both you and all his afflicted, according to his mercy that endures for ever, and his faithfullness that never fails. I am yours.

5-15 Mar. 1683.

My brother will forward yours to me."

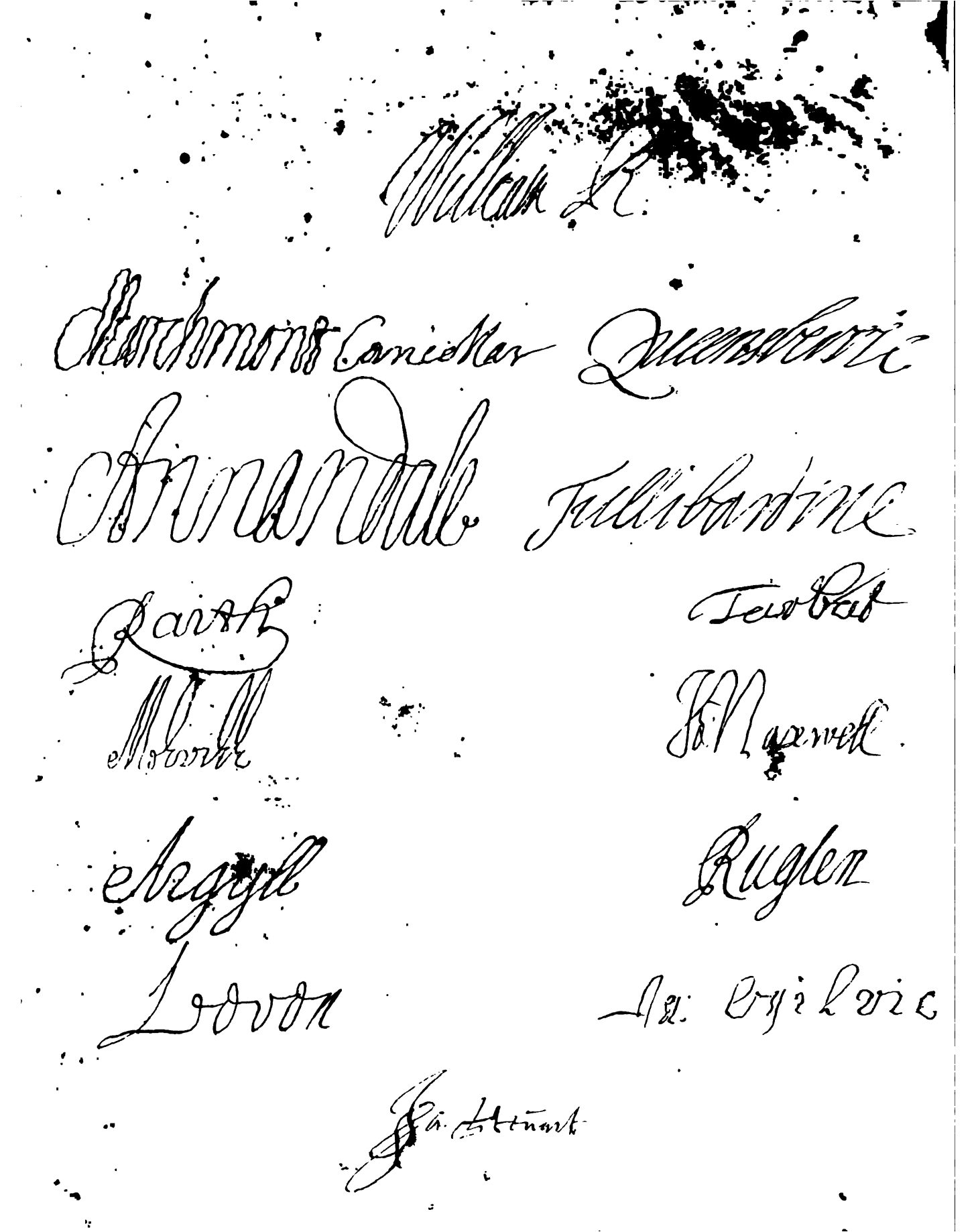
The younger and hotter blood of Sir Thomas's eldest son, afterwards Sir David, involved him in Argyll's rebellion, and being taken prisoner, he was condemned, but, by the influence of his uncle, the advocate, had

a remission. The details will be found in Wodrow's Church History, octavo edition, Vol. IV. pp. 232, 319.

Coltness received under the Great Seal of James VII. a full pardon of his political crimes, dated 9th December 1687, as mentioned above at p. 90. Nor were his services and sufferings forgotten, when the Revolution had placed his party in power, and when his brother was Lord Advocate. The grant of a royal pension of L.200, here printed, bears the signatures which are fac-similed on the opposite page.

"WILLIAM R.

"Our Soveraign Lord taking into his royall consideration, the good and faithfull services performed to his Majesty, by his trusty and well-beloved Sir Thomas Stewart of Cultnes, and also his and the deceast Sir James Stewart of Cultness, his father, their sufferings in the late reigns, whereby the said Sir Thomas his family has been reduced to the low circumstances under which it is at present; and his Majesty being willing, in consideration thereof, to bestow a mark of his royall favour and bounty upon him: Therefore his Majesty ordains a letter of gift to be made and past under the Privy Seal of his ancient kingdom of Scotland, giving, granting, and disponing, likeas his Majesty, by these presents, with the advice and consent of his right trusty and well-beloved cousins and councellors, Patrick Lord Polwarth, Lord High Chancellor of his said kingdom, James Duke of Queensberry, Lord Keeper of his Majesty's Privy Seal, Archibald Earle of Argyll, William Earle of Annandale, Alexander Lord Raith, his Majesty's Treasurer Deput, and Sir John Maxwell of Pollock, Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury; and of the rest of the Lords and others of his Majesty's Exchequer of the said kingdom, gives, grants, and dispons to the said Sir Thomas Stewart, during his Majesty's pleasure only, a yearly pension of two hundred pounds sterline money, to be paid to him at two termes in the year, Whitsunday and Martimas, by equall portions, out of the first and readiest of the rents, duties, and casualties of the Archbishoprick of



Glasgow, beginning the first terme's payment of the said yearly pension at the term of Whitsunday next to come, and so to continue yearly and termly, at the said termes, and by equall portions, as said is, during the space foresaid, commanding hereby the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury, present or for the time being, to make good and ready payment to the said Sir Thomas Stewart of the foresaid yearly pension of two hundred pounds sterline, at the termes and in the manner above mentioned, or to grant precepts upon the collectors of tacksmen of the rents of the said Archbishoprick for payment of the same accordingly. For doing whereof, these presents, with the said Sir Thomas his receipt, or a receipt from any having his order, shall be to the saids Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury, and the saids collectors of the said rents for paying the same, and to the Lords Auditors of the Treasury accompts for allowing the same yearly, a sufficient warrant. And his Majesty ordains the said letter to be further extended with all clauses needfull. Given at his Majesty's Court at Kensington, the 30th day of March 1697, and of his Majesty's reign the 8th year.

" MARCHMONT, *Cancellar*.	QUEENSBERRIE.
ARGYLL.	ANNANDALE.
RAITH.	JO. MAXWELL.
TULLIBARDINE.	MELVILL.
LEVEN.	TARBET.
RUGLEN.	JA. STEUART.

" May it please your Majesty,

" These contain your Majesty's warrant for a letter to be passed under the Privy Seal of your ancient kingdom of Scotland, upon the considerations above mentioned, giving, granting, and disponing to Sir Thomas Stewart of Cultness a yearly pension of two hundred pounds sterline money, to be paid at Whitsunday and Martimas, by equall portions, out of the first and readiest of the rents and duties of the Archbishoprick of

Glasgow, beginning the first terme's payment at Whitsunday next, and to continue during your Majesty's pleasure only.

"JA. OGILVIE."

He had already had the honour of Knighthood, and, on the 29th January 1698, a Baronetcy was conferred upon him, and the heirs-male of his body, and their heirs-male, for ever. The patent narrates his "fidelity and integrity," and was accompanied by the following letter from the Secretary Ogilvie, afterwards first Earl of Seafield, and fourth of Findlater, whose friendship has been already narrated at p. 96.

"SIR, *Whitehall, 19th February* 1698.

"I have this night sent doune your patent as Knight Borronat. When I did present it to his Majestie, I did give him ane account of your sufferings in the late times, and of your fidelity to him. This is a mark of his favoure not only to you, bot to your famely, and therfor it is the more valouable. I have alwayes hade your freindshipe, and therfor at all occasions I shall be readie to doe you all the service in the pouer of,

"Sir, Your most humble servant,

"JA. OGILVIE."

Sir Thomas lost his first wife in 1675, and the narrative of her last moments, preserved among the family papers, and in vol. xviii. 4to, No. 19 of Wodrow's MSS. in the Advocates' Library, is an interesting specimen of the religious feeling of the times.

"THE LAST WORDS OF THE LADY CULTNESS, WHO DIED, OR RATHER ENTERED INTO ETERNALL LIFE AND GLORY, JUNE 8, 1675.

"Being delivered upon the 27th of May of her twelth child, and for three days thereafter in a probable way of recovery, she found upon the

fourth day that she was going to a feaver, and calling for her husband, told him her fears both as to her sickness and to her soul's interest; and begged him to remember her conditione to the Lord, entreating him for the Lord's sake not to be peremptor for her life, for I desire not, said she, to live, but pray that I die not in darkness as to my soul's interest; adding, the Lord hath often heard you for deliverances to me when I have been past all hopes, and hath given me back to you, now begg for this, that the Lord wold be with me by his power and grace through this sickness; and if he should leave me in this cloud, yet I will not doubt the reality of many gracious manifestations of himself that I have had, and how that often, often he hath made me in sincerity to resigne and give up myself heartily to him. And now at this time, I dare not nor will not doubt his gracious work then; but, O my dear heart, wrestle with God for me, that I die not in darkness as to my soul's interest! Thus she weept upon him and said, pray not for my life, for you will be disappointed; adding, the Devil is bussie with me, tempting me strongly, saying, all that thou had was but flashes; thou wast nothing but ane hypocrite, and formall in all that thou didst, and careless. O, too true! Yet the Lord knows my sincerity, tho' with weakness, which I hope he hath accepted.

"Her feaver was yet little observed, but all judged her great anxiety about her soul's interest did help it on strongly, being still remarked to be in spirituall exercise, and ever praying with great confessiones and whisperings for contrition, contritione, contritione. Thereafter, Mr William Vilant, and Mr John Inglis, coming in to visit her, they held out to her the great and unspeakable grace of God and of Christ revealed in the gospel to poor lost sinners; and after they were gone, she called for her husband, and blessed God, she had never heard any thing in her life more refreshing and of more power and weight; but the next day her sickness was increasing, she cried out to her husband, Oh for assurance! Oh for assurance! if God would grant it to a poor sinner that is longing and crying to him for it, and that is looking, looking, looking to him for it. This

she expressed with vehemency, and her husband answering said, my dear, was not Christ always your choice and preferable to all things, and dare you say before God, but that he was so to you, and that he hath determined you to make him your choise? She cried out most fervently, he was ever so to me, more desirable than riches, pleasures, crounes, and all things els. Lord, thou knows, whom have I in heaven but the, or in earth that I desire besides the. O that I were with the, where I shall sin and doubt no more, where the weary are at rest. Which words occasione ane worthy Christian to say to her husband afterwards, Can you say that you ever heard her doubt after that discourse? which, indeed, she did not. The next day she was heard pray very long and with fervor of spirit, and towards the end she breathed out these words, Lord, thou who appeared so wonderfully to my son John, being but ten years of age, to the admiratione of all that heard or saw him, and were witnesses of his death, Lord, Lord, appear so to me! O that's true, he was but a bairn, who knew not what sin was, nor could not sin as I have done, who am a thirty-seven year old sinner; but, Lord, on whom thou sets thy love, sin will be no stoppe in thy way; Lord, Lord, appear to me!

"To sett downe all that she spoke of this kind during her sickness would make this narratione swell to a great bulk; all the words which came from her were gracious. The night before her death, she fell into a sweet, and slept about eight or nine hours togither, so that all had good hopes that it might prove a coole; but albeit that she found herself thereby not a little refreshed, yet she still said it was in vaine to expect her recovery. And hearing again from the doctor and others present, that her condition was not so dangerous as she apprehended it to be, she called for her husband, and said, My dear, you will be surprised, quite me, quite me, for I have quite you and all my children, and all the world, and I long to be with him, that is better than all. The doctor said, Would ye not willingly abide with your husband and children, if so it were the Lord's will? to which she answered, I could submit to his will, but I have no desire to it. O I long, long, long to be with him, that is better than all! and

then lifting up both her hands, she said, Now, O my Lord! I come unto thee! thou knows how in my health I have sought thee, albeit with great weakness, yet with a sincere heart. O how often, often, often! have I given myself unto thee with my whole heart, and now I have nothing to looke to in myself but to thy free love and free grace. O free love! O free love! I look, look to the for mercy, I look to thy righteousness, that imputed righteousness; I look to that satisfactione offered at Jerusalem for loste sinners. Thy blood cryeth for better things then the blood of Abel. O blessed imputed righteousness! O blessed satisfactione! I renounce my own righteousness, it is all as rotten rags. Lord, I come unto the. Thou hes said, all that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out. O, O, O, free love! tho' one might dare to die for a righteous man, yet our Lord died for his enemies. O wonderful love! Lord, thou knows all things, knows that I love thee, I must not quite my gripps now.

"She insisted long on such like expressions to the commendation of free grace, and that with such fervency as if her heart would have gone forth with her words; reaching out her arms, grasping with her hands, as if she had seen Christ, she cryed out, I believe as really that Jesus Christ is at the right hand of the Father, as that I am lying here. Thereafter, lying a while softly, she was heard say, Lord, thou hes given me twelve children, and the third child I gave unto thee, and thou took him, (this was John,) and my seventh child I gave unto thee, and thou took him and his sister also, (meaning Margaret and Henry,) and this my twelth child I have given unto the Lord as soon as they were borne, and long before they were borne: and have desired from the Lord these two things onely, first, that they may fear him, and that he may put his image on them; and next, I never sought riches and honor for them, but that the Lord would, in his good providence, dispose them to employments and callings, whereby they may live honestly, and not be burthensome to friends. But such as were about her, hearing her speak so easily, and still hoping that she might recover, prayed her to be silent and to take rest; whereupon she raised her voice and said, Sirs, can you beleive this that I am to tell

you? this night I will be with my son John : and then taking herself, said, Fy upon me, what is this I am saying of my son John ? I will be this night with God and my Lord Jesus, and that holy and glorious company.

" Her ravings were almost none, onely sometimes a few words through her sleep, but alwise harmless and innocent, but the words that she used most were, Lord, help, help! Lord, Lord, leave me not now, keep that which I have committed unto the. After this, she told that her end was very near, and assured those that wer present of it, but it could not be believed that it was so near, there being no outward signe from which this nearness could be concluded; yea, many had hopes, hearing her say to the doctor, For all this my head is well, and I find my heart whole : so she was intreated again to sleep, and not to wast her weak and wearied spirits, but she refused, saying, Shall I sleep now when I am going to die ? Lord forgive you all, for I assure you that I fall asleep now, that I will not come out of it againe ; which indeed the event within a few hours did very remarkably verifie. And at the same time, she said to her husband, My dear, you will be surprised; and then added, with more earnestness to the rest present, Would ye hinder me to speak now when I have not above an houre in this world to speake ? which one present hearing [took] out his watch, and shewed to some standing by, who all found that it fell out as she had foretold. Being again importuned to take rest, in respect that many still hoped, because she had litle or no pain, that she might recover, she said with a whole good voice, Sirs, I tell you this night, when your sun goes doune, my sun will arise, and will never go doune: O bright morning starr!

After this, resolving to speak to her children and relations, she raised up herself as if she had had no sickness, but had been to goe about some work in health ; she called for some rose-water and vinegar, saying, let me refresh my spirits that are weak, for what I have to doe, and then bathed with her own hands her temples and her face, and breathed up some vinegar into her nose. And having intreated all to goe out of the roome except her husband and children, she spoke to her children that were of years, one by one, and taking up their natural dispositione

wisely, she pressed them to pray and guard against such sins, whereunto they might fear their inclinations would incline them, speaking to each of them so particularly and pertinently, and with such grace, by the Spirit of grace, that it is hoped what is not thought fitting to be here reported, shall, notwithstanding, be alwayes remembered, and the fruits therof still endeavoured by those who are concerned. Then she spake to them of Christian duties, whereof she enjoyned the practice with many godly persuasions; thereafter she dehorted from many vices and evills with great authority, commanding that they should abstaine from vaine company, abhor the evills of that profane time, guard against all kind of uncleanness, and against all falshood, and that they should stand to their education as they had been taught; adding, altho you have not fallen in outward pollutions, yet that is nothing, let him that standeth take heed lest he fall; and beware all lieing shifts and sinfull equivocations; and if you depart from God, and turn with the dog to his vomit, and with the sow to the puddle, I say to you before the Lord, your sins God shall set them in order before you, yea, ye shall see them in the great day of the Lord, as clearly set before you as the light that shines. And then speaking of their studyes and learning she said, As for learning and philosophy, fear lest it have the effect on you that it has had on some, to turn you atheists, or without religion; all the learning, all the greatness in the world, what is it without grace? Remember that word, not many noble, not many wise, are called. I say not this to dissuade you from learning and reading, but let it not make you neglect duty. And I lay it upon you, and charge you before God, as ye would meet with me again with comfort, be diligent in reading the Scriptures and in prayer, and satisfie not yourselves with your morning and evening prayers; but I charge you, in the sight and presence of the Lord, not to judge your religione to be true and sincere if it carry you no further than morning and evening prayers: O! keep yourselves from hastened and short prayers. In all thir things I say unto you, I shall be a witness against you. Look not upon thir things, and what I say now as

upon instructions and reproofs given at another time: the words that I have now spoken are the words of your dying mother; I pray the Lord you may never forget them; which, if you do, God's blessing be on you, and my blessing I leave you. But if you do them not, but in the lest, in the lest, in the lest, allow yourself in that which is displeasing unto God, and turn away from him, the heavy curse of your dying mother shall rest upon you; but if you shall obey and follow the Lord, the blessings, blessings, of the ever living God, the blessings of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the blessings of your dying mother, shall be upon your heads. And then she added, I have good thoughts concerning you; and removing her hand from of their heads where she put it, while she blessed them, she thus parted with them, kissing and blessing them. Ministers and others, who have heard this passage, have wondred at the great zeal of God and his glory, that acted and carryed her to deny her naturall affectione, which was ever most loving and tender for her children, and so dreadfully to curse them if they should forsake God, imitating, as it were, in this the carriage of Moses, Lev. xxii. and Deut. xxviii. throughout the chapters.

"After this she spake to her husband with all kindness and tenderness, saying, he had been a dear and a kind husband unto her, intreating him to quite her freely, giving him many sweet advices concerning the children, desiring that, as they feared the Lord, so he would be encouraging unto them. After that she called for her mother and her sisters, who were all present, and gave to them many sweet directiones and counsells, suiteing them with ane holy prudence and discretione, both as to their inclinationes and conditiones, married and unmarried. Then thanking every one of them as they had been usefull unto her, and craveing them pardon for the trouble she had given unto them, then exhorting them to a holy diligence in prayer and reading of the Scriptures, and entreating them to guard against all sins, even the smallest sins; and then takeing herself, she said, Now the Lord forgive me for calling any sin small, for there is no sin small, every sin deserves everlasting wrath.

Then she besought them not to sett their heart to much upon any temporall enjoyment, for they knew not when the Lord may take it from them, and intreated them that they would make good use of their time, saying, This day will come upon you, and you know not how soon you may be in my conditione. Thus she bad them fareweill, with many earnest blessings and mutual embracings, and with such tenderness and teares on their parts as cannot weil be expressed; after which, with great sweetness and meekness of spirit, she closed the fareweill with these words, Now I intreat you to be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another; be of onė mind, live in peace, and the God of peace and love shall be with you. In all these things she appeared not in the least to be affected with pain or sickness, so that none but herself could imagine her time to be so near.

"After this she said, I have manie times in health besought the Lord that death might not be ane surprizall to me, and neither is it; and I have prayed likewise that death might not be a terror unto me, and neither is it; and I have also sought of the Lord that I may not be terrible unto others in dieing; and this the Lord did very visibly grant, as we shall hearafter hear. And to show her great composure of mind, she also gave order about several other litle circumstances, both as to her death and buriall, and suitable to that most exact modesty, which was so eminent in her all her life. So after that she had spoke to her mother and sisters as we have heard, she did also most severally enjoyn them, that when her body should be wrapped in sheir-cloth, they should in no case suffer her linnings to be taken of, as she said the manner was, and requested that her body might not be exposed to viewe; and thereafter, at another time, she appointed her sisters to pine the curtaines at the bedfoot, that when, said she, I am dying, I may not be gazed upon.

"But to passe these things, she being now very weak, called for her father-in-law, and put forth her hand, and said unto him, Hold my hand, for I cannot hold yours, and then added, You have been a very kind father unto me, I say a very kindly affectionate father: I can say no more,

but the Lord requite you. Then turning to her other relations, she took leave of them, and said to Allanton's brother, with whose wife her daughters were for the time, Sir, you will tell my two lasses that I remembred them, and laid it upon them that they should diligently seek and serve the Lord, and make conscience of reading the Scriptures; and then said, the Lord's blessing be upon them, and so took her leave of him, desireing that he would remember her to his worthy and kind wife. After this she called for the young man that waited upon the children, and said unto him, Mr William, you have ane great charge now, both of the bodies and souls of the children, for my husband will be taken up with his affaires, and I fear shall not be long behind me.

"Then she said, I have nothing now to do but one thing; and turning to her husband, continued, My dear, you have been a dear husband unto me, but I am going to a dearer. I intreat you weep not for me, I will be better: quite me, quite me: and now, my dear, resign up my soull unto God. Her husband being in great grief answered, My dear, I dow not, I cannot; the minister will do it: whereupon she calmly said, Let the minister pray. And after prayer said again to her husband, My dear, resigne my soull unto God; you must do it, you must do it, and quite me, for I have resigned my soull unto God already; I gott it from him, and I have given it back unto him. So her husband obeyed her, and did resigne her solemnly, being greatly helped of God in the actione, and she holding up her weak hands all the time; at which the lookers on were greatly moved and taken, for prayer being ended, she embraced with both her armes about his neck, saying, Must we sunder, my dear? but we shall meet again, and kept her armes about his neck, till through weakness they fell away. After which she fell into a sleep, wherin, being often heard breath out these words, O feeling high preist! O feeling high preist! keep that which I have committed unto the, she most peaceably, without either shiver or sob, died in the Lord: and that so precisely at the sun-setting, as she had fortold, that [as] they were shutting her eyes, some remembring her words ran to the window, [and] told that the upper pairt of the

sun was just setting and sinking out of sight. And another, who was not present, nor heard her word, but hearing the cry made at her death, came in and told that it happened just at the sun-setting.

" She lived just thirty-seven years, five months, and eight dayes ; and, albeit the close of this her short course was both gracious and glorious, as we have heard, yet it is certaine that neither her life nor her death can receive any greater commendatione then by the most illustrious testimony they render mutually each to other, in this true and just comparitione, that as she lived, so she died, and so lives for evermore. This is, indeed, the suffrage that all that knew her, and were wittnesses to these things, must and do pay to her memory ; but, seeing that it can by none be more truely and happily celebrate then by her own pastor, who was also an eye-wittness to her departure, the Epitaph whereby he was pleased, both in Latine and English, to honour her funeral, is here subjoyned.

" ANE EPITAPH
ON THE DEATH OF THE TRUELY EXCELLENT
THE LADY CULTNESS.

" Here lyes ane Elect Lady, saint devote,
Rare wife, true mother, Margaret Elliote,
Who loved her loving God above all things ;
Herself and hers she did to him resigne.
In clefts of rocks the dove's groans did rebound ;
She prayed not in the streets to trumpet's sound ;
Her praying voice scarce did her closet find ;
She prayed with tears, groans, heart, and bendit mind.
Great, modest, comely, chast, severe, serene ;
Nothing more grave, nothing more sweet againe ;
A spirit high, but not lift up withall,
A witt most sharp, but not embrewed with gall,

In a vile world, she pure and clean abode,
  In a false world, she stood still true for God ;
A loving lovely wife, her husband's love,
  But more beloved of her beloved above.
Cultness she drest, left it in good array,
  But since she is gone its lustre is away.
She who, while living, taught by word and deed,
  Unwearied still she did so while she died ;
Herself and hers unto God to bequeath
  Was Margaret Elliote's work in life and death."

The death of Sir Thomas has been mentioned at p. 97 : the succession of his descendants may be seen at p. 61 to 67, and in the preceding genealogical Table ; or at greater length in Robertson's History of Renfrewshire, p. 379. One only of these we shall here more particularly notice,—Archibald, his only surviving child of the second marriage. This gentleman was author of Part First of this volume, in which, at pp. 79, 83, and 90, he mentions some circumstances of his own birth and childhood. The numerous males descending from his father's former marriage having all failed, he, in 1758, attained to the family honours, two years after he had succeeded to the estate and name of Denham of Westshield, under a settlement, which has been mentioned in the Preface. By Jean, daughter of Sir George Warrender, Provost of Edinburgh, he had a daughter who died unmarried, and a son Thomas, whose premature death, touchingly mourned at p. 99, tinged with melancholy the remaining years of his protracted life. On his death in 1773, the baronetcy of Coltness merged in that of Goodtrees, then in the person of Sir James Steuart, the political economist, who will be noticed immediately in Section V., and whose eventual succession to the estate of Westshield has been explained in the Preface, and in the genealogical Tree of the Denhams, here printed from a drawing among the family papers, and extended from other sources.

SECTION III.—OF SIR JAMES STEUART OF GOODTREES, KNIGHT, LORD ADVOCATE OF SCOTLAND.

Of this gentleman, the most distinguished of his family, the notices in the Denham Memoir are unfortunately but few and scanty, and such of his papers as remain throw little light on his public career. Having been bred to the bar, he appears to have rendered himself obnoxious to the Restoration Government by his zealous defence of his father the Provost, when under prosecution. Finding his professional prospects blighted, and his position uncomfortable, if not insecure, under the sway of the Lauderdale party, he resolved in 1671 to withdraw to the continent, and was thereupon outlawed. He chose Rouen as his residence, with a view to assist the commercial concerns of his brothers Henry and Robert, in which his father appears likeways to have held an interest. His views are fully explained in the first of the subjoined letters, addressed to his father; the second was written to his brother Walter, just before his death, and the last, of which a fac-simile is given, condoles with his father on that bereavement.[a]

"*Edinr. Sept.* 12, [16]71.

"My Lord,

"There is nothing clogs me more in my resolution then your dissatisfaction, and yet I know you are persuaded of my reasons; and besyde that, you do not give way to the mein considerations of absence, change of lyfe, and the lyke, which are bot the suggestiouns of an affection more tender then advysed. Your Lordship knowes the world, and the verie thing that I intend, better then to be amused with thes conceits; and really when I think of the neirnes of the place, the short intercours

[a] See regarding Walter, p. 46 above, and Vol. I. p. 304, of Wodrow's Church History, 8vo Edit.

of letters, and my freedome to leave it when I please, I think your Lord ship sould encourage me, at lest laugh at my change, and give me leave to take a tryall. My Lord, in this I am most serious, that it is only the intolerable wearines of drugerie and idlenes that have engaged me to this undertaking, and that I seeke nothing bot to live quyetly and honestly, and lastly, that I sall never be wanting to serve God in this place, upon the call of the lest promising opportunity. As for your Lordship's affaires, I sall doe all I can in your commands, and give you ane account at your return. I suppose Coltnes has not ansuered your Lordship anent that paper, becaus perplexed with my goeing, as I perceave by his letter; and yet I am persuaded it is much more promising for him than for any uther, and far better than my stayeing at home. Let not my sister come in by any meins: I hate talking in maters of this kynd, and the noise it hath made alreadie is like to wrong me, for Mr Scoller intreated most earnestly I sould be secret. I would have your Lordship cause feed Coltnes naig, for it's lyke I may take him and a man to York, if I miss companie. I expect your Lordship on Munday. Your Lordship may tell my sister that I will come west and take leave of my freinds, and I intreat she may not come in. I do not doubt the concernment of my freinds in my journey, bot talking of it and noise about it avails nothing, bot does hurt. I again intreat your Lordship to think that I doe nothing but what I sould, and all men would, in my condition: And as for your reflexions that you have not so provyded for me, I protest most seriously, that I am as well satisfied, yea, better, as to your Lordship's pairt toward me, then if you had given me all that the most covetous could wishe: And, farder, if your Lordship, throu the Lord's strenth, sall bot attain to a chearful complacencie in this purpose, it sall be as acceptable to me as any patrimonie you could wishe me. Mr Scoller, by a neu letter, expects me presently, and our merchants begin to talke, not of me, but of goeing or sending ther for ther awne advantages, and therfor I wold hasten: besyde, Robert's bussines will not goe right untill I be at London. However, my Lord, let nothing of this kynd vexe you; this my

goeing may be more satisfieing to you afterwards then at present, bot if the Lord hinder it, it sall not grieve me, and if you cannot digest it, discharge it peremptorly, and if I sould live and die a sot, I sall endeavour not to complain.

"Your Lordship's

"loving and own sone,

"JA. STEUART."[a]

"BROTHER, *Rouen*, 4 *Mar.* [16]72.

"I understand, with much affliction, that you are under a fit of your old distemper. What my sympathie is for your paine, and my fears for the issue, I cannot express; only it is from the Lord, who doth all things well; certainly both you and wee needed this correction. And when God's hand is patiently and humbly submitted unto, it cannot be told with what sweetness of consolation he will speake peace and send refreshment, besyd the joyous fruits of righteousnes that therupon ensue; and that this may find you both eased of your chastisement, and experimenting the sanctified issue of it, is my most earnest and heartie prayer in your behalf. I doe also earnestly exhort you to shew yourself tractable to remedies, and if God grant health, remember how often I have entreated you to regulat your dyet. I heartily wish that this last wairning and my intreatie may be more successfull then many uthers have bein. I will not detain you longer. Happie is the man whom the Lord chastens and teaches; yea, hapy is that man in lyfe and death, and all their contingencies, whose God is the Lord. Yours,

"JA. STEUART."

[a] The original orthography of the Stewarts of Allanton (as of most other branches of the name) was that used in the Denham Memoir, and uniformly practised by the elder line of Coltness. The Advocate first adopted the u for w, in which he has been followed by his descendants of Goodtrees, and by the Allanton family. Sir James of Allanbank, now heir-male of this house, writes his name STUART. To such matters of mere whim or convention little importance need be attached, although they have been by some erroneously considered tests of family antiquity.

"My Lord, *Rouen*, 15 *Mar.* [16]72.

"I have yours of the 17 Feb. shewing me of my brother Walter's approche, and Harie's of the 20 gives me the account of his end; it is indeed to me abundantly grievous, and I never found my absence so afflicting as at this tyme, wherin it hath deprived me of the instruction and comfort that I could have had in being with him. However, I have no doubt of his blessed rest; I know his seriousnes in religion, and, above all, his sound and firme faith in our Lord Jesus, which cannot faill; and, therfor, though I have not yet heard from your Lordship, yet I hope you murn with joy and in hope, and I wold intreat your Lordship to moderat your grieff, lest it increse your defluxion and coche. I am assured he is infinitly better than whylle hier with us, althogh his condition had bein much beyond what it was. I need not desyre your Lordship to mind his destitut children and ther affaires; I earnestly intreat ther papers may be put in order, and that a solid cours may be setled for the governing and improving their small stocks. I earnestly long to hear from your Lordship and of the receipt of myne from this place. I need not write to Coltnes at this tyme. I hope the Lord comforts you all, and that a little tyme sall give us a joyfull and endles meiting. I am,

"Your Lordship's

"loving and own sone,

"Ja. Steuart.

"I write to Robt. to-morrow."

These letters have been selected from his family correspondence during his residence in France; in it references to public affairs are few, and of little interest, but lighter matters occasionally occur. Thus, "I have caused make two perrucks for your Lordship, one dark haire, which is the mode heire, and light is goeing out, and another faire haire: the dark is very cheap, and cost bot 16 lib., the other is a verie fine fashionable one, and cost 36 lib. My picture is in hands, and it may serve all curiosities." The regularity of his letter-book of mercantile correspond-

My Lord

Rou. 15 March 92

I haue yo[ur] of yo 13 fol. shewing me of my brother Walters approoc & Mandeto
yo[ur] L. goode and yo agreement of his and it is indeed to me abundantly grieuous & noisom
my absence so attending at this tyme wherin it hath deprived me of yo opportunitie & comfor
that I should haue had in hearing with him heerafter I haue no doubt of his blessed rest I know
confirmed in religion and abides all his sound & firme faith in our lord Jesus which cannot fail
for you I haue not yet learned from y[e] L. yet I hope you mistrust my joy & hope and I will
intreat your L. to endeuor your speedy retreat wherby your deliuerie & ease I am assured
it infinitely bettar you which I know my L. although his resolution had been many beyond what
I need not desyre y[e] L. to mind his distressed children & for assured I dare most humbly intreat you
good may be put in order and that a solid round may be settled for yo gouernment & maintenance
small stock I dare most humbly long to heare from y[e] L. and of yo receipt of myne from Sir Richard
I need not trouble to Colonel at this tyme I hope yo Lord comforth you all & that at this
shall giue us a joyfull and endles meeting I am

Y[e] L.

I wrote to Robt to morrow

L. C. Essex

Fra. Stuart

ence shows the way in which he was chiefly occupied at this time, and, from his correspondence with Mr M'Ward, preserved in Vol. lviii. and lix. folio, of the Wodrow MSS. in the Advocates' Library, he seems at this time to have passed as Mr Graham.

His retirement did not, however, continue long, and, in 1675, he had made himself more than ever hateful to the Government, by a paper entitled, "An Account of Scotland's Grievances, by reason of the Duke of Lauderdale's Ministry, humbly tendered to his Sacred Majesty," in which he was believed to have had some share. A warrant for his apprehension, and the seizure of his papers, having been issued in February, he had timely notice and escaped. During several years he appears to have lurked about under the name of Lawson, occupying himself much in the composition of religious homilies, and discourses on the theory of Government, some fragments of which remain among the family papers. To this period, probably, belong the following anecdotes, appended to the Denham Memoir.

"Sir James had studied the law to full extent, Roman, civill, and municipall, and glanced over some standard English law books. When a young man in London, 'tis said he placarded ane office for solving intricat law caises of any kind at half fees, or half a guinea; his clerk, Thomas Spence, was to take the caises put, and return the caise with the solution, upon receiving the fee. The novelty took, and severall intricat questions were answered to satisfaction, and the solutions so much in poynt and admired, that inquiry was ordered for the author; and as James Stewart durst not, in these times of severity, publickly appear, he shifted his lodgings, and made his clerk disapear, and thus our law oracle was silenced. I cannot well vouch the truth of the above; but the following anecdote is certain and true.

"James Stewart, when at London, *anno* 1678, or perhaps 1680, it was the time the famous lawyer Sir George Lockhart was upon his marriage tratie with a daughter of Philip Lord Wharton, at a solem meet-

ing of parties, Sir George called James Stewart as his relation to be of the party, and articles of agreement being talked over and understood, it was left to Mr Stewart to make a minute of the tratie and agreement. Mr Stewart, without delay, retired to ane other roume, and in two hours returned such a minute, and so comprehensive, as all admired the propriety and succinctness, and neither the English counsell, nor either party, had anything to add or eraze, and upon that minute the contract of marriage was extended, and Mr Stewart's character was raised; and the English counsell said, that neither lawyer, attorney, or scrivener, that ply the Inns and Westminster-hall, could have execut such writing in a full week.

"I had it from a Writer to the Signet, that he went with ane intricat cause to consult Sir George Lockhart; he employed Mr James Stewart, advocate, (then under hyding,) to state the caise, and put the queries, it being of high importance. The writer waited on Sir George, by his clerk's appointment, and presented his caise and queries;—it was as to a settlement of a noble family estate. After Sir George had read it over, he paused some time, and, looking broad, said, 'Sir, tell me plainly, without shifting, is this your doing, or not, for, by G—d, if James Stewart is in Scotland, or alive, this is his draught, and why did not you make him solve your difficulty?' The agent smiled, and said, 'My Lord, I did, but wanted your Lordship's authority too:' and, when James Stewart's solution was showen, Sir George was so pleased, he caused make a copie to take *in retentis* with him."

By the interposition of his numerous friends, the prosecution which had hung over him was quashed by royal authority in 1679, and soon after, the influence of his old enemy Lauderdale having waned, his position promised to become more comfortable. New difficulties, however, awaited him, arising out of the test-oath proposed in 1681, under the Duke of York's administration. At his supposed instigation, Argyll adopted the explanatory protest under which he took that oath; at

all events, his professional assistance was privately afforded to the Earl, when proceedings had been adopted against him for adhering thereto. This having been accidentally discovered, Mr Steuart was once more driven into hiding, and eventually escaped to Holland.

He immediately repaired to Utrecht, attracted thither by a knot of his countrymen, who were compulsory or voluntary exiles on political or religious grounds, and from thence he addressed the letter to his elder brother which has been printed at p. 343. A sentence of forfeiture in absence was now pronounced against him in the Justiciary Court.

Mr Steuart's political career was scarcely in that uncompromising spirit which characterised the leaders of his party with whom he there associated, and he seems to have met the usual fate of those who, in a time of extreme opinions, would steer a middle course. He is said to have used his influence to prevent Argyll's rash descent upon Scotland in 1685, in which his nephew Sir David Stewart was engaged, and, in the following year, (see pp. 88, 89,) we find him in close intimacy with William Penn, then a political envoy of King James, whom he so satisfied as to the moderation of his views, that, by his influence, he obtained a pardon. Though not unaware of the risks to which he thereby exposed his consistency, he put himself in confidential relations with the Prince of Orange, just before returning to London, where he was at once received into the good graces of the Court, and of the Secretary Melfort. These "premature actings" procured him the nickname of "Jamie Wylie," and lost him for a time the confidence of his own friends, without in any degree conciliating that of the high church party, who regarded him as an inveterate enemy. Hence he remained under a cloud during the first years of the revolutionary dynasty; but even then he lent his talents to the ruling party so successfully, especially in arranging the establishment of the presbyterian kirk, that they were fain to forget his trimming, and to employ him as Lord Advocate in 1692; see pp. 94, 95, of the Denham Memoir, and pp. 4, 5, and 11, of the Balcarras Vindication, Bannatyne Club edition. A considerable number of

his letters are printed in Carstairs's State Papers; prefixed to which is a sketch of his character, which describes him as "one of the best civilians of his age, who, with natural fine parts, affects great plainness, affability, and familiarity in his manners."

A word of Mr Steuart as an author. After the affair of Pentland Hills,* there appeared one of those virulent diatribes, in which cant and insubordination were glossed over by palpable falsehood, and reiterated with feeble prolixity. Under the absurd title of Naphtali, an exaggerated and tedious detail of the woes of the presbyterians was wound up with a collection of dying speeches, by which a few political culprits sought for themselves the reputation of martyrdom. Among these was Mr Hugh M'Kail, whose connection with the Coltness family has been stated at pp. 41 and 47. This dull book, which in 1667 was publicly burned, has been attributed in part to Mr Steuart, but is generally supposed to have been written by Mr James Stirling, minister at Paisley. To it Dr Honeyman, Bishop of Orkney, thought fit to reply with equal dullness, in his survey of Naphtali; whereupon Mr Steuart entered the field, and, in the Jus Populi Vindicatum, published in 1669, by his greater learning, enhanced the heaviness of his argument, without adding to its weight. He subsequently, in two letters to Pensionary Fagel, advocated the propriety of a general toleration, and the abolition of all penal laws and tests;—a doctrine which he maintained from no liberality towards the papists, but from personal experience how sadly the precautions, maintained avowedly as a security against them, practically inconvenienced the presbyterians. These views, which seem to have been in some degree influenced by the diplomatic tact of Mr Penn, rendered their author

* In Vol. II. p. 327, of Wodrow's Analecta, the forthcoming contribution to our Club of its noble and munificent President, will be found a notice more distinctly involving Mr Steuart in the guilt of rebellion than has hitherto been supposed. Many other passages regarding him, and his father the Provost, occur in the same very curious work; and in the Leven and Melville Papers, now being edited for the Bannatyne Club by the Honourable William Leslie Melville, some of the Lord Advocate's letters will be included.

acceptable to King James, but were by no means popular with Mr Steuart's own friends and party, who saw in them a compromising spirit, dangerous to the whole protestant interests.

After his re-establishment at the bar, Sir James printed a useful Index or Compend of the Scots Acts of Parliament, and a work more of sterling value and standard reputation, his "Answers to Lord Dirlton's Doubts on Some Abstract Points of Scotish Law." Of this an edition in folio was published in 1715, and, subsequently, another in octavo. To the former is prefixed an excellent portrait of the author by Vertue, after an original by Sir John de Medina, now the property of his representative, Mr Durham of Largo. Another portrait of Sir James adorns the vestibule of the Signet Library, and a third belongs to Mr Murray of Cringletie; in whose possession are likewise portraits of Sir James the Provost, of Gospel Coltness, of the Solicitor-General Goodtrees and his lady, of Sir James, the political economist, and Lady Frances, and of the late General Sir James Steuart Denham.

After occupying for nearly half a century a prominent position as a political agitator, a controversialist, a merchant, a lawyer, and a statesman, Sir James resigned the Lord Advocate's gown in 1708, and retired from active life. His successor was the Honourable Sir David Dalrymple of Hailes, who was displaced in 1711, when Sir James was again summoned to that laborious post, which he seems to have held till his death. In his private relations he appears to have been a pious and an amiable man, and Bishop Leighton's description of him as "a mannerly well behaved gentlman," has been already quoted at p. 69. From the very curious recollections of Scotish manners, preserved by his granddaughter, Miss Elizabeth Mure of Caldwell, and printed at Vol. I. p. 13, of Constable's Magazine, we extract this graphic sketch of his Sunday habits.

"In the Advocate's house, after prayers by the chaplain at nine o'clock, all went together to church, at ten, the wemen in high dress. Henry was employed by his father to give the collection for the family, which was a

crown. Half after twelve, they came home; at one had prayers again by the chaplain, after which they had a bit of cold meat or an egg, and returned to church at two; was out again by four, when everybody retired to their private devotions, except the children and servants, who were convened by the chaplain and examined: This continued till five, when supper was served up, or rather dinner. A few more friends generally partaked of this meal, and sat till eight; after which, singing and reading and prayer was performed by the old gentleman himself, after which they all retired." How far this ascetic strictness of Sunday observance secured the prevalence of good morals and manners in the rising generation, may be judged of from the context of Miss Mure's remarks; that it was then prevalent is unquestionable, and the extent to which it had been carried by the Magistrates of Edinburgh when under the direction of the first Coltness, may be judged from an order published by them in 1650, to the following purpose.

"To the effect people may be restrained fra vaiging abroad on the Sabbath, the Counsell ordaines the ports to be closed ilk Setterday at night, at ten a'cloak, and stand closed quhill Monday at four a'cloak morning; and that nane be suffered to come in or out, at any of the ports of this brugh, fra the Setterday at night, till the Monday at morning, nor be fund vaiging in the streitts, or repairing to the Castlehill of this brugh, under the pane of imprisonment, and farther punishment of ther persones at the will of the Magistrat; exceptand alwayis the Societie, Netherbow, Leith-wynd ports, ane hour in the morning, and another at night, for wattering of horse."

After enjoying for many years his mother's estate of Goodtrees, now called Mordun, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, Sir James acquired the family property of Coltness in 1712, by purchase from his nephew Sir David Stewart, second Baronet of that title. He died in the following year, aged 78, and we learn from Miss Mure's recollections, that fifteen hundred letters of invitation were issued for his funeral: "The Assembly was sitting at the time, and all the clargie were asked; and so

great was the crowd, that the Magistrats were at the grave in the Grey-friars' church-yard, before the corps was taken out of the house at the foot of the Advocate's Close." From Vol. II. of Wodrow's Analecta, already quoted, these more ample details of the Lord Advocate's death are here submitted.

"Upon the first day of this moneth, this Church susteaned a very inexpressible losse, by the death of that great man, and extraordinary christian, Sir James Steuart, the Queen's Advocate. It's treu, his life, in the ordinary course of things, could not have been much longer, he being upwards of seventy-eight, and near eighty. He dyed full of days, and universally lamented. His buriall was the greatest that had been seen at Edinburgh, in the memory of man. The Assembly came all in a body, and waited upon his buriall; and, indeed, it was but a great debt lying upon this Church, to which he had been soe fast and usefull a freind, that I may justly say the presbiterian interest susteaned noe such losse by the death of any, since King William's death! He was missed very much at this Assembly. His death was treuly christian, and a great instance of the reality of religion. Some passages of it I was witness to, being with him some dayes before his death; and the rest that I sett doun, I have from his nearest relation, from whom I had it at the time. His preservation to this time, for the [last] six years and a half, has been nixt to a miracle; a man of his bulk, bussiness, and infirmity, for soe long a time to be confined to a chair, and never able to move, except when lifted by his servants; yet still clear in his head and judgment, and as fitt for bussiness as ever in his life-time. The last time ever he was out on his oun feet—and it was even then much for him to move them, and was supported by two—was when the first article of the Union was voted in Parliament. He was putt upon to speak upon it, but declined; and after that night he fell very ill, and evry body expected that winter he should have dyed; yet it pleased the Lord he recovered some sort of health, but never his limbs. He was never for the

Union, and was blamed for his silence at that time; but considering he sate in the House as the Queen's servant, it was much he did not appear for it, as I belive many would have done, had they had his post. He used to say it would never stand twenty year, and the inconstant humore of England would never lett it continou!

"He used to speak much of his particular sense of the advantage of the prayers of the church. In a very dangerouse sickness he had about thirteen year agoe, he alledged he found a sensible turn in his body in the time of Mr George Meldrum's prayer for him, and was perswaded God was hearing and answering at the time. Mr Meldrum was in ane extraordinary frame, and all present; and he never fell into any trouble, but he gave up his name to be prayed for in all the churches of the city of Edinburgh. He had a great value for religion and persons of piety, and still expressed it. He has severall times said to me, when talking of Mr John Hepburn's irregularitys, and Mr M'Millan, 'Hepburn is a good man. I knou him to be seriouse, though weak; but for M'Millan!' &c.

"He was mighty in the Scriptures, and wonderfully seen in them, beyond any man almost ever I conversed with. He was exact in the originall of the Neu Testament, and in conversation with him, I have heard him pitch, without book, upon most of the places where any remarkable Greek word was used in the Neu Testament. He had studyed [the] Old and Neu Testament very much; writt upon some of it, and digested the whole of it, and was perfectly master of it. He was wonderfull in prayer. He was generally more than ordinarly lively in his sickness; and that winter, 1706 and [170]7, when he was soe long ill, he was in strange raptures in his prayers, somtimes, in his family. He had some very singular advances upon severall places of Scripture, which are mostly lost; and it's ane inexpressible losse, that in his last and riper years he was disabled from writing himselfe. His thoughts on the Millennium, and some other things, I have dashed doun, as farr as I could gather them, in the former part of this Collection.

"The Lord fitted him singularly for the great work he had to doe with him. He was long under his hiding, in the ill times; and there he did nothing but read, and read to a prodigy. I have it from his sisters, and others that kneu his manner of life, and who used to steal in candle to him, in his hiding, that he sleept litle, and generally every day read eighteen hours. His memory was proportionall to his diligence and judgment. I have heard him repeat great long passages of the Roman authors, and the poets, not many moneths before his death. His temper was most sweet and easy, and very pleasant. He had a way in conversation and reason[ing] of bantering and scolding, where he used freedome; and many a 'beast,' and 'fool,' and 'ignoramus,' he would have called these he reasoned with. In his publick appearances, in the Parliament and Councill, readily he heard all, and spoke among the last, if he did speak, and spoke short. He was of great use in drauing up our Church Form of Process; and that Assembly it passed was the last I sau him in. He came in and reasoned every chapter of it. He was the happiest of any ever I was with, for coming shortly to any knotty question; he would have stated the difficulty in ane instant, and given his answer in a very feu words. I have had the honnour to reason with him upon most of publick concerns, at Assemblys and Commissions, these six or seven years. I have reasoned upon the oath, upon the Union, and the tolleration, and patronages, [and] popular calls; and, I must say, if I could have knouen when he advised ministers to act, what he thought was prudentiall in such and such circumstances, and when he was really in his opinion for a thing in point of principle, I was never more in hazard of being swayed by the authority and good opinion of any man soe much as by his. In the affair of the tolleration and patronages, and I must say generally since the Revolution, most of the publick papers of this Church are his draught. As to the oath, he was, at the beginning, very fond to have ane unanimity in taking it, and was at the pains to write 'The Oath of Abjuration set in its deu light.' I remember, in July last, I went in to him the day

after the first two papers against the oath wer published, and he had been reading the Letter of the 20th of March, and told me it was Mr Wylie's; and when I asked what he thought of it, (with a blush and all the confidence I could win to,) he said, 'It was a very modest paper, and very weel writt, and conteaned many good considerations in it proper for a British Parliament to have considered before the oath was imposed; but nou when it was imposed, and it was not in our pouer to help many things that wer our misery, and not our sin.' I was glad to gett off this subject, and to lye hidd. In September last, when he sau hou many would stand out, he altered his mind, and wished all had refused; which I have sett doun candidly from his oun mouth, in that moneth.

"His character would take a man equall to himself to drau, and I dare not attempt it. He was a great christian, ane able statesman, one of the greatest lauers ever Scotland bred, of universall learning, of vast reading, great and long experience in publick bussiness. He was a kind and fast freind, particularly oblidging, and very compassionate and charitable; and in his last sickness, and at his death, one of the brightest instances of pure and undefiled religion, under affluence of riches, a fixed reputation, and a hurry of bussiness, that I have ever been witness to. He used to say that he was content to live till he could not only say he was content to dye, but that he desired to dye; and the Lord granted him his wish. Under his last sickness, he was very much in the longing for his dissolution. He would frequently say, 'When will the Lord come?—but, why should I weary? I trust in him; I belive in Jesus.' And when he fell on a slumber, throu his sleep he readily spoke some Scripture sentences. When ministers wer praying beside him, and began to speak of his usefulness, and to pray for his recovery, he would have drauen up his shoulders, and said, 'Hout, hout!' He frequently expressed his quitting all that he had done, and his flying without reserve to the righteousness and merits of Christ.

"The day but one before he dyed, my Lord Pollock, his brother-in-lau, who had come in the week before, and stayed with him some dayes,

came to take his leave of him. That day the Advocate was better, and easier than he had been for severall weeks. He spoke to my Lord with great respect, and reflected on the great freindship and long familiarity that had been for many years betwixt them; thanked him for the honnour he had done him in coming in to toun on his account, and recommended some things anent his family and children to him. My Lord said, 'I would fain hope you may live some time, and I may perhapps see you again.' 'My Lord,' sayes the Advocate, with a great deal of concern, and, indeed, it affected all present very much, 'I doe not desire to live! I have had my oun share in trouble and adversity; and nou, these twenty-four years, I have knouen what the world calls prosperity; and I hope the Lord will not send me back again to the world. I doe not desire to live!' Many times, in the two or three last dayes of his sickness, he said, 'I long to feel the signes of approaching death. I doe not find it yet working in my breast. O! welcome, stingless death!' The day before he dyed, he said to his sister, in a way of triumph, 'Nou, I find death coming and working in my breast!'

"His last moments wer treuly wonderfull. About three in the morning on Friday the first of May, he fell ill of a suddain, and when on the bedd-pan, he was like to expire among their hands. His son, Sir James, standing by, said, 'My Lord, will you dye befor you blesse me?' When he recovered a litle out of his fainting, he said, 'Noe, James, I will not dye till I blesse you all.' And, indeed, like old Jacob, I may say he dyed in the very act of blessing of his family; and, like his Master and Lord, his soul was taken away—he was parted from his relations when blessing them! Accordingly, he called for his eldest son, Sir James, and his Lady, and blessed them; and among other things, in his discourse to him, he said, 'Noe pageantry, James!'—meaning at his funeralls. Then he parted with and blessed his oun Lady, and his two other sons by her, and his daughter, Mrs Muir. When his nepheu, Mr Steuart, came in, he expressed himself very affectionatly, and blessed him and his family, and prayed the Lord might sanctify his losses, and

build up his family. When speaking to him, Sir David Steuart, his nepheu, came in; and he said, 'The Lord blesse you, Sir David, and' —and there he stopped, and put up his hands, and shutt his oun eyes, and dyed in half-a-minute, without one throu or shrink.

"Thir short hints, having access to be witness of some of them, and to have them all from these present, I thought a debt on me, due to the memory of this great man, to set them doun. He left the oversight of his affairs to six men, for probity, and honesty, and piety, that scarce have their peers in the kingdome; my Lord Pollock, my Lord Ormistoun, my Lord Pencaitland, Mr Francis Montgommery, Lieutenant-Collonel John Erskin of Carnock, and I think the last was Clerk Alexander. But he has left all his affairs in soe good order, that I belive they will scarce ever need to meet on them."

The Lord Advocate's first wife, Agnes Traill, was daughter of Mr Robert Traill, Minister of the Greyfriars' Church, a son of the family of Blebo, and a zealous covenanter. From this union sprang all the descendants whom we are now to notice. From his second marriage with Margaret, daughter of Alexander Air, came the Steuart Barclays of Collernie, who are traced in Robertson's Renfrewshire, p. 486, but who became extinct in 1837, by the death of Captain Henry Steuart Barclay, at Drymen, aged 71.

SECTION IV.—OF SIR JAMES STEUART, FIRST BARONET OF GOODTREES, SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR SCOTLAND, AND OF HIS SISTERS.

Born in better times, his life had less of change and adventure, than marked the career of his father and grandfather, and no memorials of him remain in the family papers. But his niece, Miss Mure, has preserved to us the following curious account of his marriage in 1705, as given by his brother, Mr Steuart Barclay.

" My brother was married in 1704, at the age of twenty-one, to President Dalrymple's second daughter. The marriage brought together a number of people related to both families. At the signing of the eldest Miss Dalrymple's contract [to Sir John Shaw of Greenock] the year before, there was an entire hogshead of wine [claret] drunk that night, and the number of people at Sir James Steuart's was little less. The marriage was in the President's house, with as many of the relations as it would hold. The bride's favours were all sowed on her goun, from tope to bottom, and round the neck and sleeves; the moment the ceremony was performed, the whole company run to her, and pulled off the favours; in an instant she was stripped of them all. The next ceremony was the garter, which the bridegroom's man attempted to pull from her leg, but she dropt it throw her peticot on the floor; this was a white and silver ribbon, which was cut in small morsels to every one in the company. The bride's mother came in then with a basket of favours, belonging to the bridegroom; these and the bride's were the same, with the liveries of their families, hers, pink and white, his, blew and gold colour. All the company dined and suped together, and had a ball in the evening; the same next day in the Advocate's. On Sunday there went from the President's house to church three-and-twenty cupple, all in high dress; Mr Barclay, then a boy, led the youngest Miss Dalrymple, who was the last of them; they filled the lofts of the kirk from the King's sate to the wing loft. The feasting continued every day, till they had gone throw all the friends of both families, with a ball every night."

Anne Dalrymple, the lady in whose honour all these gaieties were given, was remarkable for her beauty and wit; she was niece of Janet Dalrymple, the daughter of James first Viscount Stair, and affianced spouse of David Dunbar, younger of Baldoon, whose deeply tragical story formed the ground-work of Sir Walter Scott's Bride of Lammermoor.

Sir James was created a Baronet during the life of his father, whose dignity was only that of Knighthood. By this patent, dated 22d De-

cember 1705, the honour was destined to him and his heirs-male. Of his two sisters, Marion was married to George Lewis Scott, and Anne to William Mure of Caldwell. Mrs Scott was long on the continent, and lived much at the courts of Hanover and Berlin, her husband having been envoy there, as well as sub-preceptor to George II., and afterwards a commissioner of customs. Her letters from abroad to her sister are interesting, and will, it is hoped, be printed by her descendant, Colonel Mure of Caldwell, a member of the Maitland Club.

SECTION V.—OF SIR JAMES STEUART DENHAM OF GOODTREES, COLTNESS, AND WESTSHIELD, BARONET, AND OF HIS SISTERS.

To the biographical memoir of this gentleman contained in Part Fourth of these Collections, it would be easy to add many details from his voluminous correspondence, and from other family papers. This, however, appears uncalled for, especially as other notices regarding him are appended to the collected edition of his works, and a eulogium from the pen of his nephew, the late Earl of Buchan, is published in volume first of the Transactions of the Scotish Antiquaries. A few particulars, however, seem to merit a place here.

Regarding the part which Sir James took in the affair of 1745—to the rebellion itself he was no party—the allusions by Dr Kippis are vague and mysterious, being written while the rancour of party feeling was still widely spread in Scotland. The evidence on which a true bill for high treason was found against him, in 1748, bears upon, and to a certain degree establishes, two facts. The first was, that Sir James associated with the Jacobite leaders while in Edinburgh, and was seen entering or leaving Holyrood, while Prince Charles held his mimic Court there:—the other, that a gentleman, supposed to be Sir James, was, immediately thereafter, detained at Montrose for some days, by a party of rebels, and shipped on board a French vessel, with an appearance of constraint,

which most of the witnesses considered as merely a blind. It is unnecessary to print the depositions to that effect; the case drawn up by Sir James, with the opinion upon it, of the Justice-Clerk Glenlee, and his pardon eventually obtained, explain all that need be here stated on the subject.

"THE CASE OF SIR JAMES STEUART, BART.

"Humbly setting forth, *Coltness, September* 19, 1771.

"That his behaviour during the late rebellion in 1745, in Scotland, gave such offence to his late Majesty, that, in October 1748, a bill was found against him by a Grand Jury, upon a clause in the statute, rendering it criminal to have any intercommuning with the Pretender or his adherents. He never was in arms against the King.

"He was then abroad, and, early in the year 1749, applied, in the most submissive and most dutiful manner, by petition to his late Majesty, expressing his sorrow and repentance for what was passed; giving the strongest assurances of his future good and loyal behaviour; deprecating his Majesty's resentment; and praying for his most gracious forgiveness. Such representations he has, upon many different occasions, used his utmost endeavours to lay at the feet of his late and present Majesty, through the channel of their Ministers, from time to time.

"He left France upon the approach of the last rupture in 1755. Lady Frances (his wife) has made, since that time, three expensive journeys to London, to sollicite for him, and in 1761, delivered his supplications to his Majesty upon her knees. His Majesty had then been graciously pleased to accept of the service of his only son as an officer of Dragoons, in which station he served in Germany, and *now has the honour to command a troop*, the best pledge he could offer for the sincerity of his repentance, respect, and duty.

"The whole tenure of his conduct, during his long exile, has been calculated to prove to all mankind the unquestionable sincerity of these his protestations; this, at last, in a great measure, drew upon him the

indignation of his Majesty's enemies. In August 1762, he was seized (during a violent fit of illness) in the town of Spa, by order of the French King, carried prisoner by a large detachment to the Castle of Charlemont, where he was kept till the peace, within four walls, *gardé a vue*, totally at his own expense, to the greatest disquiet of his mind, hurt to his health, and prejudice to his fortune and private affairs; and this only upon a suspition of his having carried on, though during the war, a correspondence with his Majesty's Ministers, contrary to the interests of France; although it was allowed that since the beginning of the war, he had not set his foot on French territory, and was, therefore, free to act as his allegiance and inclinations might lead him.

"As peace is now happily established, and as there does not remain in his breast a sentiment which does not breathe the most dutiful attachment and warmest loyalty to the King, he throws himself at his feet, begging and imploring his royal clemency, and to be restored to the benign protection of his most auspicious Government, in such manner as it shall please his Majesty most graciously to appoint."

"In the end of the year 1767, I presented a petition to the King, in the same terms nearly with several others formerly presented by me, praying to be restored to my civil liberty and privileges as a subject. This petition was laid before the Cabinet Council, while Mr Conway was Secretary of State for the northern department. The King ordered Mr Conway to transmit my petition to the Lord Justice-Clerk, viz. Mr Thomas Miller, and to order him to report his sentiments upon the expedience of granting my request. The following is a true copy of his Report.

"TO THE KING.

"May it please your Majesty,

"In humble obedience to your Majesty's commands, signified to me by an order, dated St James's, 1st January 1767, signed by Mr Secretary

Conway, whereby your Majesty is pleased to refer the case of Sir James Steuart, Baronet, to me, to consider thereof, and report my opinion what may properly be done therein, I have fully considered the said case, which is hereto annexed; and having made such inquiry into facts as was necessary for forming my own opinion, I beg leave humbly to report to your Majesty:—

"That upon the 13th of October 1748, a bill of indictment for high treason was exhibited in the Court of Justiciary, against the aforesaid Sir James Steuart, and returned by the Grand Jury *a true bill.*

"Sir James was then abroad. It is impossible to discover upon what evidence the Grand Jury proceeded. It was believed at the time, and is highly probable, that the treason meant to be charged against him was, corresponding with the eldest son of the Pretender when at Edinburgh, and with those employed by him; for it is certain Sir James never was in arms against his late Majesty.

"It is impossible I should be able to investigate his sentiments and conduct during his long exile; but from all the information I ever received from those who conversed and corresponded with him, I do believe he was early and deeply impressed with the most sincere sorrow and repentance for his past conduct, and the most ardent desire of being re-united with the body of your Majesty's loyal and affectionate subjects.

"His several applications to your Royal Grandfather, and to your Majesty, and the terms in which these are conceived, are best known to your Majesty's Ministers. I have only heard occasionally, and from common report, that such applications for the royal clemency have from time to time been made. After the best inquiry I can make, I have reason to believe that the other facts stated in the case are true; and it only remains for me to report to your Majesty my humble opinion what may properly be done in this case.

"In doing this, I must, in duty to your Majesty, take under my view two distinct considerations. The first is the state and dispositions of the disaffected party in Scotland, who, though a small part of your Majesty's

North British subjects, have oftener than once sent alarms to the throne: The second is the sentiments and disposition of the person who now implores your Majesty's forgiveness and clemency.

" Upon the first, I cannot, without doing injustice to this country, and withholding from your Majesty one of the greatest honours of your reign, avoid expressing what my daily observation suggests,—the happy change in the sentiments and conduct of those who had so long continued disaffected to your Royal House. This change began to appear towards the close of the reign of your royal grandfather ; and since the commencement of your Majesty's auspicious reign has made such progress as must strike the mind of every candid observer. It was my particular province and duty, while in the office of your Advocate of Scotland, to watch over the motions of that party. I did it with the jealousy of an affectionate and faithful servant of the Crown, and I have had the happyness of observing this long-wished for change advance to that situation, as to leave your Majesty at full liberty to indulge the clemency of your royal breast, without dread of any bad consequences, to the peace and security of your Majesty's Government in this part of the united kingdom.

" As to the gentleman whose case and petition is the object of your Majesty's present consideration, I have been at pains for several years past, and more particularly since I received your Majesty's commands upon his case, to obtain the best information I could of his sentiments and disposition ; and, so far as my own conviction goes, I am able to report to your Majesty, that I do believe his professions of repentance for his past conduct, and of affection and loyalty to your Majesty and your royal family, have long been and are at present most sincere ; and though it is impossible to dive into the human heart, I have not the least apprehension that he can ever deviate again from the sentiments of a dutiful and loyal subject to your Majesty.

" Upon these considerations, I am humbly of opinion that your Majesty may show your royal clemency to this Petitioner, by *nolle prosequi* or pardon, as your own compassion may suggest.

"All which is most humbly submitted to your Majesty's royal consideration.

"*Edinburgh*, 19*th February* 1767.

"THO. MILLER."

PARDON OF SIR JAMES STEUART, BART.

"George the Third, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and so forth, To all to whom those presents shall come Greeting, Know ye, that we, being moved with compassion of our especiall grace, certain knowledge, and meer motion, have pardoned, remitted, and released, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, do pardon, remit, and release, Sir James Steuart, Baronet, or by whatsoever other name or sirname, or addition of name or sirname, art, place, or mistery, title or honour, the said Sir James Steuart may be known, doomed, called, or named, or lately was known, doomed, called, or named, the high treason for which a bill of indictment was on the thirteenth day of October, in the year one thousand seven hundred and forty-eight, exhibited against him in our Court of Justiciary, in that part of our Kingdom of Great Britain called Scotland, and returned by the Grand Jury, a true bill, and all other treasons, misprisions of treason, felonies, crimes, and offences by him committed or perpetrated, by himself alone, or with any other person or persons, whatsoever, whomsoever, or wheresoever, by reason of his being concerned in the late Rebellion, or as intercommuning with the Pretender, or his adherents, within or without our dominions; although the said Sir James Steuart be or be not indicted, convicted, adjudged, outlawed, condemned, or attainted of the premises, or any of them: And also, all and singular indictments, outlauries, inquisitions, informations, suits, plaints, exigents, judgments, attainders, convictions, imprisonments, executions, pains of death, and pains corporal, whatsoever for the same premisses, or

either of them, or by reason thereof, which we have had, now have, or can claim, or which we, our heirs or successors, may, in any manner hereafter claim, against the said Sir James Steuart, and we do, by these presents, give and grant unto him our firm peace thereupon: And further, we will, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, do grant unto the said Sir James Steuart, that those our letters of patent, or the inrollment thereof, and this our pardon, remission, and release, all and singular things herein contained, shall, and may be good, firm, valid, sufficient, and effectual in the law, although the treasons, misprisions of treason, felonies, and other crimes and offences, and other the premises aforesaid, or either of them, be not specified, or not particularly named, or uncertainly specified: And, moreover, we do strictly charge and command all and singular Judges, Justices, and other persons whatsoever, that this our present, free, and gratious pardon, shall be construed, expounded, and adjudged by the general words, clauses, and sentences herein mentioned, in all our Courts and elsewhere, in the most favourable and beneficial sense: And for the firmer discharge of the said Sir James Steuart, according to our true intent, expressed in these our Letters Patent, without any ambiguity, question, or delay whatsoever, and without any writ of allowance whatsoever obtained, or to be obtained from us, our heirs or successors, and in as beneficial manner and form to all intents and purposes, as if the treasons, misprisions of treason, felonies, crimes, and offences, and other the premises aforesaid, or either of them, had been pardoned and released by apt express and special words, and notwithstanding any mis-recital, non-recital, repugnancy, or other defect in these our Letters Patent contained, or any omission, imperfection, or any other matter, cause, or thing, whatsoever to the contrary thereof, in anywise notwithstanding. In witness whereof, we have caused these our Letters to be made Patent. Witness ourself at Westminster, the twentieth day of December, in the twelfth year of our reign.

"*By writ of Privy Seal,*

"YORKE."

Although it was not until 1771 that Sir James's friends were able to obtain this plenary remission of his political errors, they had so far prevailed in his favour, that in 1763, on his release from imprisonment at Givet, he was permitted to join Lady Frances in London, on a tacit understanding that he would not be molested. In that year he had the delight of revisiting the home of his fathers and the scenes of his childhood; and in the retirement of Coltness he finished the great work on Political Economy which had long been the solace of his exile. The first edition was printed in two volumes 4to, by Millar of London, in 1767, who paid L.500 for the copyright. It was reprinted at Dublin in 1770, and has been translated into French. In 1772, he compiled, at the request of the Honourable East India Company, his Essay on the Coin of Bengal, and was presented by them in return with a magnificent diamond ring, in value a hundred guineas. These, and various other writings on political economy, metaphysics, and chronology, were collected, by desire of his son, in the edition of his Works in six volumes 8vo, printed at London in 1805.

The subjoined tributes to the worth and character of Sir James Steuart are entitled to a place in the Coltness Collections. The first is a sketch by his valued friend, the late Archibald Hamilton, Esq., of Great Cumberland Street, London, whose connection with the family of Westburn will be found at p. 442 of Anderson's House of Hamilton. The second is the inscription to his memory, on the monument erected by Wilton, in Westminster Abbey, at the desire of his son. The third, from the elegant pen of the late John Dunlop, Esq. (who has already been mentioned at p. 310 of the present volume,) seems to have been intended for a tablet, designed by Lady Frances for that arbour at Coltness, which has already been mentioned as the favourite resort of the attached pair, in the bright days of their early love, and again in the mellowed calm of their declining years. It was not however placed; the lines from the same hand which follow it, having been preferred for the purpose.

1.

AN ATTEMPT TO DELINEATE THE PERSON AND CHARACTER OF SIR JAMES STEUART OF COLTNESS, BART., BY ONE WHO HAD THE HONOUR AND HAPPINESS OF HIS FRIENDSHIP AND CONFIDENCE.

"Nature had bestowed on him in profusion, if one may say so, all the graces, corporeal and mental, that could adorn a favourite son, and qualify him to captivate universal admiration.

"His countenance was most prepossessing, owing to an uncommon fine symmetry of features, and an animated yet sweet expression, that seemed to invite every kind affection, and render him almost the idol of all who had the happiness of conversing with him.

"His discernment, withal, was such, and his powers of reasoning so persuasive, that few ever listened to him without admiring his ingenuity and candour, and becoming converts to his opinion.

"His elocution was copious, yet never tiresome, and his illustrations of any subject more perspicuous, perhaps, in conversation than in his writings.

"His political and other writings will inform remote ages, as they have done the present, of the great and distinguished superiority of his talents as an author.

"It is no disparagement to such a character to say of him, that, added to all the instruction and satisfaction which his scientific and literary pursuits afforded to men of science and taste, his excellence as a convivial companion was unparalleled.

"After many hours employed, most days, in searches into the depths of philosophy, and abstruse calculations, he sat down to table with his guests, often numerous and various, with such gaiety and good humour, and promoted such cheerfulness of conversation, as if his chief aim had been to amuse and not to instruct; but an hour could not pass in his society, without his communicating most useful and interesting knowledge along with the charms of his poignant wit and most lively imagination."

2.

M. S.

DOM. JACOBI STEUART DENHAM BARONETTI,
CUI OB EXIMIAS INGENII DOTES, CURIOSA QUADAM SOLERTIA
EXCULTAS, IN ABDITIS PHILOSOPHIÆ PARITER ATQUE
POLITICIS PENETRALIBUS FELICITER VERSATIS,
ACCEPIT DOCTORUM HONOR ET VENERATIO:
CUI ETIAM DE JURE SUO, OB LABORES SOCIETATIS
COMMODO UNICE DICATOS, COMMUNIS HOMINUM
ACCEDET AMOR, COMMUNE DESIDERIUM.
ILLI QUIPPE INERAT ANIMUS OPUM CONTEMPTOR,
ERGA UNIVERSOS COMIS ET BENEVOLUS: IN MORIBUS FINGENDIS,
QUICQUID USPIAM EST ELEGANTIÆ UT URBANITATIS, ADEO
SUAVITER CONSPIRAVIT, UT NIHIL SUPRA.
CIVEM, MARITUM, PATREM, AMICUM, CUNCTIS
VITÆ OFFICIIS ÆQUABILEM, CUNCTIS AMABILEM SE PRÆSTITIT.
VIRUM TOT TANTISQUE VIRTUTIBUS ORNATUM,
UNA CUM CHORO COGNATORUM MERENTI, PROPRIUM
QUASI DECUS EXTINCTUM, FLEBILITER NUNQUAM NON
REQUIRET PATRIA.
OBIIT 26°. NOV. 1780, ÆTAT. 67.

3.

" This shrine the hand of filial duty rears,
By fond affection sanctified with tears,
A pious tribute from a grateful son
To those whose mortal race hath long been run.
O! that the muse could bid the marble tell
The virtues of a pair beloved so well,
The sire renowned for genius, wit, and sense,
The dame for every female excellence.
Congenial souls! ye could not brook to part,

The husband's grave contained his consort's heart;
Yet the mild grace and dignity of life,
That charmed the world, and marked the happy wife,
Still round the noble matron shed their rays,
But ah! the light was gone that bade them blaze.
Here the blest pair enjoyed a calm retreat,
And *here* the widowed mourner chose her seat;
Mused on the matchless merits of her lord,
And, next to God, his sacred shade adored!
Resigned, rejoiced, the voice of Heaven she hears,
And flies to meet her mate in higher spheres."

4.

" Blest and united by the ties that bind
The generous spirit, and the virtuous mind,
To their loved home the exiles came at last,
Courted this safe retreat, and smiled at perils past.
Here, arm in arm, enjoying and enjoyed,
Musing on life, no moment misemployed,
The pilgrims paused to hail a happier shore,
Where love is ever young, and virtue weeps no more."

Sir James had in all five sisters, four of whom require more special notice, Margaret, Agnes, Marianne, and Elizabeth.

Margaret, born in 1715, was married, in 1735, to Thomas Calderwood of Polton. As the authoress of Part Second of these Collections, and as the person through whom the line of the Coltness family has been continued to its present representative, she will be introduced below at p. 394.

Agnes, whose "elegant taste, genius, abilities, and brilliant imagination" have been commemorated by her eldest son, married, in 1739, Henry David, afterwards tenth Earl of Buchan. Dying in 1778, she bequeathed a large proportion of her family talent among her distinguished

children, the late Earl of Buchan; the witty Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate of Scotland; the eloquent and brilliant Lord Erskine, Chancellor of England; the lovely Countess of Glencairn; and the pious Lady Anne Erskine.

MARIANNE, married, in 1749, to Alexander Murray of Cringletie, who served under his friend Wolfe, at the taking of Quebec, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was familiarly called "the old soldier" by his men, who used to say, "they would follow Murray anywhere, for the ball was not yet cast that would hurt him." Their augury proved true, for he died, unskaithed in battle, at Martinique in 1762, leaving,

1. Major Alexander Murray of Cringletie, who married Marianne Lloyd, heiress of Killenure, county of Athlone; and, dying without issue in 1822, was succeeded by his brother,

2. The Honourable James Wolfe Murray of Cringletie, who was born in Louisberg, Jan. 1759; passed advocate in 1782; was appointed Sheriff-depute of the County of Peebles in 1789; Judge Admiral in 1811; Senator of the College of Justice, by the title of Lord Cringletie, in 1816; and Commissioner of the Jury Court in 1825. Able, upright, and laborious as a Judge, gentle and amiable in all the relations of life, he retired from the Bench, after eighteen years' service, amid the regrets of the bar, and died in 1836, venerated and lamented by his numerous friends. By Isabella Strange, whom he married in 1807, and whose descent will be traced at p. 403, he had thirteen children, of whom the eldest son, James Wolfe, succeeded to the estates of Cringletie and Westshield; and the eldest daughter, Isabella Katharina, is married to James Dennistoun of Dennistoun, the Editor of this volume. The monumental inscriptions to Lord Cringletie and his mother will be found in the Appendix, No. I.

ELIZABETH has already been mentioned in Part Third as the companion of her brother's imprisonment at Givet, and, on his return from exile, shared his home at Coltness, where she remained in the family of her nephew till her death in 1803. Her maiden state and amiable qualities

procured her the affectionate regards of her numerous relations, notwithstanding her manifold bodily infirmities and considerable eccentricity of character. Her mind was strongly turned towards devotional exercises and religious speculations, into which she infused a large portion of ecstatic feeling and superstitious credulity. These are manifested in a profusion of MSS., of which a specimen was published by the late General Sir James Steuart, rather out of respect to the dying wish of his aunt, than on account of its intrinsic merits. It is a rhapsody as unintelligible as its title might lead one to expect.[a] The following feeling and appropriate tribute to her memory by Mr John Dunlop is less known than it deserves, having appeared only in a privately circulated collection of similar effusions.

"For beauty and for youth let others weep,
Laid by the hand of death in life's last sleep,
Their fate lament, their merits blazon o'er,
Lost to the world, that ne'er shall see them more.
Tho' neither youth nor beauty slumbers here,
Yet age and virtue claim the parting tear.
A tear! to grace the spot, where wisdom lies,
Wit without malice, truth without disguise.
Here rests religion, void of vain pretence,
Founded on reason, and matured by sense,
With every christian attribute adorned,
By all who knew, who felt its influence mourned.
Blest be the heart that heaves the generous sigh,
Sacred the drop, that springs from sorrow's eye;
Yet reason shall our selfish grief restrain,
And check the tear, that now must flow in vain.

[a] "Narrative of Four Conferences between the Ghost of Mr Maxwell of Coul and the Rev. Mr Ogilvie, Minister of Innerwick; with Remarks and Illustrations, by Mrs Elizabeth Steuart of Coltness." 8vo, London, 1808.

Far, far, removed from sorrow's sighs and tears,
Thy holy spirit dwells in heavenly spheres;
Welcomed by angels to their high abode,
Pure as themselves, and reconciled to God."

SECTION VI.—OF GENERAL SIR JAMES STEUART DENHAM OF COLTNESS, GOODTREES, AND WESTSHIELD, BARONET.

Of the early years of Sir James, the biographical memoir of his father by Dr Kippis, which forms Part Fourth of this volume, has given considerable details. The length to which these Collections have already extended warns us to draw to a conclusion; so it may suffice here to extract from the Edinburgh Courant the notice of his death, which took place at Cheltenham on the 5th of August 1839.

"This gallant veteran, the senior General and oldest soldier in the British army,* was within a few days of completing his ninety-fifth year, of which lengthened life nearly fourscore years were spent in the service of his country. Sir James Steuart might be justly termed the Father of the British cavalry, to him having been confided, in 1788, the reducing to order and uniformity its system of tactics and field movements, as that of the infantry was entrusted to General Sir David Dundas. How well he succeeded, the efficiency of that arm of the service on many a glorious field has fully demonstrated. His services in this particular were recognised by his being nominated to the Colonelcy of the 12th Dragoons, prior to his obtaining the rank of Major-General. By his decease, the Colonelcy of that distinguished regiment, the Scots Greys, (to which he was appointed in January 1815,) becomes vacant. Sir James served as first Aide-de-camp to Lord Townsend during that nobleman's

* His commissions bear these dates: Cornet in 1761; Captain in 1763; Major in 1772; Lieut.-Colonel in 1776; Colonel in 1782; Major-General in 1793; Lieut.-General in 1798; General in 1803. He was also decorated with the Grand Cross of Hanover.

memorable administration as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and subsequently commanded in the southern district, when the late Earl of Hopetoun and the gallant Sir John Moore held appointments on his staff.

"He for many years represented his native county of Lanark in Parliament, and ranked high in the personal esteem of their late Majesties George III. and George IV. In private life, few men have been more beloved and respected; a patriot in the truest sense of the word, his time, his talents, and his fortune, were dedicated to the improvement of the district around him, while his mansion was proverbial as the seat of kindness and hospitality."

It remains to add the painful fact, that, on these improvements, and that lavish hospitality, his fortune was expended, leaving to his latter days a pittance barely adequate for comfortable subsistence, and that, ere his death, his heritage had passed to strangers. By Alicia, daughter of William Blacker of Carrick, in the county of Armagh, who survived him but a year, he left no issue.

The last of the united lines of Coltness and Goodtrees, his two Baronetcies devolved upon Sir John James Steuart of Allanbank, Baronet, the sole remaining male of this once broadly branching tree; who, (unless the Stewarts of Hartwood still exist,) seems also to represent the parent stock of Allanton in the male line.

This gentleman, descended from Sir Robert Stewart of Allanbank, the youngest son of Sir James of Kirkfield, by a line which is traced at p. 488 of Robertson's Renfrewshire,[a] entered the army in 1797, and, two years after, had a troop in the 7th Light Dragoons. In this regiment he continued until he retired from the army on account of his

[a] Jean, second daughter of Sir Robert Steuart of Allanbank, Baronet, by Jean, daughter of President Sir John Gilmour of Craigmillar, married, in 1708, Alexander Trotter of Cattleshiell. She seems to have inherited much of the religious feeling of her grandfather the Provost, and her uncle the Lord Advocate; and, from her MSS., a volume of "Meditations upon Several Texts of Scripture," was printed in 1771. Her son Alexander, a youth of much piety and promise, who died in 1729, aged nineteen, was the friend of Sir James Steuart Denham, and of him the anecdote at p. 283 of this volume is told.

health in 1809, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Most of his military life was, however, spent on the staff, on which he served in the Helder expedition in 1799, in Ireland in 1802, at Buenos Ayres in 1807, and in Scotland in 1809. His elegant taste and successful cultivation of art have long afforded gratification to his friends, and are known to the public by his spirited etchings illustrative of Marmion. He married, first, Elizabeth Catherine, daughter of Elborough Woodcock, Esq., who died in 1828; secondly, Katherine, daughter of Alexander Monro, Esq., of Craiglockhart, M.D., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh.

The chief stem of Allanton was continued from Sir Walter, the elder brother of Sir James Stewart of Kirkfield, by a regular male descent, which is stated in Robertson's Renfrewshire, p. 475, to the late Sir Henry Steuart, who married, in 1787, Lillias, daughter of Hugh Seton of Touch, in Stirlingshire, and was created a Baronet in 1815. On his death in 1836, this Baronetcy went, by special limitation, to Reginald Macdonald of Staffa, a younger son of the family of Boisdale, who had married ELIZABETH, only child of Sir Henry, now LADY SETON STEUART OF TOUCH AND ALLANTON. Sir Reginald died in 1839, leaving by her,

1. Sir Henry James Macdonald Seton Steuart, Baronet, younger of Allanton and Touch.
2. Archibald.
3. Colin John Reginald.
4. Isabella.
5. Lillias Margaret.

SECTION VII.—OF THE CALDERWOODS OF POLTON.

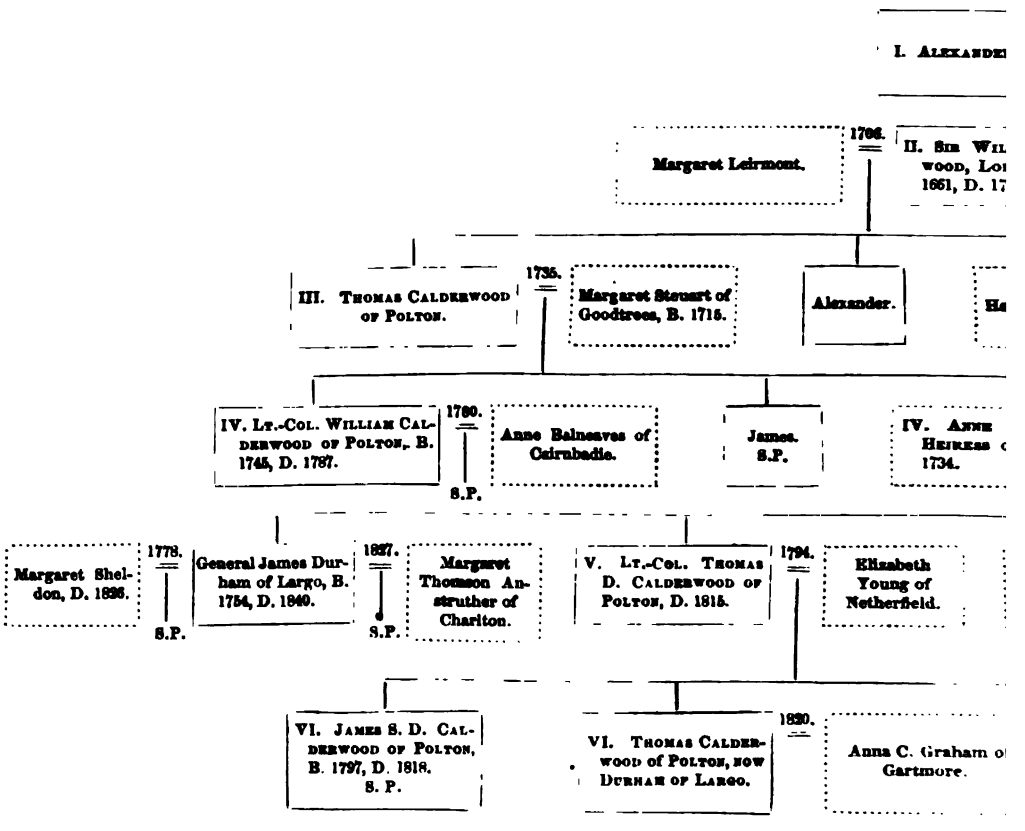
The parish records of Dalkeith attest the existence there, during the seventeenth century, of a numerous race of Calderwoods, who were prominent among the burgesses, and connected by intimacy or marriage with some of the neighbouring landholders. In 1609, "ye kirk-sessioun

hes ordenit yat gif ever James Caldervod and Johne Hog flyt togidder in tymes coming, yai sall pey bayth x pund:" and in the same year, "Peter Caldervod askis God mercy for the seiking help at the witche." Passing by such notices, it would be more interesting to trace the descent from these burgesses of the Historiographer of the Kirk of Scotland; but, in absence of such evidence, we may trust to the statement of Wodrow, who, in a letter to Lord Grange, dated in 1725, mentions Mr David Calderwood as the grand-uncle of Lord Polton, a fact which he seems to have had from that learned Judge. Mr David was born in 1575; took his degree as Master of Arts at the University of Edinburgh in 1594; distinguished himself as a leader of the Presbyterians, during the reigns of James VI. and Charles I., both by his counsel and his pen; became minister at Crailing, and subsequently at Pencaitland; and died at Jedburgh in 1650. The details of his active life, and a list of his numerous theological and controversial writings, including the noted Altare Damascenum, to which he prefixed his disguised name of Edwardus Didoclavius, and which was prohibited by the Privy Council in 1625,— will be found in the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. V. p. 792. His great work, on the History of the Presbyterian Church, is best known to the public by a meagre abridgment; but the original MSS. in six volumes, mentioned in the letters of Wodrow as belonging to Lord Polton,* were presented by his son, Thomas Calderwood of Polton, to the British Museum, where they remain unedited, ere long, it is hoped, to be printed by some one of the Antiquarian Clubs. Two elegies on the death of the Historiographer, possessing the usual rudeness of covenanting poetry, will be found in No. VI. of the Appendix.

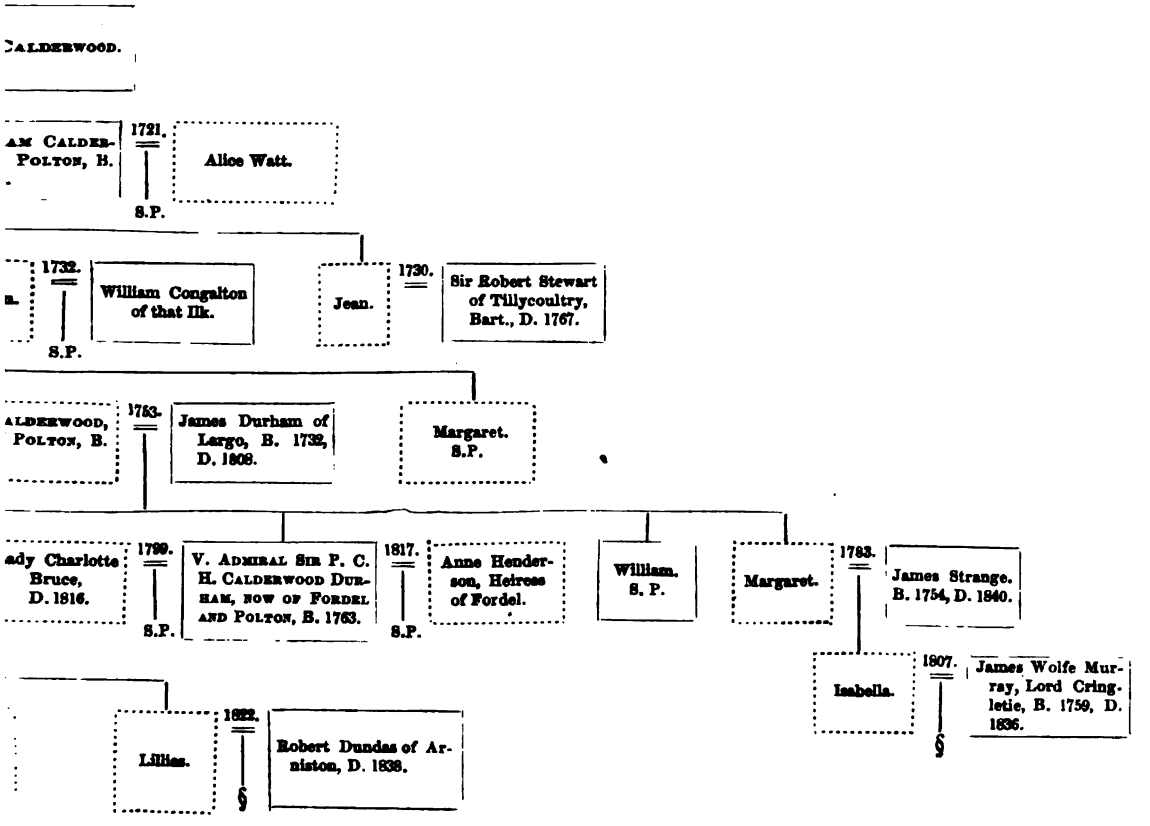
I. It would seem that Mr David had a brother, WILLIAM CALDERWOOD, IN DALKEITH, who, by his wife, Marion Sadler, left,

* Wodrow's MS. letters, Vol. III. part 3, p. 173-4. Analecta Scotica, I. 317. Askew's Catalogue of MSS. pp. vii. and 54.

PEDIGREE OF THE CAI



DERWOODS OF POLTON.



1. Alexander, of whom immediately.

2. James, born in 1624, and married, in 1648, to Margaret Scott, by whom he left, with other children, Mr John Calderwood, town-clerk of Dalkeith, whose epitaph will be found in the Appendix, No. VII.

3. Thomas, who married Margaret Steinson, with numerous issue.

4. Mr William Calderwood, who was minister of Dalkeith from 1659 till his death in 1680, having conformed to Episcopacy. His wife, Margaret, daughter of Thomas Craig of Riccarton, and sister of Lewis Craig of Riccarton, brought him many children. Their monument still bears the inscription printed in No. VII. of the Appendix, and in Vol. II. p. 239, of Monteith's Theatre of Mortality.

5. David, a wine-merchant in Edinburgh.

6. Mr Archibald.

II. Alexander Calderwood, born in 1621, married Janet Moffat in 1645. He was long Bailie of Dalkeith, and a person of note there. Nisbet tells us that he bore the arms of Calderwood of Piteadie, with the saltier invected for difference; and James Calderwood, "the gudeman of Sauchney," witnessed the baptism of his brother James, along with James Douglas of Morton. Of his nine sons, the sixth became

III. Sir William Calderwood of Polton. He was born in 1661, and admitted advocate in 1687; he was Sheriff-depute of the county of Edinburgh, and had been knighted before 1706. In 1711, he purchased the estate of Polton, and being elevated to the bench of the Courts of Session and Justiciary in the same year, he assumed his title from that property as Lord Polton.* His character is thus drawn by his talented

* The lands and mill of Polton belonged to the chapel of the hospital of St Leonard the Abbot, at the bridge of Lasswade, yielding six merks yearly for its support, and for maintenance of four weekly masses there. In 1500, the Chaplain, Sir David Ramsay, who was also Rector of Foulden, feued out Polton, with consent of the patron, Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalwholsy, at an annual duty of twenty-four merks, for the avowed purpose of thereby better upholding the building and utensils of the chapel, and of securing the daily performance of mass.

daughter-in-law, Mrs Calderwood. "Lord Polton lived to a great age, had been all his life employed in the law, was long Sheriff of the county, and related to many of the families, and connected in friendship with most of the people of greatest fortune. He had many years filled a seat on the bench of our Judges with great dignity of character, as an upright, judicious, dispassionate man, and never interfered in politics, which in his time had run very high." He married first, in 1706, Margaret, second daughter of Mr Thomas Leirmont, advocate, whose wife was one of the Riccarton Craigs, and who was nearly related to the families of Case of Cockpen, Hay of Alderston, and Ramsay of Whitehill; secondly, in 1721, Alice Watt, widow of Walter Scott of Edenshead, in Fife, whom she had married in 1695. Before his death in 1733, he had acquired the barony of Mountwhanny in Fife.

By his former wife he left issue,

1. Thomas, an advocate, who succeeded him.

2. Alexander, of whom the only notice preserved is a very sensible sketch of his Tour in Italy in 1724, which, however, would hardly bear comparison with the racy Journal of his sister-in-law, which forms Part Second of this volume.

3. Helen, who married, in 1732, Mr William Congalton, advocate, only son of Charles Congalton of Congalton, but died without issue within a year.

4. Jean, who married, in 1730, Sir Robert Stewart of Tillycoultry, Baronet, advocate.

IV. Thomas Calderwood of Polton inherited considerable wealth from his father, and in March 1735 married Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir James Steuart of Goodtrees, Baronet, Solicitor-General for Scotland, by Anna, daughter of Sir Hew Dalrymple of Northberwick, President of the Court of Session, who was then in her twentieth year. Mr Calderwood appears to have been an easy, indolent man, with very indifferent health, who, having discovered in his wife superior qualifica-

tions for the conduct of family affairs, devolved upon her the whole management of his concerns. How she acquitted herself of this onerous charge we shall presently see; meanwhile, it may be well to learn from the testimony of her cousin, Miss Mure, whose Recollections of manners we have already had occasion to quote, how far such qualities were usual among her contemporaries. "Mothers could then give little attention to their girls; domestick affairs and amusing her husband was the business of a good wife. Those that could affoard governesses for their children had them, but all they could learn them was to read English ill, and plain work. No attention was given to what we call accomplishments; reading or writing well, or even spelling, was never thought of. . . . . They had few books to read that they could understand; whoever had read Pope, Addison, and Swift, with some ill wrot history, was then thought a learned lady, which character was by no means agreable."

After being married twenty-one years, Mr and Mrs Calderwood undertook a journey to the Low Countries, induced probably by a wish to visit her long expatriated brother, Sir James Steuart, then resident at Spa, and in the hope of advancing the education of her two boys, the elder of whom was eleven years of age. The very copious narrative of the former portion of this tour, which Mrs Calderwood wrote for her only daughter, then Mrs Durham of Largo, is faithfully printed in Part Second of this volume. When read with reference to the preceding account of the education of Scotish gentlewomen of her day, it may well be considered a literary curiosity; but, on its own merits, the store of minute and curious observation, the keen sarcasms, the entertaining gossip, and the shrewd mother-wit with which every page abounds, render it a very interesting production, and induce us to regret the discontinuance or loss of the latter portion of their residence at Brussels and return home. Although written as the hurry of their journey allowed, and despatched as opportunities offered, without revision or correction, Mrs Calderwood seems to have had some idea of its literary merit, and

to have been encouraged to more ambitious undertakings. There is, in the possession of her great-grandson, Mr Durham of Largo, her manuscript of "The Adventures of Fanny Roberts, wrote to a friend, by herself," a dull novel, somewhat in the style of Richardson, partaking of the licence of Fielding. Even in her Journey, vastly superior to it in every other respect, there are passages and expressions whose freedom must shock the refinement of our times. In explanation of such, occurring in the descriptions written by a lady for the perusal of her daughter, it is sufficient to remember the style of Swift, of Fielding, and of Smollett, and to quote once more from Miss Mure's Remarks, "The women were undelicate in their conversation, and vulgar in their manners; even after the rebellion of 1745, these did not change much, and were undelicate in the married ones."

Mr and Mrs Calderwood returned to London in the spring of 1757, and in the following year, Mr Calderwood devolved upon his wife the entire management of his estates and family affairs. The Journal of her "factorship," which she kept during the eight years this arrangement subsisted, displays much practical good sense, and may still be read with advantage. The three objects which chiefly occupied her attention were the improvement of the estates in agriculture and rental, the extension of political influence, and the education of her sons. The course she adopted, with a view to the first of these, was "to give the farmers a present of a treatise upon agriculture. Though they should not follow many of the rules there laid down, yet it furnishes them with new ideas, and may incite their curiosity to try new things much recommended. And here I may observe, that now when all the country people can read, they ought to be furnished with such books as can improve their understandings, in things that can be of use to themselves and to the country, at a cheap rate. That the books which they read have much effect upon them, is to be seen by the wild enthusiastic turn of the country people, from no reason, but because they are furnished with books of that kind, at a very low rate, which throw a gloom upon their mind,

and give the same cast to their conversation when they meet together. Whereas, if they were provided with books of amusement, and upon their own business, it would very soon produce a great change. A little money bestowed by gentilmen in this way, by getting a few practicall treatises upon husbandry printed and dispersed, would do much more good than a great deall laid out for example; for no country farmer thinks more of imitating his master in the expense of his improvements, than he does in furnishing his table in the same manner." It is curious to find a woman entertaining ideas so much in advance of the times in which she lived; that she applied them to good purpose is apparent, from the fact of her having, in eight years, laid out upon the estates nearly L.6000, and raised their rental from L.827 to L.1258.

In the management of the family influence, her proceedings were not less sagacious. "Any man whose esteat lies in the county of Edinburgh, who is related and connected with it, and who has engadged in the business of the law, either at the bar, or upon the Bench, must have a very considerable failling in his character, not to acquire a superior regard to himself and family, to any other person of equall or superior fortune." Acting upon this impression, which a retrospect of the county of Edinburgh, during the last century, may well stamp with a prophetic character, Mrs Calderwood, with her husband's consent, sold his property of Bonjedward in Tweeddale, and applied the price to the purchase of Linhouse. That this acquisition did not realise the full benefit which she anticipated, was in part owing to the backward nature of its soil; but she was thus enabled to hand over to her elder son six thousand acres of land in Mid Lothian, on his coming of age, and receiving from his father the family estate. This arrangement, until lately very commonly practised by Scotish landholders, is thus explained in her own words: "My eldest son having now attained majority, his father has most readily agreed to put his affairs into his management, by first putting him in fee [or property] of the esteat, and then granting him a leass of it at the rent it stood at when I received the factory of it, [viz. L.827,] out of

which tack-duty Mr Calderwood is still to support his sons and family as formerly, and what remains to my son is to be laid out upon the improvement of the esteat." The readiness with which she thus voluntarily devolved the whole command of the estates, and gave up the enjoyment of a third of their income, is a striking example of maternal and disinterested affection.

There is at Polton a portrait of Mrs Calderwood, displaying much of her mother's beauty, which, with her lively talents, has been transmitted to many of the descendants of Anna Dalrymple. She survived Mr Calderwood only eight months, and died in 1774, having had by him four children,

1. William his heir.

2. James, regarding whom his mother thus writes: "Having to think of what way of life my youngest son was likely to point at, I wrote to Professor Hamilton [of Edinburgh] to ask his oppinion, without letting him know my reason of enquiry. His answer was, that he was the finest boy he ever had under his care, and fit for any business he should be put to, but that he did not seem to point to anything in particular. That, as for his learning, he did not seem fond of applying to the Latin; he was making little progress in the French; and did not seem at all to relish the arithmetick; and for his writing, he was sorry to say that I was a judge of that by his letters. 'Here is my son,' says I, 'the finest boy ever Professor Hamilton had under his care; a second brother, and his fortoune to make; near fourteen years of age, and has been educate in London, and has had opportunity of seeing every different employment by which people make their fortoune; knows it is not the milk and meal of a farm can support him; so wise as to be superior to his years, and yet not pointing nor thinking of any employment; and no application given to the very fundamentalls of the lawyer, the physician, nor the merchant, and cannot be got out of bed in the morning! This youth must follow an employment where he can be a very pretty fellow; the most agreeable, the finest lad in the world, without either solidity or ap-

plication, and who will get money as fast while he is asleep as when he is awake; and surely, for the benefit of all such was a standing army first established in Great Britain.'" Notwithstanding this caustic sketch, James seems to have imbibed from his Professor somewhat of that Scotch "feelosophy," the tendency to which has brought upon our countrymen no small portion of ridicule; symptoms whereof are sufficiently apparent in this letter, written to his sister, Mrs Durham, from France, while waiting for his commission.

"*Reims, February* 15, 1768.

"When once a thing becomes a duty, it becomes disagreeable. Ever since my mother reproached me for not answering your letter, I have felt an inclination to delay it still longer, not because I am not desirous of the pleasure of writing to you, but because I feel it incumbent upon me to make an apology. Indeed, I shall make but a poor figure if I attempt to give reasons for my neglect; for the only one that can be made use of is so hackneyed, and so much worse than the offence, that, when I tell you that I thought my letters would not be worth the postage, you will perhaps answer, that you had rather that I should forget you alltogether, than form a bad opinion of your generosity. I have as yet found everything superiour to my expectations, and, except last winter in Edinburgh, I don't know that I ever spent any part of my life more happily. I have several masters, and I feel myself considerably improved. I could give you an account of my proceedings, but I suppose you have already been informed of them from my mother, to whom I gave an exact detail, which, of all methods of writing, is the most uninteresting,—to use the French phrase, (for you must expect such airs,) I act here a very good *role*, and I don't believe my self-conceit was ever so nourished. Upon my arrival, I found five or six English, fresh imported from Eton; but ignorant and light-headed. I immediately saw that I must play my cards in a stile quite opposite. Accordingly, I took a *ton philosophique*, pushed conversations upon abstruse subjects, and,

with the little smatterings that I picked up last winter, I acquitted myself better than I could have done in my own language. As the difficulty of expression rendered it impossible to go very deep into the subject, my faults were attributed to words, and not to ideas; and they all supposed me well instructed, since I had the impudence to hold forth,—particularly those who had never acquired technical terms, and assurance in a rhetorical society. You may think that my attempt was a little dangerous, but, however, it was my only method, for I had no chance with a Frenchman in vivacity or imagination; and their prejudice is so strong in favours of our *solidity*, that an Englishman has nothing to do but to shut himself three parts of the day in his room, and hold his tongue in company, to acquire the reputation of a philosopher. There are, however, two considerations, which, notwithstanding all the flattery and success that I have met with, torment me incessantly. The one is, that, always accustomed to hear my own faults with a friendly familiarity, and to have every opinion criticised with the utmost rigour, I may become so intoxicated with my own merits as to have my character more spoiled by my stay in France than any slight acquisitions will indemnify; for I have not one acquaintance to give me the smallest advice, except upon the etiquette, or the rules of pronounciation. My other cause of inquietude is, that as I pass here for a *garçon d'esprit*, I am not certain but they are as much deceived with regard to my parts as to my knowledge. I can feel myself ignorant, but the weakness of human nature will never allow me to feel myself deficient in understanding; on the contrary, I cannot divest myself of a perpetual prepossession in my own favour, and, when I reflect, I find that the greatest fools are the most subject to the same feeling; it is impossible, therefore, for a man ever to know himself; he may perhaps discover his moral qualities, but, for the analysis of his parts, or, more properly, his *esprit*, he can never arrive at any certitude. The more he enquires, the more he finds reason to be satisfied, and in that satisfaction he becomes the most unworthy of his own applause. Ever since the rise and fall of my unfortunate

cousin, I have found how dangerous it is to be considered above *par*, and yet I don't know but I am this instant in the same situation, and may hereafter experience the same consequences;—in short, it is a truth I can never be informed of without the assistance of some friend who has the discernment to distinguish without prejudice, and the goodness to inform me, without either softening or exaggerating the circumstances. You will be at no loss to discover, by this preamble, to whom I mean to address myself; and, to tell you the truth, it is the principal occasion of this letter. Whom else would I ask? Bob Pringle has not lived with me for five years, Willie, I daresay, never gave himself the trouble to enquire, and my mother looks upon me with the partiality of every mother. You have seen me at all ages, with interruptions sufficient to excite your observations, as upon a new thing, and with continuance sufficient to make a proper tryal. In short, you are the only one that can decide, at least the only one upon whose judgement I shall rely. Be so good as to give me a succinct account of the different constituents of my *esprit*, arranged in a metaphysical order, the result of your own remarks, or the opinions of others;—it perhaps may be an amusement to you, and I am certain it will be of infinite service to me. I beg my compliments to all my friends, and believe me, yours affectionately,

"Jas. Calderwood.

"P.S.—Upon reading over what I have wrote, a new doubt has occurred to me, which will convince you of the perplexity of my situation. For my life I could not answer whether I have asked your opinion through a desire of being informed, or from the vanity of starting an ingenious question. We all pretend to decide on the motives of others, yet we all remain ignorant of our own!"

He died, unmarried, at New York in 1770, captain of the 26th regiment.

3. Anne, eventually heiress of Polton.
4. Margaret, who died unmarried.

V. William Calderwood of Polton, born in 1745, was sent to Westminster school after the return of his family from the continent. As it was his mother's ambition to make him "both a soldier and a gentleman," she procured for him a cornetcy in the first Horse-Guards, and afterwards sent him for fifteen months to France. He attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in that regiment, which gave him the official post of Silverstick, for which his handsome figure was well adapted: but he was more distinguished for science than military ardour, his favourite pursuit being astronomy. In 1780, he married Anne, daughter of Colonel John Balneaves of Cairnbadie, (by Preston, daughter of James Durham of Largo,) and widow of George Oliphant Kinloch of Kinloch, who died two years after, without issue.

He died in 1787, at Lausanne, where a monument is erected in the Cathedral to his memory, and was succeeded by his sister Anne.

V. Anne Calderwood of Polton succeeded to her brother's estates in 1787, and soon afterwards sold those of Linhouse, Buteland, and Stewarthill. She had married, in 1753, when scarcely seventeen, James Durham of Largo, the great-grandson of Mr James Durham of Easter Powrie, minister of Glasgow, a zealous supporter of the Covenant, and a distinguished theological writer, who had exchanged the sabre of a dragoon officer for the weapons of a spiritual warfare, and "retrinched his scarlet cloak and habite" for a Geneva gown and bands. The descent of the Durhams, formerly of Pitkerrow, now of Largo, will be found in Douglas's Baronage, p. 473. Mr Durham died in 1808, leaving by Miss Calderwood,

1. James Durham of Largo.
2. Thomas Durham Calderwood of Polton.
3. Sir Philip Charles Henderson Calderwood Durham, now of Polton.
4. William, an advocate, who died unmarried.
5. Margaret, married, in 1783, to James Strange, of the Honourable East India Company's Civil Service, eldest son of Sir Robert Strange,

the eminent engraver. She died in 1791, leaving an only child, Isabella, married, in 1807, to the Honourable James Wolfe Murray of Cringletie, who has been noticed at p. 387.

VI. James Durham of Largo was born in 1754, and entered the army at fifteen; in 1794, he was appointed Colonel of the Fifeshire regiment of Fencibles, which he had raised, and immediately obtained the rank of Brigadier-General. He served in the Irish Rebellion, and, during the war, was chiefly employed on the home staff, having for some years the command of the Eastern District of Scotland. In 1830 he attained the rank of General in the army. "He succeeded to the estate of Largo in 1808, and, retiring some years thereafter from the more active pursuits of military life, passed the evening of his days in the quiet but useful pursuits of the country-gentleman. Residing almost constantly at his beautiful seat of Largo, he maintained there the hospitality of the olden times. As a landlord he was kind and liberal to his attached tenantry, and, himself an intelligent and zealous agriculturist, was ever ready to lead the way in the adoption and prosecution of every useful discovery or practical improvement in agriculture. He was

'Blest with a temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.'

His disposition was kind, neighbourly, and humane. Easy of access to all classes, his manners were singularly affable and natural. To the wants of the poor, as the district can well testify, his heart and his purse were alike open. In him the country-gentleman had an interesting representative, and by his death was snapped one of the last links connecting the present with a former generation of the nobility and landed aristocracy of this country. Although arrived at an extreme age, he was free from its concomitant infirmities, and, till within a few days of his death, was in possession of an unbroken constitution, and in the enjoy-

ment of excellent health, performing to the last the duties of Convener of his native county."

He married, first, in 1778, Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Sheldon, who died in 1826; and, secondly, in 1827, Margaret, eldest daughter of Colonel John Anstruther Thomson of Charlton, who survives him. Dying at Largo on the 6th February 1840, without issue, he was succeeded by his nephew, Thomas Durham Calderwood of Polton, son of

VI.* Thomas Durham Calderwood of Polton, on whom his mother had entailed that estate, and her family name. He was Lieutenant-Colonel in the Fifeshire Fencibles, and married, in 1794, Elizabeth, daughter of James Young of Netherfield, in the county of Lanark, by Lillias, daughter of John Alston of Broomly in Dunbartonshire. Dying in 1815, he left,

1. James Steuart.
2. Thomas.
3. Lillias, married in 1822 to Robert Dundas of Arniston, whose premature death, in 1838, was widely and most deeply lamented. He left,

Robert Dundas, now of Arniston.
Thomas.
William.
James Durham.
Elizabeth.
Anne.

VII. James Steuart Calderwood of Polton was Lieutenant in the 12th Lancers; succeeded his father in 1815, when twenty-one years of age, and died unmarried in 1818, at Lausanne, where his memory is preserved by a monument in the Cathedral, close to that of his grand-uncle, which had been placed there thirty-one years before.

* In consequence of the insertion in the text of one earlier generation of the Calderwoods, discovered since the Genealogical Table was printed off, these numerals do not correspond with it.

VII. Thomas Calderwood of Polton succeeded his brother, and quitted the naval service on his marriage with Anna, eldest daughter of William Cunninghame Cunninghame Graham of Finlaystoun and Gartmore. Succeeding to General Durham in 1840, as heir-male of that ancient family, he became Thomas Durham of Largo, and is heir-general of the Calderwoods of Polton, and of the Steuarts of Kirkfield, Coltness, and Goodtrees. But the estate of Polton devolved thereby on his uncle,

VI. Admiral Sir Philip Charles Henderson Calderwood Durham, now of Fordel and Polton. He was born in 1763, and having entered the navy in 1777, was acting signal-officer in the Royal George, when she foundered at Spithead in 1782, a catastrophe which on y two of her officers survived. He was promoted as Lieutenant in that year, and as Commander in 1790; was posted in 1793; made Rear-Admiral in 1810; commanded a squadron in the Baltic and North Seas in 1811 and 1812; became Commander-in-Chief in the Leeward Islands in 1813; Vice-Admiral in 1819; Admiral in 1830; and Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth in 1836.

The details of Sir Philip Durham's exploits, and the perhaps unequalled number of prizes captured by him, would extend far beyond the limits of this brief notice, but will be found in every page of our naval annals. Ever alert at the call of duty, postponing every private object or personal consideration, when opportunities for public service could be found, an almost uninterrupted course of professional employment, and a not less remarkable series of victories, fell to his share, from the 13th February 1793,—when, as Commander of the Spitfire, he took the first tricolor flag that was struck to the British ensign, within two days after hostilities had been declared,—until, by a singular coincidence, the last French colours, at the close of the long war, were hauled down in Guadaloupe, at his summons, on the 10th of August 1815.

Whilst the skill, energy, and success of his career, during that pro-

tracted struggle, have gained for his name an unfading renown, his King and country have not been wanting in gratitude for his good service. In 1815 he was named a Knight Commander of the Bath, and in 1830 was elevated to the rank of a Grand Cross of that order. In 1793 the merchants of London voted him a splendid piece of plate for his activity in suppressing the ravages of privateers on the British coast. In 1802 his zeal in the protection of their trade was acknowledged by the Honourable East India Company, in a service of plate valued at four hundred guineas. At Trafalgar, he commanded the Defiance, 74, and was severely wounded in the leg and side; services for which he received the Trafalgar medal. Next year he was presented with a full-dress sword from the patriotic fund at Lloyd's, a tribute to the obligations which the commercial interest of England owed to his indefatigable gallantry. On retiring from his command in the West Indies, in 1815, his attention to the duties of his station, and to the interests of the Islands, was testified by various authorities, in addresses and votes of thanks, which will be found at Vol. I. p. 868, of Marshall's Naval Biography, and which were accompanied by the presentation of plate to the amount of five hundred pounds from Barbadoes, of a sword valued at a hundred guineas from Trinidad, and of a magnificent diamond star of the Bath from St Thomas's.

In 1808, he was sent to Gibraltar in the Renown, 74, to attend upon Prince Leopold of Naples, and convey him to Sicily. The Prince had with him his suite, and the Neapolitan Admiral with three frigates, but dreading the Algerine cruizers, they preferred embarking in the Renown, which convoyed their squadron to Palermo. Captain Durham, having declined accepting from the Prince any pecuniary remuneration, was presented by his father, the King of Naples, with a gold snuff-box, set with brilliants, and worth twelve hundred guineas. Next year, he received in the following order, dated off Toulon, an interesting memento of the gallant Collingwood:

"DEAR CAPTAIN,

"The Enemy are at single anchor in superior force. I have given you the command of the Third Division of the fleet; should they come out, you will hoist a broad red pendant. If they do so, it will be a *red ribbon* to you, which is all that can be done for you by

"Your old friend,

"COLLINGWOOD."

The enemy's fleet did come out, but on seeing the reception prepared for them, returned to their anchorage: Captain Durham was for a time disappointed of his decoration, and Lord Collingwood deprived of one additional laurel to his undying fame.

The importance of his exertions, in preserving to the Bourbon dynasty the French West Indian colonies in 1815, was ever gratefully acknowledged in public and in private by Louis XVIII. and Charles X., and was rewarded by the former with the Cross of Military Merit of France, a distinction never conferred on any other British subject.

Sir Philip married, first, in 1799, the Lady Charlotte Bruce, third daughter of Charles fifth Earl of Elgin, who died in 1816 without issue; secondly, in 1817, Anne, only child and heiress of Sir John Henderson of Fordel, Baronet, whose pedigree is set forth at p. 518 of Douglas's Baronage.

SECTION VIII.—OF THE ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE STEWARTS OF ALLANTON AND THEIR CADETS.

It may not be inappropriate to conclude these Collections with some account of the armorial distinctions of that branch of the Stewarts whom we have been considering; the more, as great confusion and inconsistency have arisen, from the loose way in which various individuals have been

permitted to draw upon their own fancy, in departing from, or in ornamenting, the proper arms of this race.

In consequence of the unfortunate destruction of the records of the Lyon Office by fire, late in the seventeenth century, the antiquary is thrown upon various other sources for information as to the early heraldry of Scotland. Among these authorities is the well known MS. of Pont, in which we find the first notice of arms borne by the Stewarts of Allanton. Beginning with it, we shall follow the curious changes of armorial bearings which the Lyon records now contain, in connection with that family and their cadets.

Nisbet, in his Heraldry, Vol. I. pp. 52 and 292, quotes from Pont's MS.: "Stewart of Allanton, or, a fesse chequé azure and argent, and in chief a lion passant gules, armed azure." It is impossible now to decide whether this extract rests on the authority of family MSS., or whether the subjoined sentence from the unedited portion of the Denham Memoir has merely adopted Pont's statement: "There is clear tradition that Captain Allan" [of Daldowie, stated to be the son of Sir Allan, the hero of Morningside, *alias* McMorin-muir, and great-grandson of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill] "received military honours at Lochmaben Castle, being knighted under the benner, and henceforth we shall adventur to design him Sir Allwin: and, above all, he had ane addition to his paternall coat armoriall, viz. a lyon passant above the fesse chequé, and thus it stands matriculate in the Lyon's Register." The latter part of this statement is certainly unfounded, as there were then no matriculations whatever in the Register, belonging to the Allanton family, and only two entries of their cadets, both, as we shall presently see, differing widely from Pont, from the Denham Memoir, and from each other. The former portion of Sir Archibald's statement requires no discussion here, as it belongs to a matter foreign to the object of this volume; but it may be well, in passing, to mention that it is the only authority as yet discovered, for the ornamental appendages, to be immediately mentioned, in the latest patent of arms obtained by the Stewarts of Allanton, with

which, therefore, it ought to be compared. If the field of Morningside was a historical fact, it is to be regretted that the public are not in possession of some more distinct information on the subject, than is afforded by the Denham Memoir, and by that patent. What the latter represents as a battle, commanded (and by inference gained) by Sir Allan of Daldowie in 1385, is narrated by Sir Archibald Denham as the skirmish of a few stragglers in 1448, with a strolling party of English of far superior numbers, in which Captain Allan was killed, and his men, "overpowered by numbers, made their escape under night." We turn in vain to the page of history for the means of reconciling these authorities, and solving our doubts.

The earliest entry connected with Allanton, which the Lyon Records contain, is in 1695, and runs thus: "Walter Stewart, merchant in London, and third lawfull sone to Sir Thomas Stewart of Cultness, who is descendit of the family of Allanton, *and that again of Castlemilk*, bears or, a bend gules, over all a fesse checkie, argent and azure; a border checkie of the same: Crest, a thistle and a sprig of rose-tree crossing other in saltier: motto, JUVANT ASPERA PROBUM." This gives us the arms of the Stewarts of Castlemilk with a difference. The next matriculation, however, introduces to our notice the bend borne *over* the fesse, in the manner of the house of Dalswinton. It is in favour of Sir James Steuart, the political economist, and is dated 1745: "Or, a fesse chequé, azure and argent, surmounted of a bend gules, and thereupon a badge of Nova Scotia; crest, a thistle and sprig of a rose-tree crossing other in saltire proper; motto, JUVANT ASPERA PROBUM."

The first notice of the Stewarts of Allanton, to be found in the Records of the Lyon Office, is the patent granted in 1789 to the late Sir Henry Steuart, in the following terms:

"Henry Steuart of Allanton, descended from Robert Stewart of Daldue, sixth son of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, bears, quarterly, first and fourth, or, a fesse chequé, azure and argent, in chief a lion passant guardant gules, and in base three buckles two and one azure, for Stew-

art; second and third argent, a saltyre engrailed and chief gules, for Tait of Ernock: Crest, a dexter hand issuing out of the wreath holding a thistle, both proper: motto, ASPERA JUVANT, and on a compartment below the shield, VIRTUTIS PREMIUM: Supporters, two lions rampant guardant proper, armed and langued gules, collared or, each collar charged with three buckles azure."

This is just the coat assigned by Pont to this family, interpolated with three buckles, which are obviously borrowed from the Bonkill arms, although without the bend characteristic of that race. We have, in the next matriculation, "confusion worse confounded," in an attempt to unite the old bearings of Bonkill with those of Allanton, by the late General Sir James Steuart Denham, in total oblivion of his father's patent.

"Sir James Steuart Denham of Coltness and Goodtrees, Baronet, bears, quarterly, first and fourth, or, a fesse chequé azure and argent, surmounted of a bend gules charged with three buckles argent, in chief a lion passant guardant of the fourth, for Steuart of Coltness and Goodtrees; second and third, gules, a chevron argent between three cranes' heads erazed or, for Denham of Westshield: Crest, a thistle and sprig of a rose-tree crossing other in saltyre, both proper: Motto, JUVANT ASPERA PROBUM: Supporters, two cranes proper:"—dated February 7, 1810.

Finally, we reach the revised and amended, or, at all events, ornamented shield, granted to the late Sir Henry Steuart in 1814, on his being made a Baronet. By an unfortunate laxity then prevalent in the department of the Lord Lyon, the historical authorities for these feats of arms do not seem to have been produced; at all events, they have neither been preserved nor quoted:

"Sir Henry Steuart of Allanton, Baronet, who is thirteenth in descent from Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, * * * * and who is at the head of that branch of the house of Bonkill, * * * * bears or, a fesse chequé azure and argent, surmounted of a bend gules, charged with three buckles of the field; on a sinister canton gules, a lion passant guardant

or, pierced with a dart proper, (being a special grant of the English lion from King Robert II. to Sir Allan Steuart of Allanton and Daldue, on account of the battle of Morningside, at which he commanded against the English in the year 1385;) and in base a broken spear surmounted of a helmet, both proper, as a farther mark of his gallantry in that engagement; and over all, the badge of a Baronet of the United Kingdom: Crest, issuing out of an earl's coronet complete argent, a dexter hand holding a thistle, both proper: Motto above, JUVANT ASPERA FORTEIS: On a compartment, whereon is this motto, VIRTUTIS IN BELLO PREMIUM, are placed for supporters two lions rampant, guardant proper, armed and langued gules, collared of the last, each charged with three buckles or."

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I. [page 26.]

THE Coltness burying-ground, in the Greyfriars' Churchyard in Edinburgh, displays no monument to any of those numerous members of the race, whose interment there is mentioned in the Denham Memoir, nor to the Lord Advocate, whose name appears in the obituary of that church. The oldest tablet is that erected by Sir Archibald Stewart Denham to his wife and children. This spot has of late been adopted by the Murrays of Cringletie as their "narrow house," and now bears the following inscriptions.

1.

JEAN WARRENDER, LADY DENHAM,
DISCHARGED THE DUTIES OF FRAIL LIFE,
AS A WIFE, MOTHER, FRIEND, WITH AFFECTIONATE
ELEGANCE, PROPRIETY, AND FIDELITY: D. FEB. 2, 1770.
SIR ARCHIBALD DENHAM, BART. INSCRIBED THIS
TO HER MEMORY, AND OVER HER REMAINS.
GRIZEL, THEIR DAUGHTER, B. OCT. 3, 1727,
D. MAR. 26, 1754, HERE INTERRED.
CAPT. THOMAS, THEIR SON, B. NOV. 16, 1725,
D. AT ASHFIELD IN HESSE, GERMANY,
MAR. 22, 1761, B. IN CHURCH THERE.
EHEU LIBERI OPT: SED
NON POSTERI!

2.

BENEATH
ARE INTERRED THE REMAINS
OF
MRS MARIANNE MURRAY,
RELICT OF
ALEXANDER MURRAY, ESQUIRE,
OF CRINGLETIE,
THE MOTHER, VENERABLE AND REVERED, OF
JAMES WOLFE MURRAY, ESQUIRE,
WHOSE DUST REPOSES
IN THE ADJOINING GRAVE.
SHE WAS DAUGHTER OF
SIR JAMES STEUART OF COLTNESS,
BART., SOLICITOR-GENERAL,
AND M.P. FOR THE COUNTY OF EDINBURGH,
BY
ANNE, DAUGHTER OF
SIR HUGH DALRYMPLE
OF NORTH BERWICK,
LORD PRESIDENT
OF THE COURT OF SESSION.
AND HERE
CATHARINE STEUART,
HER DAUGHTER,
WHO DIED UNMARRIED
IN 1835, AGED 79,
WAS INTERRED AT HER SIDE.

3.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
JAMES WOLFE MURRAY, ESQUIRE,
OF CRINGLETIE,
FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS
A SENATOR OF THE COLLEGE OF JUSTICE,
AND OF THE JURY COURT:
HE WAS BORN IN 1759,
AND DIED AT THE AGE OF 77, IN 1836.
HIS FATHER,
ALEXANDER MURRAY, ESQUIRE,
OF CRINGLETIE,
SERVED WITH DISTINCTION IN AMERICA
UNDER GENERAL WOLFE,
AND, HAVING BEEN PRESENT
AT THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC,
GAVE HIS SON
(BORN AT LOUISBURG IN THE SAME YEAR)
THE NAME OF THE RENOWNED LEADER
WHO FELL ON THAT OCCASION.
THIS TABLET
IS ERECTED BY
ISABELLA STRANGE, HIS WIDOW,
AND TWELVE SURVIVING CHILDREN,
THAT, IN THIS PLACE OF TOMBS,
THE REMAINS OF ONE
WHOM PRIVATE WORTH AND PUBLIC USEFULNESS,
A HIGH SENSE OF HONOR,
AND THE MOST

ZEALOUS DISCHARGE OF EVERY DUTY
ALIKE DISTINGUISHED,
MAY NOT MOULDER IN AN
UNKNOWN GRAVE.

4.

HERE ALSO,
WHERE YOUNG AND OLD MEET TOGETHER,
THE ASHES REST
OF
ALICIA STEUART,
A MUCH LOVED DAUGHTER,
WHO,
BLOOMING BUT TO PERISH,
DIED,
ADORNED WITH EVERY GRACE AND
VIRTUE,
FEBRUARY 19TH 1833,
AT THE AGE OF TWENTY YEARS.

Plucked from its stem, the bud, before the flower
Had felt the blight of winter's chilling hour,
Weaned from a life with grief and sorrows fraught,
When time its tale of tears had scarcely taught,
Her fragile form here found that sacred rest
Her soul had sought in mansions of the blest.

The context of these lines, by the Editor of the present volume, is as follows :

"Then cease to grieve! your tears no longer shed,
O'er this your loved ALICIA'S narrow bed;
Though prized the promise of her talents high,
Though bright the beam of genius in her eye,
Though beauty's charms were hers, and music's art,
Though sweet her temper, and unstained her heart,
These graces, for our earth too amply given,
Are now, we humbly trust, embalmed in Heaven."

Having said so much of the last resting-place of the Coltness Stewarts in Edinburgh, we may conclude this notice with an extract from the unedited Chapters of the Denham Memoir, regarding their tombs at Camnethan, in the original parish church, and in its successor, which has been of late also abandoned.

"The new church of Cambusnethan was erected at Greenhead in *anno* 1650, being a place more centricall for the paroch, and has a burying-ground around it, and most new comers burry there, such as Sir John Harper, late of Cambusnethan, and the Castelhill Lockharts, that now possess Cambusnethan. But the funeral monument of the Stewarts stands firme in the old consecrate ground, though both Alenton's and the now Coltness family have deserted it. Sir Thomas Stewart of Coltness was burried there in Aprile 1698; and William Stewart, late of Alenton, was burried there Aprile 1703, and is likely the last to be deposited with his ancestors, James Stewart, now of Alenton, having inclosed a peice of ground closs to the new church, where two sydes of the square are the church walls, to-witt, that on the south and on the west. And Sir James Stewart of Gutters, (who came by purchase joyntly with his father, Sir James Lord Advocate, to the lands and estate of Coltness

in August 1712,) died August 9, 1727, at Cultness, and lyes burried in the new church, in the church-isle, and a fine monument of marbell [is] erected with ane inscription: but Sir Thomas Stewart, who at first built and possessed this parte of the church, did not thinke of making it for a family tombe. There is a distick over the entry to it, dated 1670,

> All ye my vain thowghts stay ye here,
> Becaws my God I do draw near."

The pompous inscription to the memory of Bailie Robeson, on his vain-glorious monument in the Greyfriars' churchyard, which is noticed at p. 48 of the Denham Memoir, is thus given in Maitland's History of Edinburgh:

E. M. S.

HIC SITUS EST THOMAS ROBERTSONUS,

Prætor Edinburgenus æquissimus, vir superis apprime charus, qui clarissimum Robertsoniorum nomen virtute sua plurimum illustravit; pietate in Deo, fide in Regem, amore in patriam, humanitate erga omnes insignis; prudentia, integritate in rebus agendis, solertia nemini secundus; pauperum spes et caput, artificum columen, urbis exornator si non conditor, civium deliciæ, gentis desiderium; conjugi optimo, patri amantissimo, uxor et liberi hæredes mœsti posuere. Obiit XI. Cal. Octobris, Anno Domini M.DC.LXXXVI. ætatis suæ LXIII.

VIVIT POST FUNERA VIRTUS!

II. and III.—[pp. 40, 79.]

An account of Sir James Steuart of Goodtrees, Lord Advocate, will be found at pp. 359 to 374 of this volume, which renders any farther notice of him unnecessary in this place.

IV.—[p. 96.]

This letter, from the Earl of Findlater and Seafield, has been already printed above, at p. 348. The younger brother here referred to was Sir Robert Stewart, the first of Allanbank, created a Baronet in 1687.

V.—[p. 123.]

Archibald, only son of Sir Robert Stewart, first Baronet of Allanbank, by his second wife Helen, daughter of Sir Archibald Cockburn of Langton, was born in 1697, and bred a wine-merchant in Edinburgh. He was Lord Provost when that city was occupied by the rebel army in 1745, and, for his alleged partizanship in their behalf, he was tried and acquitted the year after. As the trial has been printed, it is unnecessary here to enter farther upon this subject. Having removed to London, he carried on his business there, and purchased Mitcham, in Surrey. His male line having failed, he is now represented by Sir John Marjoribanks of Lees, Baronet.

VI.—[p. 392.]

1.

ON THE SETTEING OF THAT FAMOUS AND LONG SHYNEING LIGHT OF OUR CHURCH, THE REVEREND MR DAVID CALDERWOODE; OBIIT JEDBURGH, OCT. 29, HOR. 2, AN. M.DC.L.

Stand, passenger, amazed! attentione lende;
Observe with wonder what this may portende.
Two heavenli lanterns, mortalls' guideing light,
Both thus ecclypsed in the same sad night;
The one, night's ruler, plac't by pow'r divine,
The other, that which to our church did shyne.

I hertli wish her tossed vessell may
Not now be spleated; this I'l ever pray,
For t's dangreus saileing without moone or sterr;
In such a course peylats may blindli erre,
Best peylats may; sure once our prelats did
When most men's lights were under bussells hidde.
Thes ferceli rusheing, both ther church and self,
Lyk to make shipwrake on the Roman shelf,
Till this great light, which doth obumbrat ly,
Shall shew furth the way, and dangers did descry;
So did her safelie to the harbrie guyde,
Wher long most shee in puritie abyde;
Bot hears the hazard if, as 't's lyke, our kirke
Shall yet be tossed, as the fleeting barke,
In this sad night of danger. O to see
Of what sad events thes prognosticks bee!
Great lights ecclypsed, such load-starrs thus gone doune,
Doe presage darkness; darkness' errours froune.
Bright world's light! raise lights to guyd our way,
Till on this night doe daw th' eternall day.

p. M. H. K.

2.

UPON THE DEATH OF MR DAVID CALDERWOOD, MINISTER AT PENCAITLAND, WHO DIED THE 29TH OF OCTOBER, 1650 YEIRS.

The wood is fallin, the church not built,
Nor Reformatione endit;
The cedar great is now cutt doun,
Who first that work intendit.
By toung and pen he did not fear
T' oppose proud prelacie;

His scripturall arguments did prevail
Against there Hierarchie.
Both Sectaries and Schismaticks,
He did convince with reasoun;
His lyff and papers will record
He did abhorr there treasoun.
Sing hymnes of joy, sweit soul, in peace,
Unto thy great Redeemer,
Untill this persecuted clay
Be joyned with the for ever.

P. S. T.

From the Wodrow MSS. Vol. xlii., folio, No. 118 and 119.

VII.—[p. 393.]

On the northern wall of the curious old church of Dalkeith (whose interesting but dilapidated Gothic architecture is about to undergo an extensive restoration) is the following inscription, under a shield with the arms of Calderwood:

HOC QUICQUID EST MONUMENTI
IN MEMORIAM MAGISTRI
JOANNIS CALDERWOOD, CLERICI
DALKIETHENSIS FIDELISSIMI,
QUI OBIIT SEPTIMO DIE JANUARII,
ANNO DOMINI M.DCC.VI.
ÆTATIS LIII.

There is, in the stair that leads to the gallery of the same church, a monument of considerable pretension, on which may still be deciphered

this Epitaph, which has been printed in Monteith's Theatre of Mortality, Part II. p. 239.

MEMORIÆ GULIELMI CALDERWOOD,
PASTORIS DALKETHENSIS, PATRIS SUI,
QUI OBIIT A. D. M.DC.LXXX. MENSIS VERO MARTII DIE QUARTO:
AC ETIAM MEMORIÆ MARGARITÆ CRAIG, FILIÆ
DE RICCARTON, SUÆ MATRIS, QUÆ DECESSIT ANNO
DOMINI M.DC.LXXXII. MENSIS SEPTEMBRIS DIE XXX.:
NECNON MEMORIÆ M. LUDOVICI CALDERWOOD, SUI FRATRIS,
CETERORUMQUE PUERORUM QUI HIC CUM PATRE ET MATRE
REQUIESCUNT;
HOC QUICQUID EST MONUMENTI PONI CURAVIT
THOMAS CALDERWOOD, FILIUS PRIMOGENITUS.

IN OBITUM D. GULIELMI CALDERWOOD,
PASTORIS DALKETHENSIS, ANNOS SUPRA VICENOS:

NON TE DEFLEMUS, CŒLO VIR MAGNE RECEPTUM,
PLORAMUS NOSTRAM NEC SINE JURE VICEM:
DOTIBUS EXIMIIS PATRIS, PASTORIS, AMICI,
VIX MAGIS ORNATUM PROTULIT ULLA DIES.
DUM FLUIT ÆSKA DUPLEX, SILVAMQUE AMPLECTITUR ALVIS,
CALDERWODE TIBI FAMA PERENNIS ERIT!

In an inclosed aisle of the picturesque ruins of the now abandoned church at Lasswade, is a memorial tablet to Sir William Calderwood and his first wife; to his son Thomas and his wife; and to their two sons, and the wife of the elder brother; but as it gives only the dates which have been embodied in Section VII. of Part Fourth, it is unnecessary here to repeat these.

INDEX.

INDEX.

A.

Abaville, Envoy in Holland, 89.
Adamson, Principal of Edinburgh College, 46.
Advocate's Close in Edinburgh, 17.
Aikenhead, Provost of Edinburgh, 22.
Air, Alexander, 374.
—— Margaret, Lady Goodtrees, 375.
Albany, Murdoch, Duke of, 29.
Alcathmuir, 2, 59.
Alexander, Clerk, 374.
—— James, Gardener at Coltness, 81.
—— Provost, 105.
Allanton Tower, 8.
Alston, Dr, of Hamilton, 97.
—— Dr Charles, Professor in Edinburgh, 97.
—— John of Broomly, 404.
—— Lillias, Mrs Young of Netherfield, 404.
Amsterdam, 159.
Anderson's Pills, 244.
Angouleme, 300.
Annandale, William, Marquis of, 94.
Anson, Lord, 115.
Anstruther, General, 268.
Antwerp, 170 to 177, 315, 318.
Archibold, Mr, at Spa, 194.
Aremberg, Duchess d', 197, 246, 269.
Argyll, Archibald, Marquis of, 21, 29 to 32, 39, 74, 75.
—— Archibald, Earl of, 77, 79, 82, 85.
—— John, second Duke of, 86.
Arniston, Sir James Dundas, Lord, 40.
—— Robert Dundas, Lord, 290 to 294.
Arran, James, Earl of, fourth Duke of Hamilton, 36, 87, 88, 91.

B.

Baillie of Jerviswood, 224.
Baird, Sir John, of Newbeith, 291.
Balnaves, Colonel John, of Cairnbadie, 402.
Baltimore, Lord, 117.
Barclay, Stewart, of Collernie, 374, 375.
Barnet, 107.
Barrington, General, 98.
—— Viscount, 313.
Bawtry, 106, 107.
Beaton, Madame, 201, 241.

Bedford, Mr Arthur, 301.
Beginage at Brussels, 232.
Belford, 105.
Belhaven, John, first Lord, 7, 25.
—— John, second Lord, 6, 7.
Bellew, John, Lord, 266.
Bennett, Elizabeth, of Grubet, Mrs Stewart, 50.
Bentink, Count, 153.
Bergen-op-Zoom, 169.
Berkenfeldt, Prince of, at Tubingen, 308.
Berwick, North, estate, 24.
Bible, Michael le Jay's Polyglott, 341.
Bishop, Miss, 117.
Blacker, Alicia, Lady Steuart of Coltness, 390.
Blackwell, Sir Lambert, 245.
Blackwood, Miss Sally, 118.
Blair, Mr Robert, 29.
—— Sir Adam, of Carberry, 187.
Blantyre, Alexander, fifth Lord, 6.
Bonjedward, 397.
Bothwell Bridge, Battle of, 69, 81, 86, 342.
Bowles, Mr, 127.
Boyle, John, of Kelburn, 8, 10.
—— Hon. Hamilton Boyle, afterwards sixth Earl of Cork, 200.
—— Lord, 200.
—— Lady Betty, Lady Worsley, 199, 200, 204.
Brodie, Lord, 40.
Brown, Professor, of St Andrews, 127.
—— General, at Spa, 205.
Bruce, Lady Charlotte, 407.
Bruntisfield Links, 31, 33.
Brussells, 219 to 275.
Buchan, Henry David, tenth Earl of, 376, 387.
Buller Miss, 118.
Bunhill-Fields burying-ground, 64, 66.
Bunting, Major, 32.
Burnet, Bishop, 21, 23, 24, 41.
Burrage, Mr, Resident at Frankfort, 210, 211, 304.
Butler, Mr, 266.
Byng, Admiral, 116.

C.

Calderwood, Alexander, Bailie of Dalkeith, 393.
—— Anne, Mrs Durham of Largo and Polton, 395, 399, 402.
—— Mr David, Minister at Pencaitland, 392, 421-423.
—— Helen, Mrs Congalton of Congalton, 394.
—— James, Gudeman of Sauchney, 393.
—— Captain James, 398.
—— James Steuart, of Polton, 404.
—— Jean, Lady Stewart of Tillycoultry, 394.
—— Mr John, Town-clerk of Dalkeith, 393, 423.
—— Margaret Steuart, Mrs. See Steuart.
—— Margaret Steuart, Mrs, 303.
—— Peter, 392.
—— of Piteadie, 393.
—— Thomas, of Polton, 394.
—— Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Durham, of Polton, 404.
—— William in Dalkeith, 392.
—— Mr William, Minister at Dalkeith, 393, 424.
Calderwood, Sir William, Lord Polton, 392-394, 424.
—— Lieut.-Colonel William, of Polton, 402.
Caldwell of Caldwell, 11.
—— Jean, Mrs Cuming, *ib.*
—— Margaret, Lady Pollok, *ib.*
Cambusnethan Church, 7, 24, 41, 59, 60, 62, 68, 73, 97, 332, 419.
—— Estate, 25, 58.
Cant, Mr Andrew, Minister at Liberton, 63, 64.
Cardross, David, Lord, fourth Earl of Buchan, 90.
Carluke Church, 71.
Carmichael, James, first Lord, 2, 3, 14, 17, 338.
—— Sir Daniel, of Mauldslie, 73.
—— Marion, Lady Allanton, 2, 4, 5.
Carnwath Church, 6, 44.
Carstairs, Principal, 78.
—— his State Papers, 366.
Case of Cockpen, 394.
Cathburn, 2.
Charlemont, 378.

Charles II. of England, 19, 29, 30, 37, 47, 84, 235, 338, 340.
Charles X. of France, 407.
Chaude Fontaine, 215.
Cheisly, Sir John, 29, 37.
Child, Mrs, 245.
Choiseul, Duc de, 321.
Cholmondeley, George, third Earl of, 117.
Cleves, 274.
Cockburn, Sir Archibald, of Langton, 63, 421.
—— Adam, of Ormiston, Lord Justice-Clerk, 374.
Colchester, 124.
Collingwood, Admiral Lord, 407.
Colt, Mr Oliver, at Inveresk, 69.
Coltness Estate and House, 24, 44, 55 to 58, 324, 368, 383.
Colville, Principal William, 65.
Colvin —, Lady Westbarns, 47.
Congalton, Charles, of Congalton, 394.
Conway, Mr, Secretary of State for Scotland, 378.
Cookson, 127.
Cornwall, 109.
Coutts, Mr, of London, 63.
Coventry, Maria Gunning, Countess of, 117.
Craig, Lewis, of Riccarton, 393.
—— Thomas, of Riccarton, 393, 394.
Cranford, Mr, of Rotterdam, 140, 146.
Cresnar, Madam, at Liege, 204, 206.
Cromwel, Oliver, 9, 31, 32, 34, 338, 339.
Culloden, Battle of, 296.
Cumberland, William, Duke of, 118.
Cuming, Elizabeth, Mrs Hope, 16.
—— Dr Patrick, 67.
Cunningham, Margaret, Mrs Stewart, and Mrs Mitchell, 61, 62.

D.

Daldowie, 3, 4.
Dalrymple, Anne, Lady Goodtrees, 281, 375, 398.
—— Sir David, of Hailes, Lord Advocate, 78, 367.
—— Lady Helen, 195, 261, 264.
—— Captain Hew, of Fordel, 263, 264.
—— Janet, "the Bride of Lammermoor," 375.
—— President, of Northberwick, 6, 46, 281, 375.
Dalserf Church, 72.
Daniel, Father, of Liege, 187 to 192.
Daubigny, Monsieur, at Spa, 205, 206.
Delft, 150.
Dempster, George, of Dunnichen, 267.
Denham, Baillie John, of Muirhouse, 5, 6, 27, 43, 53.
—— Grisel, Lady Barncluith, 6.
—— Captain James, 78, 85.
—— James, of Westshield, 1, 3, 4, 5.
—— James, younger of Westshield, 3.
—— James, 53.
—— Marion, Lady Presmenan, 5, 6, 7.
Denham, Robert, of Westshield, 1, 3, 5, 33, 98.
—— Susannah, Lady Wicketshaw and Lady Coltness. xix. 71, 72, 76, 87, 98, 348 to 358.
—— Sir William Lockhart of Westshield, Bart. xix. 78, 85.
Dennistoun, James, of Dennistoun, xxi. 387.
Dick, Sir William, Bart. 24.
—— Mr David, 61.
Didoclavius, Edwardus, *alias* David Calderwood, 392.
Doncaster, 106.
Dondie, Peter, 126.
Douglas, Mr Robert, Minister at Edinburgh, 35, 40, 61, 62, 63.
Drone, Church of, 79.
Drummond, John, of the family of Blair, 247.
Drymen, 374.
Ducary, Major, of Lord Stair's regiment, 241.
Dunbar, Battle of, 8, 33, 339.
—— David, Younger of Baldoon, 375.

Dundas, General Sir David, 389.
—— Robert, of Arniston, 404. See Arniston.
—— Robert, of Arniston, 404.
Dungarvon, Charles, Lord, 200.
Dunlop, Professor Alexander, 10.
—— of Dunlop, 37.
—— Mrs Alexander, 90.
—— John, Collector of Customs at Port-Glasgow, xxi. 310, 383, 388.
—— Principal William, 90.
Dunrobin Castle, 287, 288.
Durham Cathedral, 105, 109.
Durham, Lady Charlotte, 407.
—— Mr James of Easter Powrie, Minister at Glasgow, 402.
—— James Calderwood, of Largo and Polton, 402.
—— General James, of Largo, 403.
—— Margaret, Mrs Strange, 402.
—— Preston, Mrs Balnaves of Cairnbadie, 402.
—— Sir Philip C. C. H. of Polton, 405 to 407.
—— Thomas, of Largo, xx. 367, 396, 405.
—— William, Advocate, 402.
Dutch Money, 133.
—— Herrings, 135.

E.

Edgecomb, Richard Baron, 117.
Edward, Prince, 116.
Eglintoun, Alexander, sixth Earl of, "Graysteel," 29, 31.
Elcho, David, Lord, 287.
Elgin, Charles, fifth Earl of, 407.
Elibank, Alexander, fourth Lord, 63.
Elife, Colonel, 85.
Elliot, Mr John, Advocate, 27, 62.
—— Margaret, Lady Coltness, 27, 39, 54, 70.
—— William, of Stobbs, 27.
Elphinstoun, Sir James, of Logie, 6.
England, appearance of, 108 to 126.
Erskine, Lady Anne, 105, 387.
—— Mr Ebenezer, 188.
—— Honourable Henry, Lord Advocate, 387.
—— Lady Isabella, Countess of Glencairn, 387.
—— James, of Grange, Lord Justice-Clerk, 392.
—— Colonel John, of Carnock, 90, 374.
—— Thomas, first Lord, 387.
Essex, 121, 126.

F.

Fagel, Grand Pensionary, 89, 92, 366.
Findlater and Seafield, James, Earl of, Chancellor, 96, 348.
Fleming, John, Merchant in Edinburgh, 337.
—— Mary, Lady Wicketshaw, 72.
Fletcher, Andrew, of Saltoun, 94, 166.
Forbes, Bishop of Edinburgh, 24.
Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, 161, 162, 270, 272.

G.

Galbraith, Katharine of Kilcroich, Mrs Hope, 16.
—— Thomas, Merchant in Edinburgh, her brother, 337.
Galloway, Bishop of. See Hamilton, 7, 11, 60.
Garlies, John Lord, seventh Earl of Galloway, 195.

Gartness, 57.
Gavin, of Langton, 63.
George II., King, 312.
Gibson, General, of the family of Durie, 246.
Gillespie, Edward, 29.
—— Mr George, 15.
Gilmour, Sir Charles, of Craigmillar, 291.
—— Sir John, of Craigmillar, 390.
—— Jean, Lady Stewart of Allanbank, 390.
Givet, 317, 321, 323.
Glasgow, David, Earl of, 11, 12.
—— Archbishoprick of, 96.
Glencairn, Lady Isabella Erskine, Countess of, 387.
Glenlee, Thomas Miller, Lord Justice-Clerk, 377-381.
Goodtrees, Gutters, or Moredun, 2, 23, 27, 124, 289.
Gordon, Mr, of Cowbairdy, 185, 186.
—— Mr, of Park, 193, 197, 209, 216.
—— Billy, 275.
Gospel Coltness. See Stewart, Sir Thomas, of Coltness, 89, 367.
Grafton, Duke of, 151.
Graham, Mr James, of Airth, 6.
—— Anna, Mrs Durham of Largo, 405.
—— William C. C., of Gartmore, 405.
Greenwich Hospital, 118.
Greyfriars' Church-yard, Edinburgh, 26, 44, 48, 62, 63, 80, 369, 415.
Guadaloupe, 405.

H.

Haddington, Thomas, first Earl of, 27.
Haggerstoun, Sir Carnaby, 108.
Hague, the, 150-152.
Haliburton, Dr, 6.
Hamden, John, 21.
Hamilton, Margaret, of Broomhill, Lady Allanton, 7.
—— Anderson's House of, 383.
—— Archibald, of Great Cumberland Street, 383.
—— Anna, Duchess of, 68.
—— Lord, Pencaitland, 6, 374.
—— Mr James, Bishop of Galloway, 7, 11, 60.
—— James, of Barns, 11.
—— James, first Duke of, 29, 36.
—— James, fourth Duke of. See Arran.
—— James, fifth Duke of, 285.
—— Professor at Edinburgh, 398.
—— Quintin, of Barncluith, 6.
—— of Dalziell, 8.
—— Sir Robert, Lord Pressmenan, 5, 6.
—— of Udston, 55.
—— of Wishaw, Lord Justice-Clerk, 94.
Harlem, 158.
Harper, Sir John, of Cambusnethan, Advocate, 25, 345, 419.
Harwich, 125, 126.
Hatfield, 107.
Hatton, Mr, Consul at Ostend, 217.
Hay, Mr Andrew, at Spa, 195, 206, 208.
—— of Alderston, 394.
Helvoetsluys, 130.
Henderson, Mr Alexander, 21.
—— Anne, of Fordel, Lady C. Durham, 405.
Hepburn, Mr John, 370.
Highland Host, 74.
Holdernesse, Earl of, 312.
Holland, 131-170.
Honeyman, Bishop of Orkney, 366.
Hope, family of, their origin, 16.
—— Anna, Lady Coltness, 16-18, 26, 44, 53, 337.
—— Bethia, Lady Harper, 25.
—— Henry, 16, 26, 337.
—— Mr, at Brussells, 250.
—— John, Merchant in Edinburgh, 16.
—— Sir Thomas, Lord Advocate, 16, 17, 25, 44, 53, 337.
Howard of Corbie, 175, 213, 214.
—— of Greystock, 175.
—— Mrs, Abbess at Antwerp, *ib.*
—— Father, at Liege, 188.

Howard, Miss, Lady Dungarvon, 200.
Hume, Mr, Merchant in Edinburgh, 16.
—— Sir Patrick, of Polwart, 82, 85.
Hurley, Mr Peter, Burgomaster at Spa, 212.
Hussy, Madam, 203, 204.
Hyde Park, 115, 116, 118.

I.

Inglis, Mr John, 349.
Inveresk Church, 69.
Irvine of Bonshaw, 75, 76.

J.

James II., King, 85, 367.
Jansenists, the, 274.
Johnstone, Mr, a swindler, 185.
Jolly, Madame, 243.

K.

Kames, Lord, 274.
Kennedy, Dr, of Glasgow, 97.
Kensington Palace, 118.
Kid, Mr Peter, at Carluke, 71.
King, Mr Daniel, 64.
—— Martha, Mrs Stewart, *ib.*
Kinloch, George Oliphant, of Kinloch, 402.
Kinloch, Lieutenant, of Conling, 66.
Kippis, Dr, xxi. 376, 389.
Kirkfield, or Carbarens, 24, 25.
Kobenzell, Count, Austrian Minister at Brussells, 243, 258, 268, 322.
Kolenberg, Count, 243, 267, 268.

L.

La Fael, Baron de, 201.
Landon, Battle of, 193.
Langton, Estate of, 63.
Largo Law, 183.
Lasswade, Chapel of St Leonard the Abbot, 393, *note*.
Lauder, Sir John, Lord Fountainhall, 74, 80, 81.
Lausanne Cathedral, Monuments in, 402, 404.
Leighton, Archbishop, 22-24, 68, 69, 367.
Leirmont, Margaret, Lady Calderwood, 394.
Leven and Melville Papers, 66.
Leven and Melville, David, third Earl of, 78.
Liège, 183-193.
—— Scots College at, 187.
Lindsay, Professor Hercules, at Glasgow, 282.
Linhouse, 397, 402.
Little, Provost, 16.
—— Ernock, 3.
Littleton, Sir Richard, 210.
Livingstoun Church, 59.
Lloyd, Marianne, Mrs Murray of Cringletie, 387.
Lockhart of Lee, 3, 7.

Lockhart of Lee, Ambassador, 73.
—— Sir George, 36, 73.
—— Baillie Robert, 344.
—— Margaret, Mrs Wiseman, 71.
—— Marion, Lady Coltness, *ib.*
—— of Carnwath, 94.
—— Sir William, 34.
—— William, son of Baillie Robert, 344.
—— William of Wicketshaw, 71, 72.
Lockhart, William, the last of Wicketshaw, xix. *ib.*
London, 114 to 121.
Loudon, James, second Earl of, 78.
—— John, first Earl of, 36, 339.
Louis XVIII. of France, 407.
Louisburg, 387.
Louvain, 178.
Luckenbooths in Edinburgh, 17.
Lundin of Lundin, 115.

M.

Manikin Pisse, 231.
March, Lord, 117.
Marlborough, Charles, Duke of, 117.
Marr, Monsieur de, 203.
M'Culloch, Mr David, of Goodtrees, 27, 28, 54, 61.
—— Marion, Lady Coltness, 27, 28, 341.
M'Gregors, Ancestors of Coltness, 80.
M'Kail, Mr Hugh, 40, 41, 46, 47, 366.
—— Mr Matthew, 41.
M'Kenzie, Sir George, of Rosehaugh, 74, 75, 80.
—— Sir James, of Roystoun, Lord of Session, 74, 75.
—— Stewart, James, 75.
M'Millan, Mr, 370.
Magdalene, Queen of James V., 16.
Maitland's History of Edinburgh, 339.
Marchmont, Patrick, Earl of, 78.
Marinasa, an Opera-Dancer, 128.
Maxwell, Lady Anne, Lady Bellew, 266.
—— Of Coul's Ghost, 388.
—— James, of Blawarthill, 77.
—— Sir James, of Pollok, 98.
—— Sir John, Lord Pollok, 81, 372, 374.
—— Margarot, Mrs Professor Stewart, 67, 98.
—— Sir Walter, of Pollok, 98.
—— Mr Zachary, of Blawarthill, 98.
—— Father, of Nithsdale, 187.
Mechlin, 178.
Medina, Sir John de, Portrait-Painter, 367.
Meldrum, Mr George, 370.
Melfort, John, Earl of, Secretary for Scotland, 90.
Melville, George, fourth Earl of, 78, 94.
—— Honourable William Leslie, 366.
Middletoun, John, first Earl of, 47.
Millar, Andrew, Publisher in London, 383.
Milton, Lord, Andrew Fletcher, Justice-Clerk, 167.
Minto, Lady Elliot of, 224.
Mitchell, Mr William, Minister at Edinburgh, 62.
—— Sir Andrew, Ambassador to Prussia, 62, 247.
Modena, the Duchess of, 91.
Mohun, Charles Lord, 88.
Monk, General, 31, 34, 35.
Monkland Church, 71.
Monmouth, James, Duke of, 85.
Monro, Dr, 128, 150.
—— Dr Alexander, of Craiglockhart, 391.
—— Catharine, Lady Stuart of Allanbank, 391.
Montague, Lady Mary Wortley, 309, 310.
Montgomery, Mr Francis, 374.
Montrose, James, first Marquis of, 30, 36, 338.
Moore, General Sir John, 390.
Mordun, 2, 368.
Muir of Auchendrain, 8.
Mure, Anne Steuart, Lady Caldwell, 296, 345, 373, 376.
—— Elizabeth, of Glanderston, Lady Hartwood, 10.
—— Elizabeth, of Caldwell, 367, 374, 395, 396.
—— William, of Caldwell, 77, 376.
—— Colonel William, of Caldwell, 376.
Murray, Major Alexander, of Cringletie, 387.

Murray, Lieut.-Colonel Alexander, of Cringletie, 387, 416, 417.
—— Alicia Steuart, of Cringletie, 418.
—— Catharine Steuart, of Cringletie, 416.
—— Isabella Katherina, Mrs Dennistoun, 387.
Murray, Honourable James Wolfe, Lord Cringletie, 387, 403, 416.
—— James Wolfe, of Cringletie, xx. 367, 387.
—— Robert, Provost of Edinburgh, 339.

N.

Naphtali, a Covenanting Tract, 366.
Napier's Memoirs of Montrose, xix. 20.
Naples, Prince Leopold of, 406.
Newark-upon-Trent, 108.
Newbattle Church, 68, 69.
Newmains, 59.
Newton, Sir Isaac, 301.
Nidham, Mr, 182, 204, 207, 213, 214, 222, 262.
Nisbet of Dalzell, 1.
Nivernois, Duc de, 320, 321.
Noblehill, 90.
Northallerton, 106.
Northberwick, 93, 282, 344.

O.

O'Farle, Mr, 267.
Orange, William Prince of, 88, 89, 93.
Osnaburg, Prince, Bishop of, 199.

P.

Padua, 310.
Palermo, 406.
Parliament Close, 48.
Paterson, James, in Dalserf, 92.
Pather, Lands of, 25.
Patine, Viscountess, 201.
Pelham, Miss, 117.
Penango, Hugh, 37.
Penn, William, the Quaker, 88, 89, 91, 366.
Pentland Hills, Battle of, 40, 69, 72, 86, 366.
Perry, Mr, of London, 197.
Philiphaugh, Battle of, 37.
Pilmuir, 105.
Pinto, Meinherr, of Amsterdam, 195.
Pitcairn, Professor Alexander, 79.
Points, Madam, 196, 198.
Polton, 105, 393.
Pope, Mrs, 245.
Portencraigs Church, 68.
Portsmouth, 405.
Pretender, the, 185, 295.
Primrose, Sir Archibald, Lord Register, 36, 37, 39, 67, 73.
Pringle, John, of Torwoodlee, 77, 79, 82.
Pritchard, Sir William, Lord Mayor of London, 64.

Q.

QUASH, HANNAH, Mrs Stewart, 64.

R.

RAINY, PEGGY, 210, 212, 218, 221, 248.
Ramsay of Whitehill, 394.
Ranelagh, 117, 118.
Rattray, John, 106, 128, 129, 209.
Riddel's Salt-foot Controversy, xv.
Rigby, Squire, 124.
Robertson's History of Renfrewshire, 358, 374, 390, 391.
Robeson, Anna, Mrs Spence of Kirkton, 46, 49.
—— Minister of Auldhamestocks, 48.
—— John, Dean of Guild of Edinburgh, 48, 49.
Robeson, Baillie Thomas, 48, 420.
Rochow, Battle of, 192.
Rothes, John, sixth Earl and Duke of, 21.
Rotterdam, 134, 138, 168, 314.
Rouen, 359.
Royal George, Ship of the Line, 405.
Roystoun, Sir James M'Kenzie, Lord, 74.
Rumbold, Colonel, 85.
Russel, William Lord, 75.
—— Mr Andrew, Merchant in Rotterdam, 82, 84.
Ryehouse Plot, 75.

S.

SAARDAM, 162.
Salt-foot Controversy, the, xv.
Saville. See Sussex.
Saxe, Marshall, 192, 231.
Scheveling, 152.
Scott,—Lady Elliot of Stobs, 54.
—— Walter, of Edenshead, 394.
—— George Lewis, 116, 376.
—— Sedan in France, 296.
Selkirk, William Earl of, 12.
Sharpe, Archbishop, 23, 35, 41, 47.
Shaw, Sir John, of Greenock, 375.
Sheldon, Elizabeth, Mrs Durham of Largo, 404.
Sidney, Algernon, 75.
Simprim Estate, 63.
Sinsokie, Princess, 211.
Somerville, Helen, of Humbie, Lady Allanton, 1, 2.
—— of Cambusnethan, 24, 25.
Spa, 194-215, 303, 315-320, 378.
Spence, Mrs, Lady Allanton, 1.
—— Mr James of Kirkton, 46.
Spencer, Mr, at Spa, 195-198.
Spottiswood, President, 36.
St Tron, 193, 218.
St Alban's, George, third Duke of, 245.
Stair, James, Viscount, 29, 78, 375.
—— John, second Earl of, 78.
Steil, Mr William of Wicketshaw, in Dalserf, 72.
Steuart, Agnes, 8.
—— —— Countess of Buchan, 124, 386.
—— Anne, Mrs Mure of Caldwell. See Mure.
—— Archibald, of Mitcham, Provost of Edinburgh, 123, 421.
—— Mrs Elizabeth, 315, 387.
—— Lady Frances, 287 to 332, 367, 377.
—— Sir Henry, of Allanton, 391, 409, 410.
—— —— —— James Macdonald Seton, 391.
—— General Sir James Denham, of Coltness and

Westshield, 296, 302, 313, 314, 367, 377, 389, 410.
Steuart, Sir James, of Goodtrees, Lord Advocate, 12, 38, 40, 44, 52, 68, 76, 78, 82, 85, 88, 89, 90, 92, 94, 95, 342, 359 to 367.
—— —— Orthography of, 361, note.
—— —— of Goodtrees, Solicitor-General, 90, 367, 374, 375.
—— —— Denham of Goodtrees, Coltness, and Westshield, the Political Economist, 184, 185, 193, 281 to 332, 358, 367, 376 to 386, 395.
—— Margaret, Mrs Calderwood of Polton, 386, 394 to 398.
—— Marion, Mrs Murray of Cringletie, 387, 416.
—— —— Mrs Scott, 376.
—— Lady Seton, of Allanton and Touch, 391.
Stewart, Sir Alan, of Daldowie, 408, 409, 411.
—— Anna, Lady Barns, 11.
—— —— Lady Blawarthill and Lady Caldwell, 76, 77, 98.
—— —— Lady Langton, 63.
—— —— Mrs Robeson, 48.
—— Sir Archibald Denham, of Westshield, author of the Memoir, xviii., 79, 83, 90, 97, 98, 358, 415.
—— Sir David, of Coltness, 37, 41, 61, 85, 86, 345, 368.
—— Captain Gavin, of Allanton, 8.
—— Henry, Wine-Merchant, 40, 50, 51, 53, 359.
—— James, of Allanton, called of Langsyde, 1, 2.
—— —— younger of Allanton, the Hopeful, 1, 2, 3, 98.
—— —— Clerk to the City of Edinburgh, 61.
—— —— of Hartwood, Captain of Allanton, 9, 10.
—— —— of Westbarns, 47.
—— Sir James, of Kirkfield and Coltness, 1, 4, 8, 13 to 45, 76, 80, 337 to 346, 367.
—— —— his Diary, 19, 98.
—— —— of Tillycoultry, Lord of Session, 6.
—— Janet, Lady Westshield, 1, 3.
—— Jean, Mrs Trotter of Kettleshiels, 43, 390.
Stewart, John, 62.
—— John, Merchant in Edinburgh, 66.
—— Professor John, 67.
—— Lillias, 28, 65.
—— Marion, 63.
—— —— Lady Kelburn, 8.
—— —— Mrs Liddell, 49.
—— —— Lady Pollok-Maxwell, 28.
—— Margaret, Lady Allanton, 27.
—— —— Lady Allanton, 90.
—— —— Lady Caldwell, 11.
—— Martha, 64, 65.
—— Robert, son of Allanton, 11, 12.
—— Professor Robert, 67, 73, 76, 98, 282.
—— Sir Robert, of Allanbank, 51, 52, 75, 359, 390, 421.
—— —— of Tillycoultry, 394.
—— Thomas Denham, younger of Westshield, 99, 358, 415.
—— —— Surgeon, 64.
—— Sir Thomas, of Coltness, 23, 39, 52 to 98, 342 to 358, 367.
—— Walter, of Westbarns, 46, 47, 359 to 362.
—— —— Wine-Merchant in London, 64, 409.
—— Mr Walter, 44, 48.
—— Sir Walter, of Allanton, 1, 3, 4, 7 to 13, 25, 43, 391.
—— William, of Allanton, 81.
—— —— Merchant in London, 65.
Stilton, 107.
Stirling, Mr James, Minister at Paisley, 366.
Strafford, Wentworth Earl of, 19, 20.
Strange, Isabella, Mrs Murray of Cringletie, 387, 403, 417.
—— James, 402.
—— Sir Robert, 402.
Stuart, Prince Charles Edward, 376.
—— Sir John James, of Allanbank, 361, 390, 391.
Sunday, a Covenanter's, 367, 368.
Sussex, Saville, Earl of, 19-21.

T.

Targow, 167.
Thomson, Colonel John Anstruther, of Charlton, 404.
—— Margaret, Mrs Durham of Largo, *ib.*
Thriepland, Sir Stuart, 330.
Tot, Jacqueline de, Mrs Hope, 16.
Toulon, 406.
Townly, Mr, 181.
Townsend, Miss, 245.
—— Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 389.
Trafalgar, 406.
Traill, Mr, of London, 120, 121.
—— Agnes, Lady Goodtrees, 374.
—— Mr Robert, Minister of the Greyfriars' Church, 374.
Trelawny, Miss Blackwood, Lady, 120, 123.
Trotter, Alexander, of Kettleshiels, 390.
—— Alexander, his son, 283, 390.
Tubingen, 305-313.
Turkish Dervises, 5.

V.

Vauxhall, 117.
Venice, 309.
Verona, 311.
Vertue the Engraver, 367.
Violent, Professor William, 65-68, 70, 73, 349.

W.

Wales, James Stuart, Prince of, 91.
—— George, Prince of, 116.
Walpole, Sir Robert, 286.
Ward, Hon. Mr, 210.
Warrender, Sir George, Provost of Edinburgh, 358.
—— Jean, Lady Stewart Denham, 358, 415.
Warriston, Archibald, Lord, 37.
Watt, Alice, Lady Calderwood, 394.
Webb, Mr, 127, 130, 163.
Weir of Wicketshaw, a pedlar, 72.
Welwood, Henry, 6.
Wemyss, Janet, Countess of, 184, 264, 287.
—— James, fourth Earl of, 287, 288.
—— Lady Frances, Lady Steuart of Coltness, 287.
Westminster Abbey, 383.
Wharncliffe, Lord, 306.
Whitfield, Mr, 188.
Whitnor, Mr, 253-259.
Winifred's Well, 57.
Wiseman, Mr John of Coats, in East Monkland, 71.
Wodrow's Analecta, 366, 369.
—— Church History, 346, 359.
—— MSS., 348, 392, 423.
Wolfe, Lieutenant-General James, 99, 387.
Woodcock, Elizabeth Catherine, Lady Stuart of Allanbank, 391.
—— Elborough, 391.
Worcester, Battle of, 33, 34.
Worsley, Sir Thomas and Lady Betty, 199, 200.
Wright, Alexander, Merchant in Edinburgh, 66.
—— Martha, Mrs John Stewart, and Mrs Kinloch of Conling, *ib.*
Wrightshouses, 33.
Wyllie, Baillie, 16.
Wylie, Mr, 372.

X.

Ximenes, Cardinal, 78.

Y.

Young, Elizabeth, Mrs Calderwood of Polton, 404. Young, James, of Netherfield, 404.

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